Flora's Favorites

Vintage Recipes

And

Family Recollections

Accumulated and Preserved

by

Flora Graham Trask

The Jones Trask House on the Bay

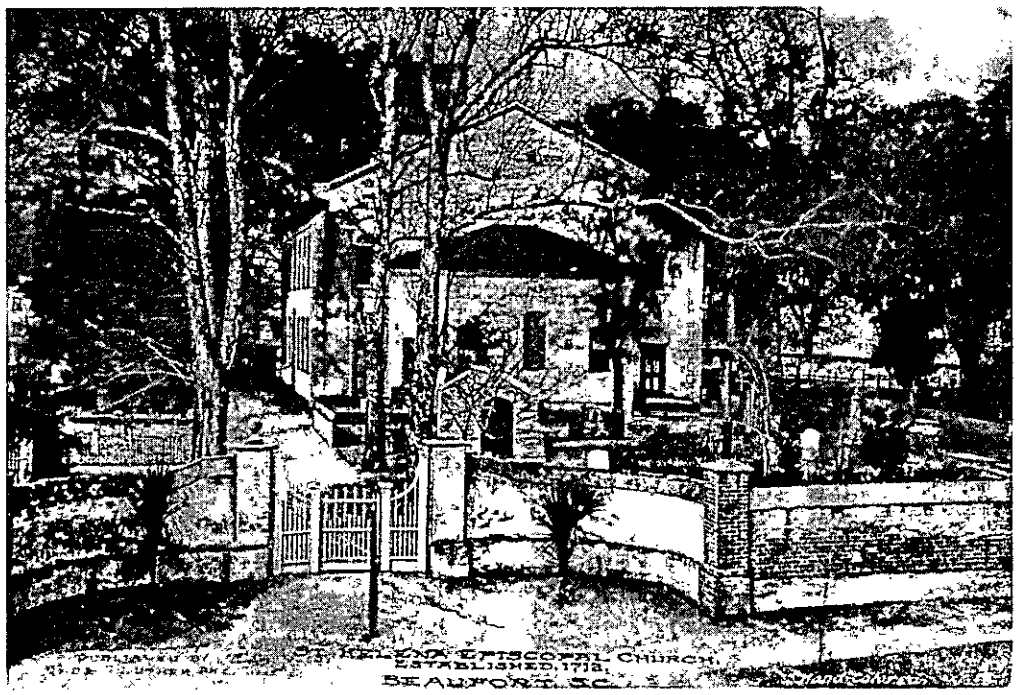
Grover Bauman

Edited by
Frederick Graham Trask and Louise Garrison Trask

Copyright 2002 by Wiseblood, Inc.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to those relatives and friends of Flora Graham Trask who have shared their recipes and photographs with her over the years, and to Flora herself for allowing her recipes, photographs, and historical records to be included in this book. Thanks also to those family members whose spoken and written words appear in these pages.



St. Helena's Episcopal Church
Beaufort, South Carolina

Dedication

This book is dedicated with love and appreciation to Flora Graham Trask, who for seven decades has provided wholesome, delightful, and delicious meals to her family, and to those faithful and indispensable ladies who have worked as cooks in her kitchen: Cora Murray (1934-39), Marie Chisolm (1939-49), Rosa Gagum (1946-50), Lizzie Drayton (1949-55), Carrie Major (2001-present), and especially Elizabeth Evans Brown (1955-present), who for almost half a century has been a quiet blessing in Flora's household, masterfully preparing and graciously serving the delicacies memorialized in these pages.

1932

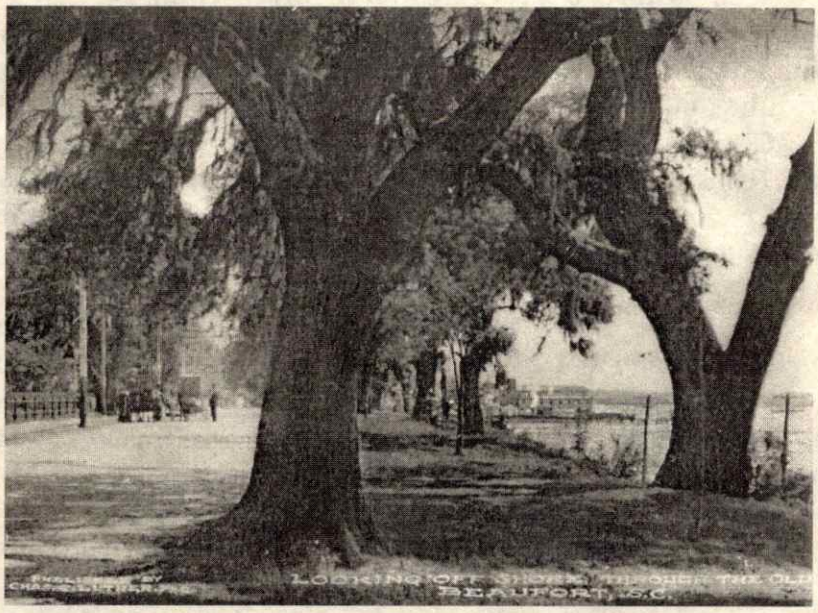
1996

Flora Graham Trask

Table of Contents

Foreword	1-7
Family History	9-59
Appetizers	61-66
Beverages	67-71
Soups & Sandwiches	73-78
Seafood	79-86
Poultry & Game	87-94
Meats	95-101
Sauces & Gravies	102-109
Rice & Hominy	110-117
Vegetables & Side Dishes	118-132
Salads & Salad Dressings	133-146
Breads	147-152
Desserts	153-162
Cakes, Cookies, and Candy	163-180
Pickles, Preserves, and Relishes	181-187
Afterword	189-191

Foreword



Bay Street, Beaufort, South Carolina, c. 1916

Flora Graham Trask, of Bay Street, Beaufort, South Carolina, is an authentic Southern Lady, one of the last of that great ilk. Scottish by blood and by nature, she displays all the attributes of her embattled ancestry: practicality, frugality, wit, humor, tenacity, and above all, loving devotion to family, home, and region.

For seven decades Flora has faithfully upheld the traditions she was born into, paying scrupulous attention to the spiritual and material welfare of her children, the comfort and aesthetics of her household, and the quality of the food that graces her table.

To dine at Flora's is not only to eat well but to partake of a cultural experience. With her longtime cook, Elizabeth Evans Brown, in the kitchen doling out the delicacies of the season -- okra and collard greens from the fields, quail and venison from the forests, shrimp and shad roe from the creeks -- Flora sits in the den doling out the wisdom and humor of a lifetime. From the secular horse sense of Ann Landers to the sacred proverbs of the Holy Bible, she can reel off an antidote for every ill and a remedy for every problem. 'Everything in moderation,' is her advice for a long and fruitful life. 'And for God's sake,' she says, 'don't worry -- especially before going to sleep. Worry will kill you. Pull it out of your head like lice.'

Flora has always adhered to a Victorian sense of decorum, offering stern tutelage to 'the younger generation' on the genteel manipulation of silverware and the proper consumption of a meal. 'Put your napkin in your lap,' she lectures. 'Sit up straight. Act civilized, even if you're not.'

Good posture, masticating thoroughly, keeping your elbows off the table, avoiding the mention of politics and religion, saying 'please' and 'may I' -- are just a few of the niceties that have resulted in the 'impeccable' manners her descendants display today.

Chewing with your mouth open, slurping your soup, spilling your tea, or (God forbid!) BURPING are anathema at Flora's table and met with the menacing waggle of her crooked finger and the dreaded words, 'Go eat in the kitchen, you little huzzy. You're downright po' bocker.'

Flora was born Flora Murphy Graham in Wallace, North Carolina, on September 23, 1912, the second youngest of nine children of Benjamin Robinson and Edith Bolles Graham. She spent her early childhood in Duplin County where her father was a country doctor and her mother managed a busy household that featured a milk cow in the front yard and 'a young 'un hanging out of every window.'

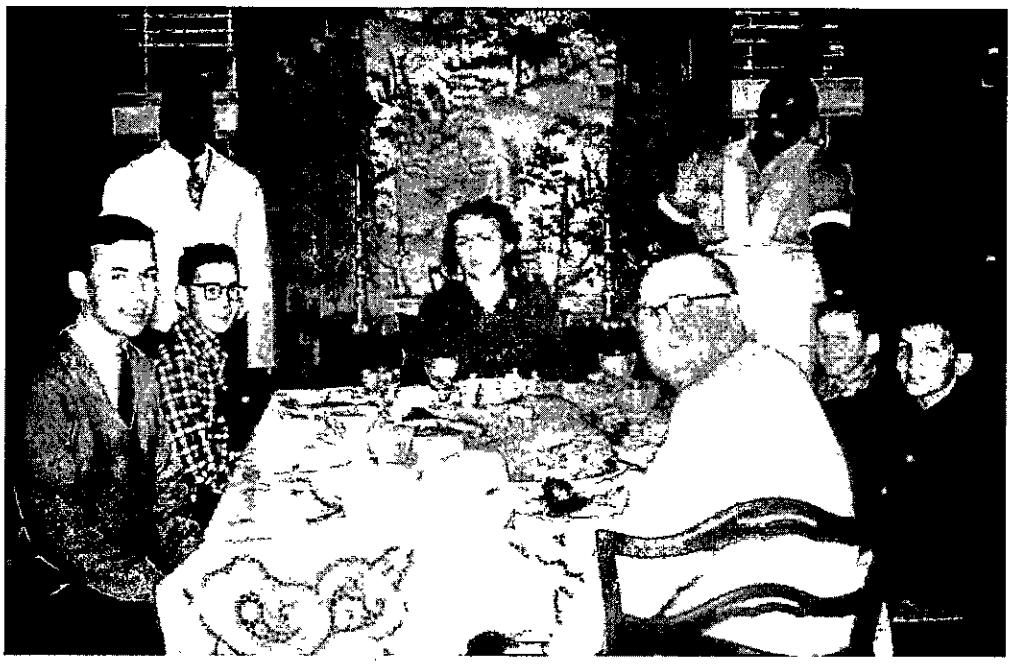
In 1915 the family moved to Wilmington in New Hanover County, a 'big city,' Flora said, 'where milk was delivered fresh to your doorstep every morning.' She went to grammar school and high school in Wilmington, and after attending St. Mary's Junior College in Raleigh, she returned home and worked as a secretary in an insurance office.

In 1934 she married her childhood sweetheart, John Maurice Trask, and, at the age of 22, left the city of Wilmington for the Kitching's Place, a small farm on the outskirts of Beaufort.

Boundary Street, entrance to Beaufort, S. C. c. 1934

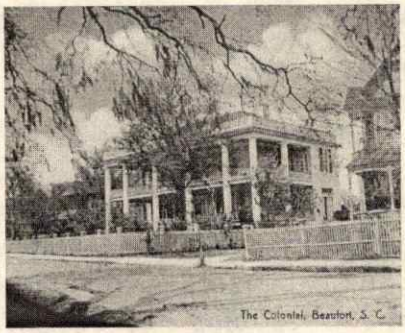
To hear Flora tell it, she 'couldn't even boil water' when she got married. 'I didn't know how to cook,' she said, 'so I hired Cora Murray and started collecting recipes.'

It was the depths of the Depression. 'We were poor as Job's turkey,' she said. 'We didn't have a pot to pee in or a window to throw it out. We worked our fingers to the bone. If you wanted milk, you had to milk the cow. If you wanted bacon, you slaughtered the hog. John kept a herd of hogs across the road and a flock of chickens in the back yard. It was a scandal. But the worse thing was the rats. They would stampede through the attic at night.'



Flora and her family at the dining room table
Thanksgiving, 1955
(seated) John, Jr., George, Flora, John, Sr., Fred, Charles
(standing) Rut Smalls, Lizzie Drayton

Flora was 'smart as a whip' and John was 'tough as a lightwood knot,' and in 1939 they bought a big two-story house in Beaufort, on the bluff overlooking the river. Instead of hogs in the front yard, there were sandspurs and palmettos, and two giant oak trees that stretched from one side of the lot to the other. Soon they established a soft lawn of centipede grass beneath the oaks, which served as a football field for their four sons. In the back yard was about an acre of trees and bushes for the boys to ramble around in, a barn with a basketball hoop, and a bricked-in service yard full of chickens, which Rut Smalls, the yard man, would render headless with a hatchet on Saturday mornings and pluck naked so Lizzie Drayton, the cook, could fry them up in a deep skillet for 'dunner.'



The Fordham House, at Bay and Wilmington Streets
c. 1942

The boys would be playing tackle with the next-door neighbors, Duncan Fordham and the Wheelers, and Lizzie would stick her head out the back door and yell 'Dunner's ready,' and they'd spike the ball and run to the dining room.

The table would be set with everyday silver and heavy-duty china. There'd be a platter of drumsticks and chicken breasts in the center, bowls of rice and butterbeans and gravy scattered around the edges, plates full of cornbread and biscuits, dishes of honey and butter and jelly, glasses of sweet tea, a pitcher of ice water, a saucer of bread-and-butter pickles, condiments of all kinds, and various other things that make eating a pleasure.

The boys would come tearing into the room with their tongues hanging out, pull out their chairs, sit down, pick up their forks, and be about to spear themselves a drumstick when Flora would stop them in their tracks with her eagle eye.

'Go wash your hands this very minute,' she'd say. 'They're absolutely filthy.'

They'd sprint to the bathroom without a word and return in an instant with their fingernails scrubbed and their palms pink and pristine.

'Excellent,' Flora would say. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness ... now, take your seats ... pull your chairs up to the table ... sit up straight ... put your napkins in your laps ... take your elbows *off* the table ... stop squirming ... your Daddy's going to say grace.'

Big John would be 'hongry' from his morning on the farm and in no mood for delays. 'Fix your heads, boys,' he'd say, then he'd race through the blessing like his life depended on it: 'Lordmakeusthankfultheseandallourmanyblessingsamen.'

'Ah-men!' the boys would say and start spearing the drumsticks again, but Flora would say, 'Patience, boys. You've got to learn how to behave in civilized society ... now Daddy, it's up to you set a good example ... start passing the food around ... clockwise, you hyena ... and nobody takes a bite until everyone has been served. Watch the hostess. Follow her lead. When she raises her fork ... LIKE SO ... it's time to eat. Don't wolf your food down ... take dainty bites ...'

When the chicken was all gone and the bowls were all empty, Flora would hunt out the electric dinner bell under the rug with her foot and step on it. A minute later Lizzie Drayton would emerge from the kitchen in her clean grey uniform and a dirty dishrag in her hand.

Flora would roll her eyes at the discrepancy. 'We're finished, Lizzie,' she'd say. 'Tell Rut to come in. We're ready for dessert.'

'Yes'm,' Lizzie would say, and retreat.

Rut would enter in his white linen coat and clear the table, then Lizzie would reappear with five dishes of chocolate cake on a tray and one bowl of vanilla ice cream. The boys would have their spoons ready. Flora would inform them: 'Young gentlemen eat cake with their forks, boys, not their spoons.'

Big John loved his vanilla ice cream and would finish before anybody else. Then he'd sit back and pat his stomach with both hands and say, 'Lizzie sure put a'cookin' on this dunner.'

'That was the best chicken we ever ate!' the boys would say.

'Yes, Lizzie, the biscuits were just right,' Flora would say, 'Not too heavy, not too light.'

'I sho' glad,' Lizzie would say, and cover her mouth with her apron, and go giggling back to the kitchen.

Flora would then tuck her napkin snugly under the side of her plate and announce, 'Everyone may be excused,' and they'd all leave the table and walk out onto the front porch for some fresh air. The boys would ride the banister railings. The parents would sit in wicker chairs. One car, two at the most, would go by on the street. There'd be the river and the sky, the oaks and palmettos, the squirrels and the bluejays, and a breeze blowing through the trees.

'Isn't this grand ?' Flora would say.

'Been all over the world,' Big John would say. 'Never seen nothing prettier than 1305 Bay Street.'

Things were simple at 1305 Bay Street in the late Forties and Fifties. The telephone number was 234, the post office box was 543. There was no TV. Every night the boys said their prayers and kissed their parents goodnight. Every morning they got up and had breakfast at the kitchen table and rode their bikes four blocks to school with the dog trotting along beside them. Every afternoon they picked up bottles on the side of the road and cashed them in at Koth's, or slid down the bluff on cardboard, or read comic books at the Ocean View Café, or combed the waterfront for sharks' teeth, or built forts in the backyard out of moss a storm had blown down. It was the kind of childhood people long for nowadays, but money can't buy. Then came boarding school, college, the wide world, and the last half of the twentieth century.

Grace Evelyn Trask
b. December 4, 2002

Flora with Lizzie Wallace
1992

Richard Graham Trask
b. December 6, 2002

In her ninetieth year now, Flora is the grand matriarch of her family, the mother of four, grandmother of 13, great grandmother of 12, with more, no doubt, yet to come.

She resides where she always has, at her home on Bay Street, maintaining 'her routine,' living 'day by day,' keeping things 'on an even keel,' doing everything 'in moderation.' Nothing is 'out of kilter.' She has her 'ducks in a row.'

In her easy chair by the fireplace in the den Flora has everything 'at her fingertips,' the telephone, the icemaker, her business files, snapshots of the family, postcards from travelers abroad, boxes of candy, baskets of fruit, address books, recipe books, ledger books, checkbooks, pocketbooks, scrapbooks, deposit slips, pens, pencils, paper clips, a closet full of canned goodies, and assorted knick knacks of every description.

With her magnifying glass she reads her mail and keeps up with the Beaufort Gazette and the Charleston News and Courier. On her oversized TV she watches baseball games, golf, "The Golden Girls," CNN, stock market reports, and the National News.

Elizabeth serves her breakfast and lunch on a tray and stays until three, just as she always has. Carrie Major comes every afternoon with her lively self to take the evening shift. At odd times throughout the day people come in and out the door -- sons, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, great grand children, neighbors, friends, the stock broker, the lawyer, the air conditioning man, the yard man, the beauty parlor girl, people delivering flowers, people delivering fat lighter, people delivering fish. Like her mother before her, Flora is glad to see them come and glad to see them go. 'Some people just don't know when to leave', she says. 'They can't help it. They were raised that way. They're po' bocker.'

Po' bocker or not, she always offers them a drink of tea, or coke, or sherry, or bourbon, and something to nibble on.

She always tells them, 'never go to bed mad' ... to be sure and 'stay out of public swimming pools' ... that a lady only has her picture in the paper once, and 'that's when she gets married' ... to always 'put your best foot forward' ... to always 'look your host in the eye' and give him a firm handshake ... to write your bread and butter letters 'faithfully and with dispatch' ... to 'free your home of mortgages' with the first money you make ... to stay clean in mind, body, and spirit because 'it costs nothing for a bar of soap' ... to do everything 'in moderation'.

The favored few she wags her crooked finger at and invites to 'dunner.'

'Come at one o'clock sharp,' she says. 'And bring your manners, you wretch. I'll ask Elizabeth to cook up something scrumptious.'

[Frederick Graham Trask]

Flora Graham Trask
and
Elizabeth Evans Brown,
in the den at 1305 Bay Street.
2002

The Family of Flora Murphy Graham Trask

An Informal History

I. Family Tree: Flora's Ancestors, Siblings, Descendants

II. Benjamin Robinson Graham and Edith Hemenway Bolles

III. Letters: Edith Hemenway Bolles Graham to her Grandsons

IV. Charles Pattison Bolles and Marie Louise Dubrutz Reston

V. Marie Louise Dubrutz (Reston) Bolles: A Memoir

VI. Charles Pattison Bolles: by Andrew H. Harris, Jr.

VII. John Maurice Trask and Flora Murphy Graham Family

Editors' Note: The following 'history' is derived from conversations with Graham family members and from written accounts by various individuals. Names in brackets indicate attribution. Photographs were made available by the family.

Ancestors of Flora Murphy Graham Trask

Patrick Murphy (immigrant) (1720-1785)

Hugh Murphy (1752-1835)

Catherine Murphy (1771-1857) (married her first cousin, Cornelius Neill Murphy)

Hanson Finla Murphy (1813-1882)

Elizabeth Ann Murphy (1844-1911) → **Benjamin Robinson Graham (1868-1928)**

Alexander Graham (immigrant) (1745-1791)

Archibald Graham (1791-1873)

David McLean Graham (1833-1898) → **Benjamin Robinson Graham (1868-1928)**

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Thomas Willcox (immigrant) (1689-1779)

Mary Willcox (1736-1824) → John Montgomery (1723-1848)

Deborah Montgomery (1770-1824) → **Gabriel Dubrutz** (immigrant) (17?? -1824)

Joseph John Louis Dubrutz (1814-1890)

Marie Louise Dubrutz (Reston) (18?? -1933) → **Edith Hemenway Bolles (1877-1976)**

Joseph Bolles (immigrant) (1601-1678)

Thomas Bolles (1644-1727)

John Bolles (1677-1767)

Enoch Bolles (1715-1800)

Jesse Bolles (1749-1836)

Abiel Bolles (1786-1866)

Charles Pattison Bolles (1823-1909) → **Edith Hemenway Bolles (1877-1976)**

Children of Benjamin Robinson Graham and Edith Hemenway Bolles

1. **Marie Dubrutz Graham (1902-1941) (m. Clyde Baldwin Cobb)**

2. **Benjamin Robinson Graham, Jr. (1903– 1905)**

3. **Elizabeth McLean Graham (1904-1984)**
   (m. John Livingston Hazelhurst (1898-1952)
   (m. Eugene Hicks)

4. **Frederick Bolles Graham (1906-2000) (m. Katherine Carr)**

5. **Charles Pattison Graham (1907-2000) (m. Jean Victor McKoy)**

6. **Edith Hemenway Graham (1909-1989) (m. Elmo Reid Toms)**

7. **Mary Montgomery Graham (1911 -) (m. Claire Monroe Shigley)**

8. **Flora Murphy Graham (1912 -) (m. John Maurice Trask)**

9. **Margaret Neill Graham (1915 – 1955) (m. Thomas Butler French)**

Edith Bolles Graham and Benjamin Robinson Graham
with five of their six daughters: Elizabeth, Flora, Margaret, Edith, Mary
c. 1925

Descendants of Flora Murphy Graham Trask

Flora Murphy Graham (m. 1934) John Maurice Trask

1. **John Maurice Trask, Jr. (m. 1961) Caroline Whitehead Clark**

John Maurice Trask III (m. 1992) Laura Louise Tranakos
Isabelle Flora Trask
Peter Henry Trask
Josephine du Bignon Trask

Caroline Clark Trask (m. 1992) Gordon Willcox Wallace, Jr.
Caroline Elizabeth Wallace
Anna Trask Wallace

Samuel Clark Trask (m. 2001) Grace Evelyn Nabers
Grace Evelyn Trask

Patrick Graham Trask (m. 1998) Cathleen Lillian Quinn
Patrick Graham Trask, Jr.

2. **George Graham Trask (m. 1966) Constance Everlee Bowen**

Graham Bowen Trask (m. 2000) Korin Swanson
Richard Graham Trask

Christian Whitmire Trask (m.1999) Marcellene Roberts Lea
George Maxfield Trask
Benjamin Lea Trask

Claire Everlee Trask (m. 2002) Samuel Prentiss Nitze

3. **Charles Heide Trask (m. 1968) Stephanie Bernice Yopp**

Charlotte Bernice Trask (m.) John Renfrow
Elizabeth Ellen Renfrow
David Trask Renfrow

(m. 1976) Margaret Chamberlain

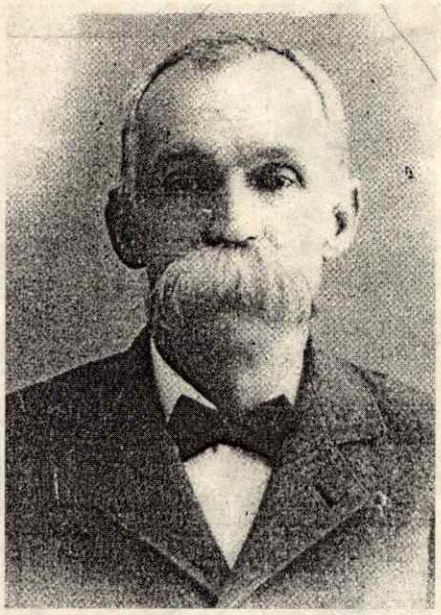
Thomas Stanton Trask (m.) Jamie Lynn Stone
Mark Graham Trask (m. 2002) Evisa Caca
Sarah Chamberlain Trask (1986-87)

4. **Frederick Graham Trask (m. 1967) Jean Lindsay Wessell**

(m. 1975) Mary Louise Garrison

Mary Canada Trask
Julia Craig Trask

The Family of Benjamin Robinson Graham and Edith Hemenway Bolles



Daniel McLean Graham

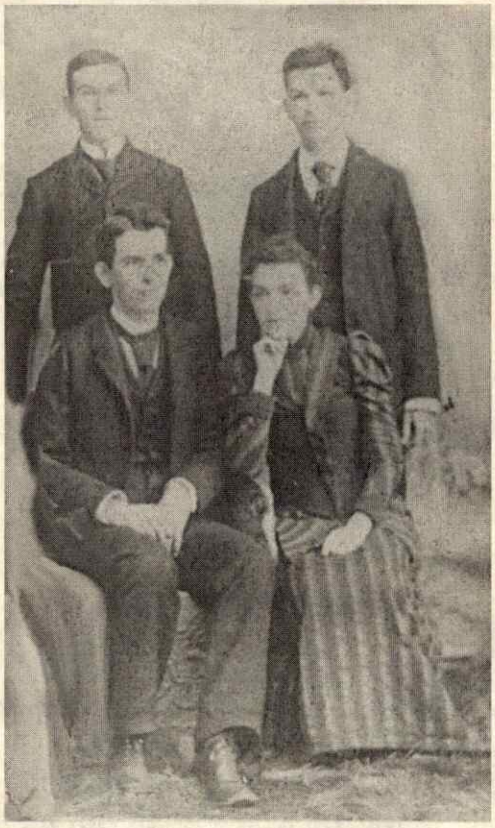
Alexander Graham (born 1745, died 1794) married Mary McCormick. They emigrated from the Isle of Knapdale, Scotland, on the ship "Dalton," and landed near Norfolk, Virginia. They had intended to land at Wilmington, North Carolina, but were blown off course by a storm. They settled at Flea Hill near Fayetteville on the Cape Fear River in 1780, apparently to join old friends and perhaps kinsmen who had previously settled in this area when they were banished from Scotland. They came to the Colonies in America after the defeat of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie), in order to escape the death penalty.

Archibald Graham (1791-1873) was one of six sons born of Alexander Graham and Mary McCormick. He was married twice, first to Mary McNeill, later to Ann McLean.

Archibald Graham and Ann McLean gave issue to five sons and two daughters. Daniel McLean Graham, my grandfather, was born in March, 1833 and died in May, 1898. He married Elizabeth Murphy,

daughter of Dr. Hanson Finla Murphy. Dr. Murphy practiced medicine in Duplin County, later moving to his large plantation, Mount Holly, a few miles north of Burgaw.

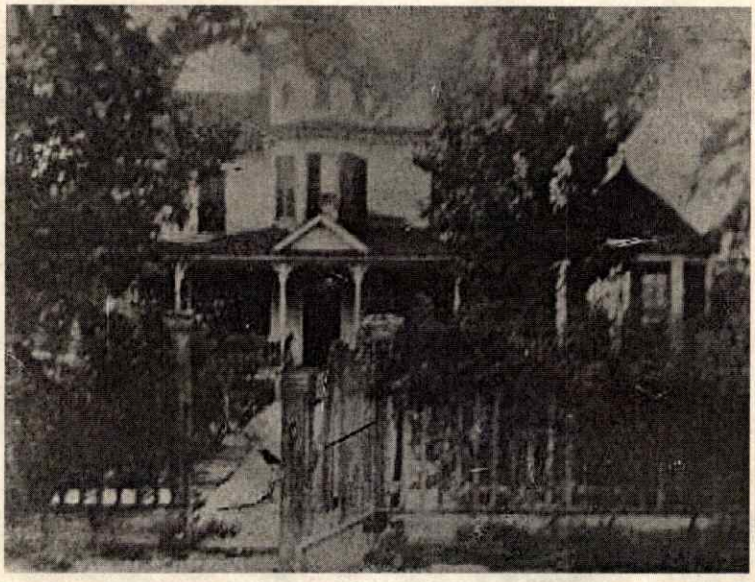
Daniel McLean Graham and Elizabeth Murphy settled in Wallace, North Carolina, and gave issue to three sons and one daughter. Benjamin Robinson Graham (my father) practiced medicine in Wallace for a number of years. Another son, Archibald, practiced law in Clinton, North Carolina. Another son, Neill, died in his early twenties following an operation for appendicitis. Ann Graham, only daughter of Daniel, married Henry Grady of Sampson County, who became a prominent Superior Court judge for North Carolina. **[Charles Pattison Graham]**



The children of Daniel McLean and Elizabeth Murphy Graham
[sitting] Neill, Ann; [standing] Archibald, Ben
c. 1898

Wallace was a small town of 100-150 people. It was just a crossroads. There were about a dozen nice homes there. Our house had electricity and running water. It was Victorian style, had a tin roof, a lot of windows, and a gate and a picket fence that ran all the way around the 3 acre lot. In the back was a wood house and an icehouse. The ice came every day on the train from Wilmington.

[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]



Dr. Graham's house in Wallace, North Carolina
c. 1909

Mama thought Wallace was the end of the world. 'Even the dogs were different,' she said. **[Edith Graham Toms]**

Old Grandmother Graham didn't like Mama's 'high falutin' ways', and when Daddy built a new house across the street and said he was going to bring his mother with him, Mama put her foot down. 'This house isn't big enough for the two of us," Mama said. She said Grandmother Graham never smiled. **[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]**

We grew cotton, tobacco, corn, field peas, and strawberries. Father paid the hands fifty cents a day. They worked from sun-up to sundown.

The school was three quarters of a mile from our house. There was a dry goods store and a country store. The economy was based on agriculture and the train, and there was a sawmill, too. Father built some shanties beside the tracks and rented them out.

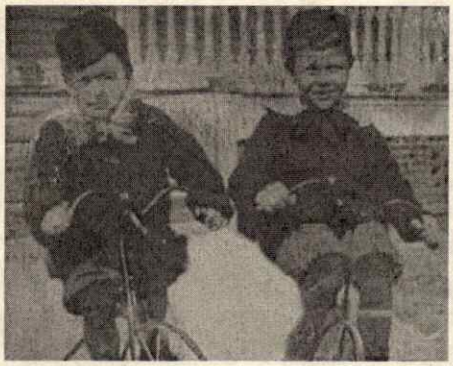
He owned a building, too. There was a drug store in it with a fountain in front. The doctor's office was in the back. Mama used to sit in the drug store -- that was the only social life she had. We'd get pineapple sundaes there and shaved ice in a cup with honey poured over it. And they served coca-cola. Daddy'd mix medicines and fill capsules in the back using a spatula and a mortar and pestle. On the other side was the post office and upstairs was a dentist office. **[Frederick Bolles Graham]**

Benjamin Robinson Graham
c. 1900

Daddy's fees were most reasonable: $1.00 for office visits, $2.00 for a house call; and $3.00 for a call in the middle of the night. It was nothing unusual for him to be called out two or three times during one night. He never grumbled. He got out of bed, reached for his pants on the bedpost -- you could hear him stretching his suspenders on as he hummed while dressing. He used to go out in rainstorms in thunder and lightning in his horse and buggy. He'd take two black grips with him. The horse knew the way home and Daddy would go to sleep. **[Edith Graham Toms]**

Sometimes I'd ride in the front on the floor of the buggy and the horse would let loose of his oats and flood my face. **[Frederick Bolles Graham]**

As little children we played jack rocks, hop scotch, old maid. There was no picture show. We had a beautiful Victrola and some classical records. We didn't read a lot. There was no library. But Daddy's people were well-read. He used to read us Uncle Remus and Robinson Crusoe. **[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]**



Charles Pattison Graham and
Frederick Bolles Graham
c. 1908

Father was a strong disciplinarian. He'd take a heavy razor strop and pour it out to you. Three or four licks and I'd toe the line. Mama was full of fun. Somebody once asked her what her favorite prayer was and she said, 'Jesus loves.' **[Frederick Bolles Graham]**

Dr. Ben and Edith Graham and family
Wallace, c. 1912

Daddy was a fundamentalist Scotchman. He never misrepresented anything and never drank or cursed, never told a raw joke. He didn't like to discuss people and personalities, but events and ideas. He was a man of few words. He talked real low and hated to be asked to repeat himself. Nurses feared him. He had a subtle sense of humor. He'd bring home candy every night to eat in bed. **[Frederick Bolles Graham]**

He loved to read, and he read a lot, H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*, for example. He never read anything superficial; he read to learn. At night sometimes Mama would be talking, he'd be reading a book, and we'd all be sitting around. On Sundays he'd get the Bible and gather us

around the fireplace. He'd select a passage and we'd all read a verse of it. He was religious in the sense of high morality but not in the sense that he was always at the church door. But he insisted that we children go to church. [Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]

Daddy was 5 feet 5 inches tall. Mama was much taller. Mama said she wore the pants of the household, and Daddy was broadminded and intelligent enough to allow her to do it. She would boss him around sometimes, but not much. He was not henpecked.

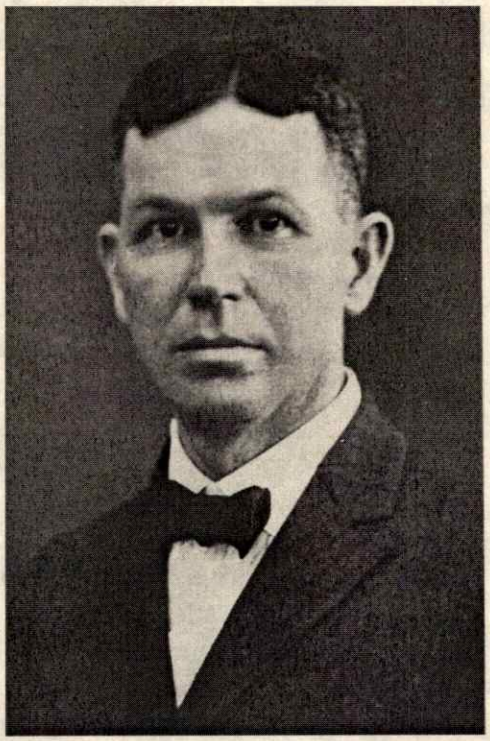
He delivered all of us children himself. 'Yes, he delivered you, but he never saw a thing,' Mama said. Nobody ever saw Mama without her clothes on. When she died and ascended to heaven, she said, she wanted to be buried in lace underwear, so people couldn't look up and see anything. [Frederick Bolles Graham]

Edith Bolles Graham
with daughter, Edith
c. 1909

Father realized the deficiencies of Wallace and considered moving to Richmond, but Mother steered him to Wilmington. He was not accepted by the established physicians at first. He was homesick and wanted to return to Wallace, but Mama said, 'Ben, I'll go back to Wallace if you want to go, but I'll tell you right now, it'll be the biggest mistake you ever made in your life.' He stayed, had a very large practice, and ended up becoming one's of Wilmington's most beloved citizens.

He was a dedicated doctor. He didn't take care of the carriage trade. He took care of the middle man and the poor man. His patients were not only his patients, but his real friends, and he was their confidante. He said they told him things they wouldn't even confide to their minister.

He died in the prime of his life, at age 59, from what started out to be a very simple infection of the finger. He contracted the infection from one of his patients. If penicillin had been known, his life would have been saved. It spread into blood poisoning and within a few days he died. He was beloved in the town, and in Wallace, too. It was said that St. James Church had never been filled until the day of his funeral. The funeral procession extended for a mile and a half. **[Frederick Bolles Graham]**



Dr. Benjamin Robinson Graham
c. 1915

It took Mama two years to overcome Daddy's death. Fred stepped in and became the head of the family. He went daily to her house for lunch. Daddy left a small estate of $30,000, but by the grace of God and with wise investment that money maintained our family and educated all of us, and took care of Mama throughout her life. The original $30,000 was managed by Fred and when Mama died, the estate was worth well over $100,000. **[Charles Pattison Graham]**

Mother had no idea how money was managed, where it came from or where it went. Daddy was very frugal, a hard worker, and a good business man. Each night he counted out his money and put it carefully under his pillow. The next morning while he was taking his bath, Mother would always take out what money she needed for the operation of the

house that day. When Daddy would say he was afraid of thieves, Mama would remark, "You fool, you've been sleeping with the biggest thief in Wilmington." **[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]**

Mother was outgoing with people but with her children she didn't show outward affection. She was affectionate, but not demonstrative. She never sat any of her children on her lap and hugged and kissed them and told them stories. She said she had so many children she couldn't nurse them. She would take a little grandchild and hug it once and say, 'Now come back and see me when you're 21.' **[Mary Graham Shigley]**

She was concerned with being a good mother and a good wife. She was very generous. When Daddy had his eye operated on in New York for cataracts, she went up there and had a wonderful time buying presents – she bought something for everybody she knew. **[Edith Graham Toms]**

Mother's first concern was seeing that everything ran on an even keel. 'Order and System' was a favorite expression of hers, and she stressed it constantly. She was never in a state of confusion. For our clothes she bought material by the bolt. In the spring she was planning and buying for the fall, so the change of seasons never caught her unprepared. We children always had proper clothing for school, everyday and Sunday, long before the seasons changed. Mama spent the summer making clothes, seven changes for everybody. She was practical and economical and never spent money on frills. She put up peaches, bushel after bushel, and she made wine jelly at Christmastime. She checked our shoes and fingernails before we left for school, while she was lying in bed. She was a wonderful manager. She made sure Daddy had his bath every day. Daddy took a cold bath every morning and then shaved with hot water he boiled on a kerosene stove in the kitchen. We children had a bath once a week, on Saturday night, but we'd scrub in the meantime during the week. Mama never did the cooking or washed the dishes. Coot did that. **[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]**

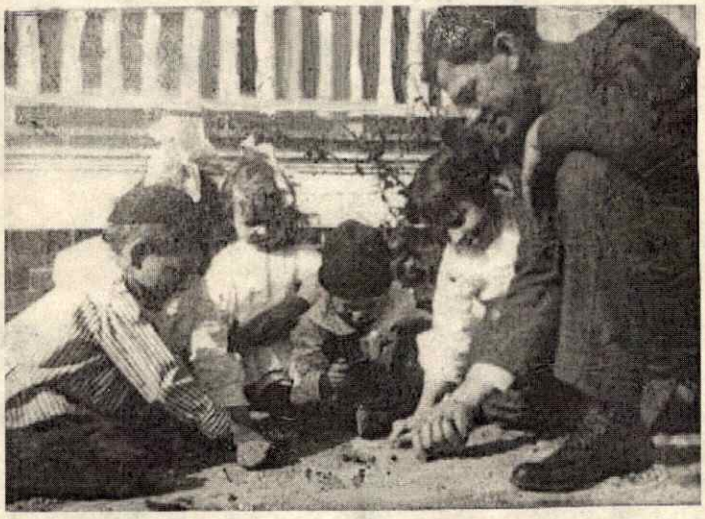
Mother ruled with an iron hand. She made us go in the back door when we came home from school. She made us put our books on a long white table in a certain place, made us put our coats away, right away. We could play in the yard and then we had to go in and study. We had to use the back steps to go up the stairs. At night before bed, we had to wash our socks and pants, get our new day's clothes out, and place them in a certain place so there would be no confusion when we went to school. In the morning we were required to make up our bed before we went to school. Everything had its place. Nothing was out of order.

[Mary Graham Shigley]

The entire family in the Maxwell, 1915

He bought a Maxwell. On many occasions we'd get stuck in a creek while fording it and he'd have to walk half a mile to get a farmer to pull us out with a mule. We'd let the car sit there and let the magneto dry out while we got in the farmer's wagon and went home.

[Frederick Bolles Graham]



Dr. Graham playing marbles with his children.
c. 1908

Aunt Maggie Murphy, Grandmother Graham's sister, loved to come visiting. She lived in Burgaw at Mount Holly Plantation and used an ear trumpet. She also used the ouija board. Daddy loved to kiss her. He'd kiss anybody who was kin to him. He loved to kiss his cousins. Mama hated it when those country cousins came to town. She'd say, 'Oh, here they come. They're the kissingest people you've ever seen. Children, don't you dare kiss them. Tell them you've just taken a dose of Calomel.'

[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]

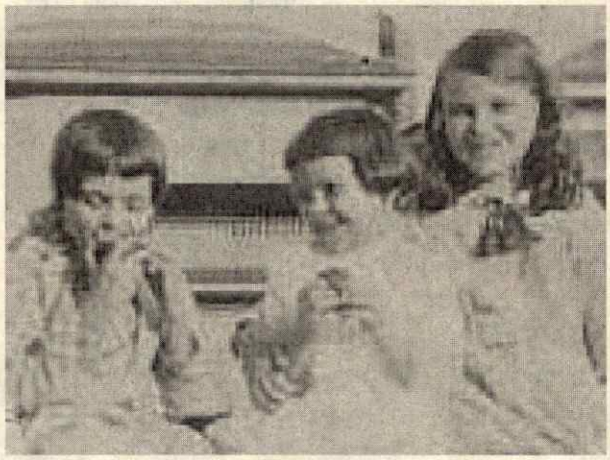
If he went out ten times a day, Daddy would find us and kiss us goodbye, everyone of us. And when he came home he'd kiss us all again.

He would kiss Mama, but she'd shrink up. 'That's the puniest kiss I ever had,' he'd tell her when he came in and out of the house.

To hear her talk, you'd think she never let Daddy touch her; but she said that when he courted her, he bit her. She said she went down the aisle with toothprints on her neck. **[Frederick Bolles Graham]**

She said she'd never slept a wink since she'd been married, and we said, 'Mama, we know that, or you wouldn't have had 9 children.'

[Charles Pattison Graham]



Flora, Margaret, Edith
c. 1916

Every Sunday the Wilmington Ice Company delivered a gallon of ice cream to our house. I remember three little girls in the back yard with their parasols and their ice cream: Mary, Flora, and Margaret.

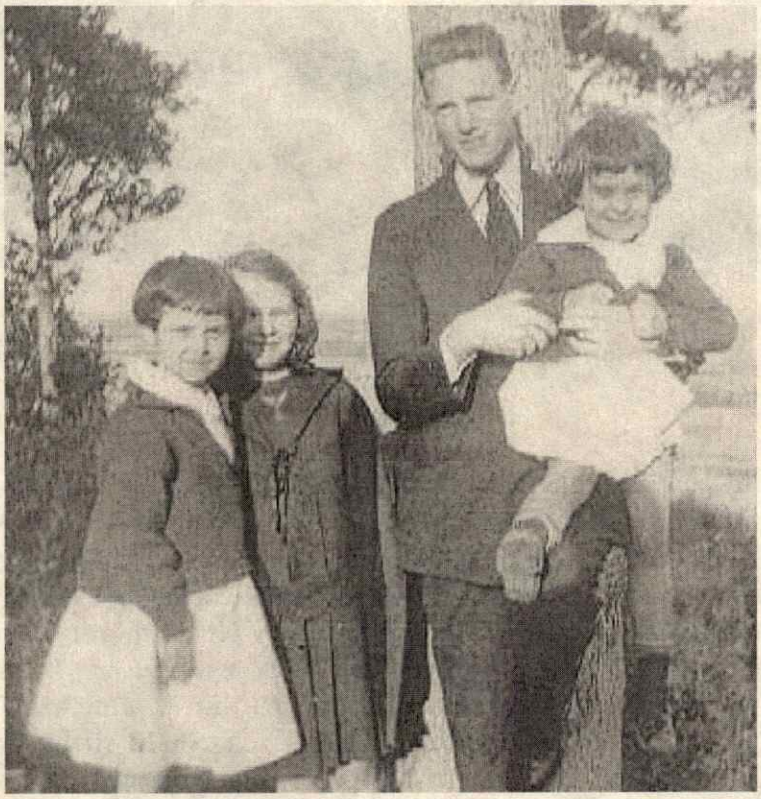
[Frederick Bolles Graham]

Mama and Daddy got married in 1901. Mama was 24 years old, an 'old maid'. She said she wanted a 'baby hanging out of every window,' but by the time Margaret came along she decided she'd settle 'for lace curtains.' **[Edith Graham Toms]**

The minute Daddy said he had definitely decided to move to Wilmington, Mother began taking pictures off the wall and dismantling the house. Mama came on the Shoe Fly with Coot [Bryant] and Margaret, who was a baby. They arrived and took the streetcar to 17th and Princess, but the baby was crying and Mama said, 'Coot, take that crying baby and start walking. I'll send Doctor Graham back to find you. I will NOT be disgraced on my entrance into Wilmington.' **[Edith Graham Toms]**

Flora and I were ill once. We had very high fevers. Daddy was going to give both of us an enema. When it came time to give Flora an enema, Daddy, Mama, and Coot went up to her and she got terribly still. 'Get Mary out of the room,' Daddy said. 'I think Flora is dying.' They took me into another bedroom. Flora looked like she had rigor mortis, but she was playing dead to keep from having that enema. 'Why, that little possum,' Daddy said.

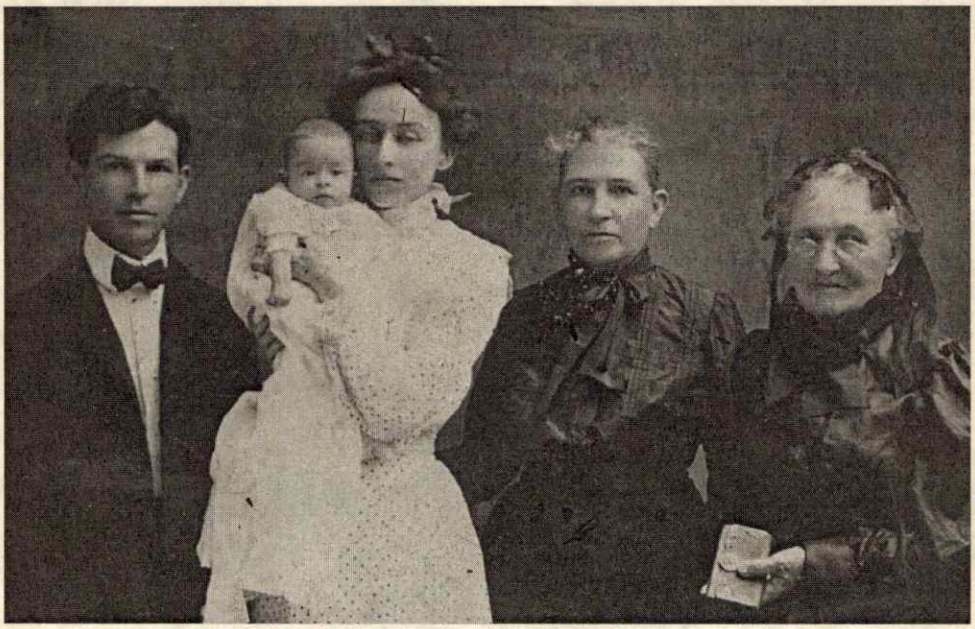
[Mary Graham Shigley]



Flora, Edith, Harry Symmes, Margaret
c. 1919

One time Mama went to Wallace to visit before she married Daddy and mentioned she was crazy about clabber, a type of sour milk, like a custard. The next morning they brought the clabber in a chamber pot. Mama knew it was a clean chamber pot, but she couldn't eat it, so she declined. 'I've just had a dose of Calomel,' she said.

[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]



Dr. Ben Graham, (baby) Marie Dubrutz Graham, Edith Bolles Graham, Elizabeth Murphy Graham, Marie Dubrutz Bolles
c. 1905

Grandmother [Elizabeth Murphy] Graham was a humorless person. She got into an argument with the grocer over the price of some ginger snaps. She argued over half a cent. She lived across the road from our house in Wallace. She had a smokehouse and made good liver pudding. Mama didn't get along with her. Grandmother Graham told Mama she didn't 'have any respect,' was brought up 'in a city,' and called everybody, 'young and old, by their first name.' There wasn't much wit about her. She always wore black. She'd sit by the fire and say, 'Oh, Lord, what's going to happen to poor old me?'

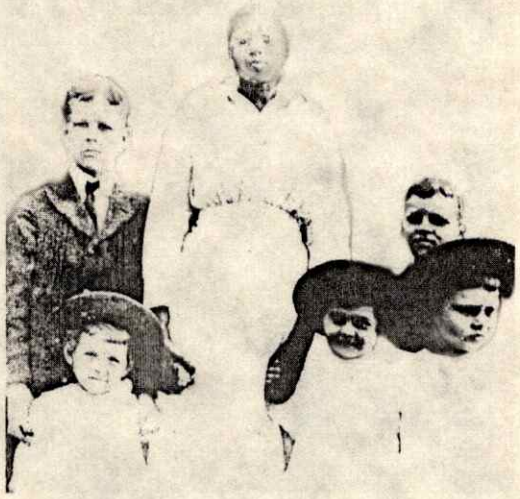
[Frederick Bolles Graham]

The Bolles-Debrutz blood is very difficult to live with. It's dominant, peculiar, idiosyncratic, and full of great drive. The Murphy-Graham side of the family is sedate, pensive, and philosophical. The Grahams were short and typically Scotch. They were distinguished looking, but not what you would call beautiful. They were not emotional people, but sometimes they broke through their resistance and expressed themselves.

[Charles Pattison Graham]

At Wallace, our closest friends were the Bryant family who lived on our place. They were descendants of Murphy slaves. We'd go down to their house in the morning and have country ham, blackstrap molasses, grits, and gravy for breakfast. We'd play baseball. We'd get tobacco twine and roll it and make a ball. We used a board or a slab for a bat.

[Frederick Bolles Graham]



Fred, Coot Bryant, Charles (back row)
Margaret, Flora, Mary (front row)
c. 1917
[This photograph was damaged in a fire.]

Coot was raised as part of the family and she raised me. I used to ride her hips as a child. I was a whiney child, and the only way I could be appeased was to ride her hips. I would ride her all day long. She was with Mama for 40 years.

[Charles Pattison Graham]

Flora adapted to things very easily. She did not let stress worry her. She knew how to get out of doing things. When Daddy would put us around in a circle and read a verse from the Bible, Flora always had to make a quick trip to the bathroom. **[Mary Graham Shigley]**

Flora, c. 1924

Flora was a very sweet, lovable girl, and very pretty. She wasn't fiery like her sister, Mary, who was a devil like her mother. Flora was like her father, quiet, pensive, never caused any trouble. Mary was brilliant, smart, and domineering; she spoke her mind without hesitancy.

[Charles Pattison Graham]

Edith and Flora
c. 1925

Flora and I wore hand-me-down clothes, which we hated. I rebelled, but Flora was too docile to fight. Mama said, 'Flora was the best child I ever raised.' **[Mary Graham Shigley]**

Margaret Graham French
c. 1954

Margaret was Daddy's idol. She was the youngest. He doted on her, and when she was 12 years old she still believed in Santa Claus -- not really, but it made Daddy happy, so she let him think she still believed. He'd sit and tell her stories, about old black mammies and tar babies. Margaret was the only one he did that with, and that little girl never spoke his name from the day he died. **[Mary Graham Shigley]**

Edith Hemenway Bolles Graham
c. 1934

Mother was a Victorian lady who was born 75 years too soon. She was advanced as far as her social and moralistic ideas were concerned. She had a wit about her that few could match. She wanted everybody to get 'stitched.' 'A stitch in time saves nine,' she said.

Birth Control was taboo in those days. Some people thought she was vulgar for talking about it, but she didn't mind 'disgracing' herself. She'd lecture young high school or college kids about 'S-E-X.'

She had a wonderful sense of humor. She always said she wanted to be buried in a nightgown with lace underwear, so when she ascended to heaven people couldn't look up and see her dirty underwear.

She disliked 'high society' and 'puttin' on airs.' And she hated jewelry. She was the least formal person you ever saw. As a girl growing up she had been made to go to parties, and she discouraged us from going and meeting other people.

She was not a joiner of clubs. She would sit at home and hold court. People would come and see her because of her wit. She was an incessant talker. She talked about people and events and incidents, and told stories and tales. She was smart and intelligent, capable and practical, but not a woman who dealt in ideas. She never had the opportunity of having any formal education, but she was proud of her ancestry and ambitious for her children. **[Charles Pattison Graham]**

Letters:
Edith Hemenway Bolles Graham to her Grandsons

TO: John Maurice Trask, Jr.:

1950 --My dearest John, Your nice newsy letter has just come and I'm answering right away as I love to hear from you. I am so glad you are getting along so well and I hope you are liking your surroundings [at Episcopal High School] better all the time. I'm going to tell you now when you misspell a word like I used to tell [my sons] Fred and Charles: you misspelt 'soldier'. You spelt it 'soilder'. Also, 'tournament'. You spelt it 'tournment'. You write a grand hand and newsy letter and we all enjoy. You do not mind my corrections, do you? It is my love and interest I take in you when I tell you any thing ... I am glad you can go to Washington and see the interesting things. I enjoyed Washington years ago with Ben

1954 -- My dearest John, Your mother sent me your photograph yesterday. I am very proud having you to ornament my living room. It could not be better. You are positively handsome. Katherine and Fred [Graham] came by tonight. The first thing they saw was you. It is pouring rain tonight and turning cold. Edith is going out with the druggist [Reid Toms]to see the picture, 'Martin Luther.' Ben [Graham] is dating Helen Taylor tonight – starting early. I know you have a secret love ... Your daddy has a lovely family, and he is just fine, and so energetic and so smart. You are a chip off the old block ....

1955 -- My dearest John, I'm writing early this morning before I have any interruptions. ...You know when you have sickness in the family, everybody can not do for you. Margaret's [Margaret Graham French] illness has been such a terrible shock and sorrow, as she is so young to have to leave her husband and children. Your mother and Margaret have always been so close, and like twins when they were little girls. Your mother and Daddy have done so many lovely things for Margaret and the children. You have a wonderful daddy and mother. John, I love you dearly and you are one of my prize grandsons. You have such a calm sweet manner and lovely manners. ... I'm very proud of all my grand children so far, as they are turning out fine. I haven't seen Big Mama lately. She is nice about

calling up and Papa sends me lovely flowers. He is a dear old fellow and has a wonderful family ...

January, 1956 -- Dearest John, I thought I would get a peep at you during the holidays. Edith, Reid [Toms], Isabel [Belden] Moore, and Jeanette [Moore Faison] had Christmas dinner with me. Everything passed off nicely. I'm glad the holidays are over. Butler [French] and family are coming for the weekend. I'm anxious to see them. He is so fortunate in having such a refined housekeeper. I pray your mother will be spared until Freddy gets big enough to take care of himself. I am just beginning to realize the responsibility of eight children left on me. I was only fifty one when Ben died. We never know what we can do until we are put to the test. ... I love you dearly and think you are a wonderful grandson. Come when you can. I know you will make the grade. Lots of love. Aff. Grandmother

March, 1957 -- Dearest John, I've had a whirl of a week. Getting to be eighty is as gay as a girl making her debut. I'm exhausted. Edith [Graham Toms] gave me a beautiful birthday party, and she had your mother, father, Freddy, and all the grandchildren besides the grown ups, Maybel [Taylor Pemberton] and Isabel [Belden Moore]. I enjoyed it thoroughly, but would not have gone if I had known about the crowd. ... Freddy and I played Samba and he beat Grandma. He is a precious little boy and so bright and attractive. I'm so proud of all my bunch, grandchildren included ... Charles Graham is trying for the Morehead scholarship and we all hope he will come out on top. I'll be proud of him for trying even if he doesn't win. He is a smart boy and everybody likes him ... Today is Big Mama's [Emma Borneman Trask] birthday. I called her up but she was at church. Papa [George W. Trask] brought me beautiful hyacinths for my birthday. He is always so sweet and thoughtful of everybody. He is a dear old gentleman ... I'll be glad when June comes and you will be nearer and I can get a peep at my sweet handsome grandson ... Love and a kiss. Aff. Grandmother.

TO George Graham Trask:

1956 -- Dearest George, I'm glad you had such a happy Christmas. I know your mother and daddy loved having all back home again. It will not be many years before they will be left childless like myself. ... I love you dearly. How is Charles? I love him, too. Give him my love. Aff. Grandmother

1961 -- My precious George, It is very cold this morning, but I'm nice and warm indoors. I'll go out this afternoon, as I'll be warm in the car. Your mother and daddy came by yesterday on their way back to Beaufort. Freddy came by to join them. ... Your daddy is wild over the newcomer. Flora is, too. Flora looked lovely and your daddy looked grand. Caroline and John called me and they are crazy over the baby. Caroline enjoyed your parents and said what would they do without them. I wish she would not call them Mr. and Mrs. Trask. I called Ben's mother Mrs., but I did not like her. When I told her I was pregnant she said, 'You are the most immodest person to tell me this.' This killed my love for her. She should have told me she was pleased and that she would help me with the little trousseau. When you get married, never live with either of the parents ...

1963 -- My precious George, I'm thinking of you this morning and want to write you a few lines. Hope you are keeping well and happy. I had a nice letter from your mother. She said you would be home three days after Christmas. Hope I'll get a peep at you as I still love you and miss you and am interested in your life. I had such a nice letter from Charles. Flora said he likes his new assignment in Germany. Isabel and Kauno spent a couple of days in Beaufort and said Freddy is fine and developing very much. I had a nice letter from John and Caroline and a lovely picture of them with that precious baby. Babies give a lot of joy to the family. I loved mine and wish I had them now. I'm very blessed though in being taken such good care of by my colored help. ... Fred and Edith are still looking out for me. I am very lucky in having some friend every day calling to see me ... The president's death has given everybody such a terrible shock. Of course, so many didn't like him. He was a very fine character and he will be missed terribly. He was a devoted father and husband and very smart politically. The young man they suspect is very good looking. I hope he will get what he deserves ... We are having beautiful weather now, unusual for November. Beth Shigley is to be married on December 28th. She will have a hard road to go, marrying a medical student. A doctor's life is not only a sacrificial one for himself but for his family. My second husband would not be a doctor. I hope you will not fall in love with a career woman. Get a wife that loves you, children, and home. I thank God every day for my mother's training. I'm 1492! Well, the sermon is over and I hope you are not disgusted. Love and kisses always for my precious handsome George. Aff. Granny

[19??] -- My precious George, ... I married a grand country man, and he did not know anything about society, and none of my family married a grander man, in every respect ... I do not know of any finer boys than my Trask grandchildren. I'm just as proud of you as your parents are, as you

are just grand. I believe in giving praise to the ones that deserve it while they are living, and not wait until they die. I wish you could read a poem (7 verses) Mr. Boney composed for me and Ben and sent to me yesterday. I'm going to have some copies made for the children. Dearest love and a hug and a kiss. Aff. Granny

TO Frederick Graham Trask:

1959 -- My precious Freddy, Your sweet note came this morning. It is very cold here, but the sun is shining. I want you to know that you are one of my sweet grandsons. I want you and my other grandsons to be my pall bearers. Do not think I'm blue or despondent writing this, for I am not. We all have to go, sooner or later, and we must prepare for the future, living the right kind of life so we can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Well, the sermon is over. Aff. Granny

Edith Hemenway Bolles Graham
'Granny Graham'
on her porch
108 S. Fifth Street
Wilmington
c. 1960

Charles Pattison Bolles
And
Marie Louise Dubrutz Reston

Mother's father, Major Charles Pattison Bolles (1823-1909), was a direct descendant of Joseph Bolles (1608-1678) of Wells, Maine, who immigrated from England in 1640. Major Bolles was an engineer in the Confederate army. He planned Fort Fisher, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Fort Fisher was the scene of a fierce battle during the Civil War. After the war he was assistant superintendent of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Major Bolles married Marie Louise Debrutz, widow of William Reston, the mother of three children, in 1873. Mother [Edith] was their first and oldest child, growing up in Wilmington on 3rd Street, where Belk Berry is now, in a Victorian house. The front porch of the Bolles' house was right on Third Street. After the War, in 1870, Robert E. Lee came to Wilmington and made a speech to a small crowd from the front porch.

Granny Bolles had been instrumental in the Salt Works during the Civil War. They made salt for the Confederate army by distillation.

She was a smart, handsome, beautiful woman, the granddaughter of Gabriel Dubrutz, who was from Bordeaux, France. Gabriel Dubrutz came to America with the French fleet alongside General Lafayette during the Revolutionary War. He was present at the Battle of Yorktown in 1781.

[Frederick Bolles Graham]

Grandmother Bolles had an infectious laugh. She'd come to Wallace and visit for a month. She loved to tell us stories about her childhood. Mama taught us a prayer she must have gotten from Grandmother Bolles:

> ***Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the lord my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake, I pray the lord my soul to take. God bless Mama and Daddy and all my brothers and sisters, and everybody in the whole world. Amen.***

[Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks]

When we moved to Wilmington from Wallace in 1915, Mother said she didn't want to frighten the neighbors by moving into the neighborhood with eight children, so she sent us down in platoons. Charles and I came down and stayed with Granny Bolles.

I remember Granny saying, 'After lunch we'll go out on the piazza.' We used to sit out there on the jeejoggle board. I remember a man coming down the street selling fish saying, 'Hey-o! Hey-o! Fish!'

[Frederick Bolles Graham]

Marie Louise Dubrutz (Reston) Bolles
'Granny Bolles'

Memoir of Marie Louise Dubrutz (Reston) Bolles

My father, Joseph John Louis DuBrutz, was a physician. He was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters, several of whom died in infancy. His father was Gabriel DuBrutz; his Mother, Deborah Montgomery. He was born in Fayetteville, N. C., May1, 1814. He was in school in Fayetteville up to the time of his father's death which occurred in June, 1824. He was left in the care of a guardian, (Mr. Kelly of Fayetteville, for whom his father had the highest regard as an honorable man), with a valuable estate and with full instructions for his education.

His Mother died in June, 1825, just one year after he lost his father. He was then sent to Bingham School at Mebansville, North Carolina, where he remained for four years, spending his vacations in Fayetteville with his married sisters who owned fine homes settled upon them by their father with $30,000 each.

The next four years my father was sent to St. Mary's, Emmetsburg, Maryland. While there he was taught music, playing the flute, receiving the first prize for his fine performance, which was a beautiful white flute with silver keys which he valued highly as long as he lived, and it was a source of untold pleasure and solace when he would come home wearied and exhausted after a long days work visiting and attending the sick, having to ride on horseback as the country was comparatively new and many of the roads through the country were not much more than paths with many washed-out places from heavy rains and numerous small streams that filled up rapidly after the heavy rains.

He remained at St. Mary's, Maryland, four years, then was sent to Chapel Hill for four years, where he was graduated in 1836 and returned to Fayetteville.

He had four married sisters. The eldest, Maria, married Captain Charles Crusoe of Lynn, England. Caroline, who was his second sister, married Mr. Charles B. Jones of Virginia. Eliza, the third sister, married

General Ambrose Ramsey, and Louisa, the fourth sister, married Frederick L. Cutlar of Wilmington.

My Mother, Kitty Crusoe Beck, of Burcham, near Lynn, England, was a niece of Captain Crusoe, who was in England on a visit to his family. He persuaded my Mother to come to America for a visit of three years, when he was to take her back home with his son Charles, who was then at Chapel Hill and would graduate at the end of that time.

It was in October, 1836, she came to America, just sixteen years of age. They sailed from London on the "Thomas Bennet," landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and from Charleston by steamer to Wilmington, spending a couple of days with Mrs. Reston, who was afterwards my mother-in-law and a dear sweet mother, and her daughters Eliza, Amelia, Anne, Isabella Clayton, and the two boys, John and William Reston always spoke of my Mother to me as being such a "beautiful young girl and so modest and refined, with gentle manners."

From Wilmington she went with her Uncle Charles by boat to Fayetteville to his home, and there the first person she met was Joseph DuBrutz who had just graduated in 1836. It was but a short time before he discovered he was ardently in love with the "little English girl, Kitty Beck," which name he always called her. They soon became engaged and remained devoted lovers until March 28, 1838, when they were married in Columbus, Mississippi at her Uncle Charles' house as he had bought a plantation near Columbus a short time before and was living in that city.

In 1837 my father and his four married sisters bought plantations in Alabama and Mississippi. Their families and all of their servants moved in private conveyances to their new homes. My father, his sisters, Caroline Jones and Louisa Cutlar, settled near the little town of Linden, Marenga County, near Demapolis, Alabama. His sisters, Maria Crusoe and Eliza Ramsay, went to Columbus, Mississippi; my mother going with her Aunt Maria and Uncle Charles. In March, 1838, my Mother was married and my father took her to his home in Alabama. There he studied medicine with his brother-in-law, Dr. Frederick Cutlar, for some months, then went to Louisville, Kentucky and continued his studies, graduating in 1843, having three little children born on the plantation in Marengo County.

I was the youngest of the three, nine months old when my father returned from Louisville, Kentucky. My oldest sister, Ellen, named for a favorite cousin of my Mother; and Gabriella Deborah, my second sister, named for the grandfather and grandmother, composed the little family.

In the fall of 1843 my father bought a plantation in Chactaw County, Alabama, and moved his family and the servants to this home, The Thompson. Home, as it was called. He remained there two years, having bought the Dennis place a few miles distant, near a small village, which he named Pushmataha .

It was there we met an old gentleman, a Mr. Washington, "George Washington," a first cousin of General Washington, a most refined cultured, old time gentleman, living in a most humble manner in a room connected with his little country store of all varieties of sales goods, which was the extent of his earthly possessions, taking his meals with a Mrs. Curry, who was a neighbor. He seemed to gain a new lease on life in meeting congenial friends in the home of my father and mother, and he soon confided to them the story of his life. While a young man in Virginia, he became engaged to a beautiful young girl and was to have married her when she became ill and died. The shock was more than he felt he could bear, and he determined to go as far away from the scene of his romance as he could. He lived for some years after we met him, and our home was always open to him. Each year binding the tie of friendship, standing sponsor for myse1f and five of my brothers and sisters when we were baptized one Sunday afternoon at home, having no Episcopal church at that time.

Mr. Sam Ruffin and Dr. Pearson were also sponsors for us with our Father and Mother, and the old Willcox family tankard was used to hold the baptismal water. A few years after we built a lovely little church and when the old gentleman died he was buried in the churchyard near the little village of Pushmataha where he had spent his days of mourning for his loved and lost.

While living at the Dennis place my father planned the long talked of trip to England, he had promised my Mother when married in 1838. In 1850 all were ready with trunks packed, and on a Sunday morning Uncle Ben, the carriage driver, drove us down to "Tuscahoma" on the Tombigbee River, the nearest landing and a distance of twenty miles. On arriving there we had a fine dinner with Mr. Frank Gaines, who was the freight agent and a friend of my father, who had looked after his cotton crop for years that had to be shipped to Mobile. He was the son of the celebrated Mrs. Myra Gaines who had a law suit in the courts for thirty or more years, for land in the City of New Orleans.

About nine o'clock that night the whistle of the boat was heard, when our Mother got us ready to go aboard, and, after the freight was taken on, we were taken down some very steep steps built in the sides of the bank of the river and in a little while we bid good-bye to Mr. Gaines and started for Mobile, a distance of one hundred miles. We made the trip without any trouble and on arriving at Mobile we went over to New

Orleans to visit our Aunt Caroline Jones for a few days 'till our vessel we were to sail on, the "Nicholas Biddle," was ready for the voyage.

We left Mobile early one morning, sailing smoothly along until we were crossing the "Gulf of Mexico" where we encountered a terrible hurricane, which, as night came on, increased with such violence that Captain Conkins, had us all taken down by the sailors to the hole of the ship where, if the vessel went down, which was expected at any moment, we would escape being washed overboard.

As day began to break, the storm gradually ceased, with the ship badly damaged, returning to Mobile for repairs and a fresh supply of provisions.

At the end of the week we made a second start, sailing and drifting along at leisure, the sea gulls following us and coming aboard every day to pick the crumbs from the deck that would be scattered for them. Two gentlemen, besides our family, were the only passengers, besides the Captain and the crew, and we enjoyed the freedom of the upper decks, the Captain and the stewards making pets of us and especially of my two brothers, Fred and Anthony and of me, as we were the youngest on board and only seasick for a day or two, my brother Fred and I. He was so sick he went to my Mother and said, "Muddie, I so sick I can hardly walk, Muddie, I so sick I can hardly talk." While Anthony, the younger, with the Captain's hat on, walking around the deck, would call out, "How do your heads?" imitating the Captain.

We left Mobile about the middle of July with fine weather. We sailed leisurely along with no casualties on board in the way of sickness, and all getting anxious to see land. After a voyage of fifty-six days we reached Liverpool, a very dirty smoky city, just before sundown.

We spent the night there, taking rooms at one of the big hotels. After a comfortable night's rest and a good breakfast, we took a coach for Lynn, England, to visit my Mother's Uncles John and Robinson Crusoe, and Miss Mabry, my Mother's aunt. We had lunch with them and that afternoon started for my grandfather's, Mr. Anthony Beck.

Driving through green fields with many sheep grazing, we reached Grandfather's just before sundown. As we drove up in front of a large brick house with beautiful flowers in the front, shrubbery and fruit in the back, I remember my Mother saying, "Here we are," and Grandfather, a medium sized old gentleman, looking rather fresh, taking my Mother in his arms, with his head on her shoulder, and with tears running down his cheeks. The two young sisters, Aunt Margaret, a beautiful young girl with dark brown ringlets, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, and Aunt Elizabeth, a typical English type, greeting my

father with a warm welcome, and giving each of the five of Kitty's children a hug and kiss, ready to have a romp with them. Wraps were taken off and, after resting an hour, Aunt Margaret took us to a cozy little room for a bowl of hot milk and bread the maid had prepared for us. My two older sisters were allowed to sit with the grown people an hour or two longer, but my little brothers and I were put to bed where we slept soundly all night, and were ready next morning to meet my Mother's two married sisters, Aunt Mary Ann and Aunt Fannie, who lived in the little town of Bircham, very near my Grandfather's. My Uncles, Frederick and Anthony Beck, we did not meet as they had gone to Australia. Uncle Charles Beck, the youngest child, when my Grandmother died, was living with an old lady who had had the care of him from infancy.

I remember the beautiful driveways in England and every day, when the weather was good, we were taken on a drive of eight or ten miles in the donkey cart with the maid who looked after us. Aunt Fanny's little boy, Fred and nurse, would join us and we would have a fine time.

Grandfather owned a dairy farm and large barns for cows and immense loads of hay that the men would have every week or two for the cow's food. We used to love to watch the men bring the loads of hay through the narrow gates, the wagons so heavily loaded would look lots too heavy for the horses to pull, but the horses seemed to know by precision how to step and as the driver would strike the ground with the butt of his whip and say in a firm voice, "Wish me harlee", with great precision the horse would step and the wagon would glide in with the greatest ease.

My Grandfather had a big swing put in the barn for us where we could watch the cows feed and be milked. The milk was placed in large flat, yellow pans about four inches deep with a faucet so as to drain off the milk, leaving the cream. The cream was then put into a large revolving churn with two men to turn it. In a short time butter would form and be pressed into pound forms ready to be sent to market. The refuse milk would be fed to the pigs.

As winter approached the ground was often covered with snow, so we were kept in doors for a time and Aunt Margaret was our delight, romping and playing with us, making candy, popping corn for our amusement.

I remember a little robin coming every morning and tapping on the window to get the crumbs of bread we would have ready for him.

In the spring my sister Gabrielle and I were invited to visit a friend of my Mothers, Miss Maria Lancaster, who had a lovely home in the farming district a few miles from Grandfather's. Every morning

about 10 o'clock one of the maids, Hannah Massey, would take us for a ride in the donkey cart. We would first drive over the fields to see the sheep grazing and the sheep dog leading the sheep to the sheepfold for fresh water, and for the young lambs to rest in the cool shade.

The roads were fine and after driving ten or twelve miles we would stop on the way back at an inn, surrounded by tall trees, all in front, looking so clean and inviting. From the windows hung swinging baskets filled with oranges and other fruits and after getting our supply of oranges and small raspberry 'tarts' we were ready to return to Miss Maria's as we knew little tables would be prepared in Miss Maria's sitting room, with a nice warm fire ready for us to enjoy our lunch of fruit and fresh crisp raspberry tarts.

After spending a couple of weeks with Miss Maria we went to visit the Hawletts, Mary and Frank, and we had a grand time as Frank was near our own age and would take us to Bircham f'or candy and for "treacle" so we could make the candy in the kitchen with the maid to help us.

My oldest sister, Ellen, visited Uncle Edward Beck's family with my Mother as she was old enough to enjoy the grown people and to make herself of interest to them as "the little American."

When the time approached for us to return home after meeting all of our relatives, and my father having won the affection and high regard of all the English kinsfolk, we began to plan for the return trip, dreading to say goodbye to dear old Grandfather and all the loved ones. My Father persuaded Mr. Godfrey Hawlett, a young son of the old friend, to come to America with us, which he did, spending three years with us at the old Dennis home. We said a sad farewell to all of my Mother's loved ones and sailed from London on the "Empire Queen" for home. Only four or five gentlemen, with our family, were the cabin passengers. We had a pleasant safe voyage, arriving at Mobile in thirty-three days, stopping for one day at Bermuda Islands where Mr. Hawlett and two of the ship's officers went ashore and brought us back a quantity of beautiful shells, coming aboard jolly and happy from imbibing a good share of 'rye'.

When we reached Mobile we went over to New Orleans for a couple of weeks, from there to Biloxi and to Bay St. Louis, then to Mobile where my Father and Mother met their friends Dr. Walton, specialist for yellow fever, Dr. and Madam Leverit, Augusta Evans, author of "St. Elmo," and other novels, his commission merchants, Mr. Fuller, Fuller and Johnson, long standing friends who engaged our passage on the return boat of the "Tombigbee" reaching Tuscahoma, where our good friend, Mr. Frank Gaines, welcomed us with open arms.

After resting a day, we took the carriage for home, the Dennis home, finding the servants all well and delighted to have "Miss Kitty" and "Master" back home, hugging all of us children and "Ma'Jane", my nurse, greeting me with "here is old woman back home." Mr. Washington was there to welcome us, he having had the supervision of the servants while we were abroad. He and Mr. Hawlett became good friends and enjoyed many congenial hours together.

Mr. Hawlett soon adapted himself to his surroundings and, loving to ride horseback, would go with my Father to visit his patients who became much interested in our young English friend. My sister, Gabrielle, had a pet pony, "Jim" that Mr. Hewlett rode and taught him many tricks. As my sister and I grew older and were both good riders, though we were children, we derived a great deal of pleasure in making Jim perform the tricks he had been taught, standing straight on his hind legs, jumping over a small stick, if we would say, "come over." We all loved "Jim." He was so gentle, even if a bit frolicsome.

Three or four of us could ride him at the same time, which we often did, riding to school in bad weather. We would call by and take our school mates, the Shackleford girls, Sarah, Martha, Isabel, and Julia, who were cousins of our teacher, Miss Evelyn Shackleford, as we had two ponies and only three of us, and if any children would slip off going up a hill, as many did, "Jim" would stop and stand still and let the children remount. "Poor Jim" lived to be eighteen years old when a wild harem-scarem cousin accidentally shot him through the lower jaw. The gun discharged as George, who was with my Father and two younger brothers deer driving, was attempting to mount. It shattered his jaw bone and as the blood flowed with great profusion, he stooped his head and drank his life's blood, fighting bravely to save his life, waiting bravely for my father to come up, looking so jaded, after having left home that morning so plump and round. He lived for six months, then died, and a sorrow was cast over the entire family and many tears were shed for "dear old, faithful Jim."

Mother had a beautiful dark, iron-grey pony, Saladin, that she loved and would often ride when going to spend the day with dear old Mrs. Cook and her married daughter, Mrs. Hopkins, taking with her the baby and nurse, over a beautiful road, crossing broad creek over a bridge, or through the ford with immense magnolias in full bloom, air ladened with the most delightful perfume, uplifting your very soul, realizing God's wonderful gift in his bountiful distribution of the beautiful in nature's surroundings, making us feel truly there is a God loving us, watching over us, teaching our hearts to go out to him in love and gratitude.

These are sacred memories that will remain with me until the end of time. My Mother, can I ever forget her gentle sweet motherly interest in me, and each of her children, eleven of us. She was kind, gentle, and unselfish, always considerate of others, especially of the servants, and at Christmas, when all had three days holiday to frolic, and had their quiltings, she always saw they were provided with milk, sugar, flour, and eggs for their cakes, and chicken pies and everything else for a big dinner. Mammy with her barrel of persimmon beer, Uncle Plunk, her husband, bringing a large jug of "rye" for the "egg-nog", and with his fiddle under his arm, ready to join in the preparations for a jolly Christmas. A pitcher of locust beer would be filled and sent to "Miss Kitty" and our young friends, we usually had to spend the holidays with us. It was a big happy Christmas with the family and the servants made to feel they could share the Christmas joys. The quilts would be put in the frames and we would take our seats around the frame and quilt by the hour, while Jimmy, Mary, Jane, Tillie, Eliza, Sarah Anne and Aunt Dolly, and a half a dozen or more young colored people, some dancing to the music of Uncle Plunk's fiddle and others would stand around helping us and making cakes and pies and as darkness came on, holding the candles so we could see to finish our task and get another quilt in the frames, feeling honored to have us do for them what we felt was a duty and a pleasure to add to their comfort and happiness and by ten o'clock a large bowl of eggnog was made and a good portion would be taken on a waiter to "Miss Kitty" to show their appreciation of her kindness.

Our servants were like part of the family. We loved them and respected them and they always took great pride in their young Masters and Mistresses. We had all the young children baptised by our minister, and it was my duty to teach them the catechism. My father read the Bible to the older ones on Sunday night when he was not off on duty and would have them sing one or two hymns.

On Sunday morning by half past eight o'clock the house would be in order and my Mother, in her special chair, with her children sitting in a circle around her, would hear our catechism from the Prayer Book, those of us who could read. The younger children repeated the first question after her and then went out with the nurse under the shade of the trees to be amused. Then my father or my mother would read the service and a chapter from the New Testament. Afterwards we were expected to spend the day in a quiet way, taking a drive for a few miles or a ride on the ponies, or enjoying the companionship of some friends.

An old widow lady, Mrs. Cato, a most industrious little body, would often come and spend from Saturday to Monday, and we did enjoy her happy jolly ways and her two daughters, Julia and Mary Jay,

our childhood friends. The death of Julia, after a weeks illness, was our first sorrow, after the death of our little brother, and our hearts were saddened and to this day the memories of that death scene are fresh in my mind and my heart swells with emotion.

The catechism my Mother taught me was the foundation of my religious beliefs and to this day I have my catechism and the associations connected with the home training given by my precious parents. My Mother so conscientious in her thoughts for Papa' s comfort, helping him in every way, reading often aloud to him, when he would be too tired after a long day's practice to read from some medical book the treatment and symptoms of some case he felt anxiety for, as he stretched himself in front of a warm fire with a pillow under his arm and a dark blue blanket that he used to throw around him in cold rainy weather.

He had a bright happy disposition full of wit and humor and music, with unbounded energy, made companions of his children, especially his boys, sparing no pains in giving them every advantage of a college education. My father was very domestic in his tastes, loving nature. He owned one of the largest orchards in the State, of every variety of fruit -- apples, quinces, pears, peaches, plums, strawberries, apricots,etc., sugar cane, grapes of every variety -- planting the seeds and experimenting. There is a grape vine now at our old home that my father planted, using the seed of raisins, producing a delicious black grape. An old friend wrote me a few days ago from our old home that he "loved the grape vine," and it measured 100 feet in diameter. He sent my sister, Mrs. Fannie Green, now living in Colorado, at her request, four of the black grape vines and two of the scuppernong. On Colonel Jones' place, an old friend, there is a vine my father gave him six years ago, owned now by his daughter.

He owned his fish pond which was very near the house which was a source of great pleasure to us all, and he and my brothers caught the fish which supplied the pond by throwing a dam across the creek, and muddying the water by means of hoes, causing the fish to come to the surface. They would then wade in the water and dip up the fish with buckets.

My brothers were good boys, obedient and most respectful to father and mother, never using profanity, had fine well-balanced minds, were studious and at college made rapid advancement. My brothers Fred and Anthony went to the University of Tuscaloosa. It was during the Civil War, 1863, troops were needed and the school was made into a military school. Two companies were formed. My brother Fred was Captain of one company and Anthony was First Lieutenant of the second company. During the bombardment of Mobile the two companies

were ordered to Mobile and were under the command of Major Brown, the father of William and John Brown of Wilmington, and our close friends and neighbors for many years. After the war both boys returned to the University, taking up law. Frederick graduated before he was twenty-one years and had to wait several months before he could obtain his license to practice in Alabama. In 1868 he came to Wilmington to visit me before leaving for San Francisco to embark in the practice of law. He opened an office under the name of DuBrutz and Dickinson, was a successful lawyer until his health failed, then he resigned, retiring to find a more quiet life with his young wife and young son, Frederick, Jr., who is now living in Oakland, California and has a fine house in the city and a lovely summer home in the mountains. He is quite successful in business and has two lovely boys, Fred and Victor and one little girl, Jean Loraine. My brother Anthony married in Alabama, Miss Sallie Roach. After a few years he joined his brother in San Francisco. He had six little girls and one son who now lives in Los Angeles, California. My youngest brother Edward Ramsay was also a lawyer. He also lived in California. My father and mother in 1875, with four of the younger children, moved to San Francisco to be near the boys and to escape the horde of "Carpet Baggers", who came by the thousands to the southern states, inciting the colored people to acts of violence, promising them all sorts of rewards to gain their votes to place them in power.

In the Spring of 1859 I was invited by Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Wetmore of Livingston, Alabama, to make them a visit. They had been down to visit us and wanted to take me back with them. Odrick, the carriage driver, drove a distance of 36 miles through a lovely part of the country._It was during Lent. The next day, which was Sunday, I met a Mr. Clarkson, a young clergyman, who had charge of the church. He came to dine with us and during the six weeks I spent in Livingston I saw the "little Preacher" every day, often taking me riding with a lovely young girl, Sue Gibbs. Sue and I were most congenial, both young and happy with no cares and as free as a bird, innocent as children, which we were, each beginning her sixteenth year. After I returned home Mr. Clarkson continued his attention, asking me to marry him, but my father objected, saying I was too young, so I wrote him to that effect, saying I felt I must be guided by older heads, but we both remembered the romance of our youth and Reston Bates has the prayer book he gave me, the one Mr. Reston used durring our married life, as I gave it to him.

My sister Ellen in 1860 married Mr. Denson, who, during the war, became Captain Denson of the Confederate Army. He died after a few years, leaving my sister with two little girls. This same sister is

now Mrs. Ulmer by her second marriage, is now living at Demopolis, Alabama, is in her 86th year, has a family of 5 sons and five daughters and a number of grandchildren.

My sister Gabreille Deborah married in January, 1861, Dr. Robert Tinker, a wealthy cotton planter in the cane brake country near Greensboro, Alabama. My sister Josephine in 1865 married William Tinker, a brother of the doctor. The two sisters live at El Paso, Texas, both widows. The Tinkers are close kin to the Ruffins and the Nashes of Hillsboro, North Carolina.

Sister Fanny married in 1867, Mr. Lucien Peyton Green from Richmond, Virginia. She lives in Oregon with her daughter, a Mrs. Robinson.

My sister Mariana married Mr. Croom Beatty, a brother of Bishop Beatty of the Episcopal Church. They live in Birmingham, Alabama. My youngest sister Kitty married first in 1878, Mr. Middleton, a young Englishman, who died in 1881. She had one daughter, Ethel, who is Mrs. Roy Snyder. Kitty afterwards married Mr. William Morrow of Birmingham.

In October, 1860, there was a young Episcopal minister who was the Rector of St. Phillips, whom my father thought liked me too well and one day he asked if I would not like to go to Wilmington to visit my Aunt Louisa. I said, "No, I am not going, Ma," and all gave a glance and a smile at each other. Nothing more was said and in a day or two I changed my mind and said, "Yes, I believe I will go." So in a weeks time clothes were gotten together, trunks packed and off we started. Dr. Pearson, my Godfather, and William Wetmore, a young minister, and myself, leaving home in the morning, driving to Livingston, a distance of thirty-six miles. We had supper at Mr. Tom Wetmore's and at nine o'clock took the stage for Demopolis over a very rough road, distance of 40 miles, the driver blowing a bugle before reaching the ten mile station so as to have the next relay of horses, four in number, all harnessed to take their turn for the next ten miles. We reached Demopolis at sunrise, crossing the Black Warrior River that empties into the Tombigbee. After resting a couple of hours, having had breakfast, we staged forty miles more to Selma, Alabama, where we had dinner at Miss Wetmore's. That afternoon we took a boat for Montgomery, arriving there the next morning. We spent the day in Montgomery, then on to Augusta, to Charleston, a day in Charleston, then to Florence, from there to Wilmington, crossing the river in a ferry boat. After one weeks journey over rough roads, with poor accommodations and a very fatiguing trip, but having my two friends to show me every kindness and attention, I really enjoyed the trip and on the 20th day of October we arrived at my Aunt's and rang the

doorbell and the first person I met was Mr. William Reston, who was taking dinner at Aunt Louisa's. The two friends bid me an affectionate goodbye to continue to their homes in the state. We had dinner, Mr. Reston inviting Aunt Louisa and myself to drive down to his place "Honolulu" to see Cousin Ann, who was Aunt Louisa's daughter, who was then his wife. He drove me and Cousin DuBrutz drove Aunt Louisa.

General and Mrs. MacRae heard of my arrival and came to call and invited me on a sailing party over to the 'Banks'. I declined as I was too tired and wanted to unpack my things so I returned to Wilmington with Aunt Louisa. Cousin Ann and little Willie and the nurse went on the sail. It was a raw cold day. Cousin Ann took cold and contracted pneumonia, living less than two weeks. Little Willie was sent to his grandmother's and I had to take entire charge of him as Aunt Louisa was with his mother, where she remained during her illness. The last day she lived she asked to see her little cousin, saying there were several little gifts she wanted me to have.

I kept the house all winter for my aunt, doing all of her sewing and mending for her as her heart was crushed with grief. She would tell her friends she could not get along without Lou, and it was a great pleasure to feel I could comfort and help cheer her in all her grief. Little Willie became very attached to me and called me "Lulu" and would drop to sleep at night hearing me tell him stories.

In the spring of 1861 Mr. Reston would often drive me down to his sound place to see the crops growing and later in the spring he invited Aunt Louisa and family and myself included to spend the summer there. While on the Sound I met a number of officers of the Second Company from Scotland Neck who had their headquarters near the Worth place. Cousin DuBrutz and I would be invited over to tea, and he was quite jealous of any attention paid me by the different young men, and no one suspected that Mr. Reston had any serious intentions and was the favored one.

In August I decided I would go home and on the twelfth of the month Cousin DuBrutz went to Alabama with me, spending a month with us at home, and he hoped to return for me the following January. It made me sad because I knew he would feel it keenly. He was my first cousin, and I felt it wrong, also because I loved Mr. Reston.

On the twenty-third of January 1862 Mr. Reston and I were married in Alabama (at my own home with a few friends for the wedding supper) on a Wednesday night at eight o'clock in a lovely white organdie dress, full skirt, low neck, short sleeves, hair with French braid, with orange blossoms, and all said, "The Bride was beautiful", and I think I did look all right.

We left home the next day, spending two days with my sister, Mrs. Robert Tinker. On Sunday afternoon we took a boat for Demopolis and met General Whitfield, an intimate friend of Mr. John Reston and on hearing the Reston name he immediately asked, "Are you a brother of John Reston, my friend of long years," He gave us a most cordial greeting and when we reached Demopolis, his young wife was there with her carriage to meet her husband who had been to Mobile for several days. The General took me by the arm and said to Mr. Reston, "Come and get into the carriage. You are not going to the hotel." So he and his wife drove us to their most beautiful old home. We had lunch at one o'clock and at three o'clock we took the stage for Selma, our friends going most of the way with us and begging us to come in the summer and make them a long visit, but the war was on, making it impossible for us to do that as, at that time, Mr. Reston was Lt. Colonel of the Second Regiment of North Carolina Militia which was stationed in Wilmington at Camp Lamb at Sixth and Red Cross Streets. In the winter of 1862 the regiment was ordered to Richmond as more men were needed for active service.

Governor Vance then put Mr. Reston in charge of the banking houses in Wilmington, also, to issue rations to the families of soldiers of New Hanover and Brunswick County; to meet the troops as they came in on their way to Richmond; to exchange all 'monies', silver and gold for currency (Confederate money). Always Mr. Reston took me to the station with him, introducing me to all the officers, and possibly I met more Confederate officers than any woman now living, from President Davis down. I also knew Mrs. Davis, having gone to the depot to see her when I was a girl, taking her a beautiful bouquet that had been sent to me by a friend. That was in April when Mr. Davis with Mrs. Davis passed through Wilmington on his way to Richmond to be inaugurated President of the Confederate States.

(Going back to our wedding trip) On arriving at Selma from Demopolis, we took a boat, "Alice Vinson", for Montgomery. There were three brides on board beside myself, with their bridal parties, and we all had a gay time and made quite a happy little crowd. They wanted to know if I were the daughter or wife of Mr. Reston who we humored. We reached Montgomery at ten o'clock the next morning and bidding goodbye to all of our new-made friends, having enjoyed to the full our acquaintance with them. Possibly all now have passed into a new life. We arrived in Wilmington on Friday at three o'clock, going to our own home on the corner of Front and Princess Streets, in the bank building as Mr. Reston was cashier of that bank (The Bank of the State of North Carolina). Mother Reston and sister Eliza had the house beautifully arranged, two fine servants in their quarters ready to greet us, Aunt

Celia, a fine old cook and Patty the house girl, so neat and keeping the house in beautiful order, never having to be told her duties.

On Saturday the officers of the bank came to call. The cake and wine had been prepared by Sister Eliza. All my friends I had met before I was married, who had not refugeed, came to see me and were lovely to me. Mrs. Sherwood, who was a near neighbor and the grandmother of Lola Martin Taylor, was a dear old lady, and so good to me, sending me fruit, flowers, and vegetables out of her garden. I was so happy and contented with our quiet way of living, going to walk with Mr. Reston after banking hours and driving often to the Sound home, 'Honolulu'.

In September of 1862 we had an epidemic of yellow fever. I was one of the first cases, was extremely ill for weeks, losing a little baby boy two days old. Dr. Dickinson paid me that last visit when he thought I could not live but a few hours, went home to his bed and died in less than a week. Rev. Dr. Robert Drane, with Mr. Reston, took the little baby to Oakdale and buried it, Dr. Drane going home to die in three days. Mr. Reston also had the fever and Mary, the nurse. I was so weak I could not walk but was fortunate in having Patty, who had gotten well of the fever, to wait on me and make the nourishment for us.

On the fifth day of November we were well enough to go to Hillsboro for a change as there was a heavy snow storm, killing the germs of the fever, making it safe. We also visited Statesville, coming home the end of November, feeling well and strong. Sister Bello took little Willie down to the Sound during the epidemic, where he remained until our return from Hillsboro.

In the spring of 1863 a number of persons on the Sound began the making of salt as the supply was growing short owing to the Blockade. Mr. Reston built his works just below the house at "Honolulu" (on Bradley's Creek near the present bridge), near the water where, by the use of a windmill, the salt water from the Sound supplied the water for making salt. Making the salt was a simple process, the main thing was keeping a steady fire in the furnace and stirring the water as soon as the salt would form, removing the salt to the bins for drying and supplying the vats with fresh water. I watched the process and felt I could take charge of the works and asked Mr. Reston to let me try as I knew he had every confidence in my ability to do anything I tried to do. I had full charge, had eight reliable colored men to do the work, four to attend the salt and four to cut the wood to supply our own works and to supply others who needed wood as we owned a large body of land heavily wooded.

On this same ground were large patches of gall berries which I used in the manufacture of ink. From 1863 we supplied all the soldiers with ink as they were leaving home, going into camp and, also, many

private families through the south as the ports were all blockaded, and the supply of ink had become exhausted.

I kept house, attending to the making of butter for the family and a good supply for market, did all the sewing for the family, making all my babies pretty clothes, would run down to the salt works four and five times a day and on Friday have the salt packed in large boxes ready to be sent the next day to market, sewing up all the bags myself and keeping an account of the number of bags sent up. We had ready sales for the salt and the ink and money came in freely and by good management I paid off a debt of a mortgage of $9,500, furnished the family with clothes needed as we had an opportunity of getting imported goods through the "Blockade Runners."

I also made gallons of vinegar for market, made from molasses, grapes, figs and other fruits grown on the farm, with sufficient amount of water to make a rich liquid, adding pieces of brown paper, and a small quantity of boiled corn to form the 'mother of vinegar'. Those were busy days for the women of the South, doing all in their power to help the cause. I remember old General MacRae, the father of Mr. Don MacRae, who thought I was a "wonder" for one so young, just twenty-one years of age when I began the work, sending for Major Walter Gwinn, whose regiment was camped on the Sound, to meet the "Little Southern Girl" to let him see the suit of clothes I had made for Mr. Reston, of the imported goods I had bought with the money I had made. I had woven from the South Carolina palmetto, a hat. Major Gwinn held in hand and said, "The South will never be conquered with such women as you."

I look back now and marvel at my energy, so happy and full of spirit, but "when there is a will, there is a way." In December 1864, on the 26th, during the heavy bombardment of Fort Fisher, many of the shells from the Federal Fleet being thrown over on the Sound, we packed our trunks and moved up to town, coming to this same house that Mr. Willie Smith and Sister Bella were occupying, Sister Bella having died on the fifth of the month.

On the 27th we left for Fayetteville, taking the four Smith children with our own little family to Moore County to "Hill Repose" to be with Mr. Reston's sisters Eliza and Anna, Sister "Melia" and Mr. Giles, living a short distance from the others. In passing through Fayetteville, Mr. Reston took charge of the money and valuable papers belonging to the Fayetteville Bank, as it was a branch of the Wilmington Bank. He also had gold and silver from his bank with him. On reaching Swann's Station, near "Hill Repose", he arranged with parties for a wagon and pair of horses to remove to Pittsboro all the effects of the bank in his charge, and on the next day he drove to

Pittsboro and deposited them in the vaults of the bank there, minus the large tin boxes of gold and silver which he had secreted, the evening of our arrival at "Hill Repose" with no ones knowledge but myself, over an old time portico at the house we were visiting. It was a country house with four rooms ceiled and a loft overhead. Mr. Reston got a ladder, climbed through a window over the loft, removed some boards, placed the boxes with the gold and silver and replaced the boards. All the while the children had gone with the two aunts to see "Sister Melia", No one suspected it, the money remaining there until November 1865, and, after the surrender when the people had quieted down, though it was still not safe from Yankee marauders and Confederate scum of all the armies, he, with Clayton and Norwood Giles, drove through the country to Raleigh, delivering the boxes with the money to President Mordecai, not having lost one dollar. He was highly commended for his shrewdness in guarding the banks' interest and presented with a handsome sum in gold, saying they wished it could be more.

In 1866 we spent the winter at the Sound as our home on North Third Street was occupied by some Yankee officers and our home at the bank had been headquarters for General Braxton Bragg (Confederate).

Lou was a baby when we went to Moore County, but while at "Hill Repose" Bella was born on the twenty-first day of February, 1865, one Sunday night. We stayed at "Hill Repose" until August when we took a house near a family of McNeils and MacFarlans and McKeevers, old Scotch settlers, all so kind, leaving nothing undone to add to our comfort, having us spend the day with them and petting the children and paying me as much attention as if I had been a "Queen".

In October, 1866, little Joe DuBrutz was born on the 23d while we were at the Sound house.

In March 1867, with the nurse, Mary and Lou and Bella and little Joe, I went to Alabama to see my Mother and Father and sisters and brothers and all my dear friends, I was away six weeks which I did enjoy, with my precious Mother and Father and dear ones, but the time seemed long to me as I did miss my dear kind husband who could never do enough for me, and he felt so lonely without me and the babies. He stayed at the Sound but would go every night to supper with "Sister Melia" and Mr. Giles and Sister Eliza, who was visiting them.

Mr. Reston came to Florence to meet us and when we arrived home all were so delighted to see us. Sister Eliza hugging and patting me and saying, "Honey, we are glad to have you back again. William has missed you so dreadfully. My brother Fred and sister, Josephine, came home with us and we stayed at the Sound until October when we came to town.

Josephine entered Mrs. Ransome's School for Young Ladies, situated on the corner of Sixth and Market Streets, then known as the Josh Wright building, now the John D. Bellamy home.

"Little Joe" was sick all winter teething and we tried every means of building him up but the little fellow gradually faded away and died on the twenty-third of February, the day he was sixteen months old. That was in 1868.

On the 10th of May, 1868, the first Memorial Day observed for North Carolina and the anniversary of Stonewall Jackson's death, Katie was born on Sunday night at 9:30 o'clock, wide awake, with rosy cheeks, looking all around the room, bright and happy and perfectly at home with every body. Old Aunt Charlotte Kellog, the nurse, bathed and dressed her and put her in her little cradle at my side where she slept all night until 7:00 o'clock the next morning, waking as happy as ever, and she retained those good habits all through her babyhood and as she grew older she was a great favorite and pet, especially with the young men. Rob and Willie Calder never passed without stopping to pet her, often taking her to spend the day with their mother.

Early in July, 1868, Mr. Reston took us all to Morganton for a change, and he came up twice for a stay of two weeks to see us. We were boarding at Mrs. Churns with Florence Hill and her mother and Eddie Hale and Marie and two children. We stayed in Morganton until September when we went to Statesville for a stay where we made many friends, everyone making much over my babies Lou, Bella, and Katie. We met several nice young men, among them two Captains of the two companies stationed there. After visiting my Cousin Maria Drake, when we went to leave, all said how much they hated for us to go and the day I left, on the 12th of October, the two officers sent me a large box of exquisite flowers and pounds of fine candy with their cards of regret, signing themselves, "Your true Yankee friends, Captain Underwood and Captain Thorpe." Mr. Reston met us at Salisbury and when I gave him the candy and the flowers sent to me he expressed great interest and was always so pleased at any attention shown me, and would tell me when he kissed me, "I make so many friends through the pet wife."

We reached home that night, the 12th, the servants were at the station to meet us, the house in order, new carpets put down, new furniture for my room, and in one of the bureau drawers, the sweetest letter he had written for me to find when the drawer was opened. He went upstairs with me to see my surprise, and I remember his telling me he wanted to add on a room for the children, but there was an old Scotch saying, It was bad luck to add on while living in the house, "and I don't want to leave you." In reading the letter I found most devoted expressions of his love for me, speaking of his children "as jewels added

to my crown of happiness" and "if I commit a sin it is my idolatry for you and when my love is wrecked upon the shores of Heaven, the last words will be, Lou, Lou, my precious wife." He evidently had a presentment. In one short week, in the early morning, God came and claimed him as his own. I had talked with him a moment before and had gotten up to dress when I heard a deep sigh and turned to see and run to him and put my hand under his head to lift it but found he could not speak to me, and in a few moments it was all over, the tragedy of my young life.

The shock was great. I was not rebellious for I realized I was in God's presence, and I put myself in His keeping, knowing he would sustain me with my arms around Him, wanting to keep near Him, and the comfort I had in calling to Him, "O my God, My God." So many friends came to my rescue, all the elderly church members, the mothers, everyone so sympathetic, Dr. Watson and Dr. Patterson bringing comforting books to read. The sermon of Dr. Patterson's, "Recognition of Friends in Heaven". I tried to be brave and do my duty to my children. I felt I had so much to live for. All of the Reston family were so devoted to me, encouraging me in every way, and Mary, the good faithful nurse, was like a sister to me in her devotion to my three little children and would sit with me every night 'till bed time. She had a room on the lot, listening to me read to the children to soothe them to sleep, and often she and I would cry together.

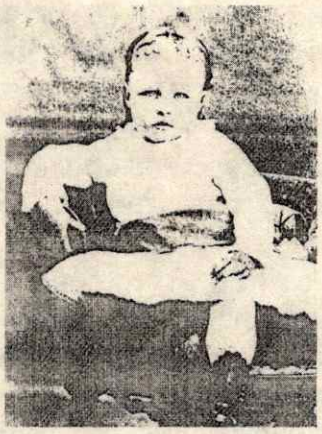
One night, after she had gone to her room and I was ready for bed, with Katie in her little crib by my bed and Lou and Bella in bed with me, the light turned low, as I was putting my head on my pillow I had a most oppressed feeling came over me, as if I were passing away, and I thought what will become of my poor little children? In an instant God comforted me, Christ revealing, Himself to me in a beautiful halo of light just at the foot of my bed, remaining I don't know how long. I can never forget that vision of Christ which has been my inspiration up to this time, guiding and encouraging me to do the work he had planned for me. I felt I owed my first duty to my three little children, who were always so affectionate and obedient and the very joy of my heart, which was shared by little Willie, their half-brother, who lived with me up to the time of his Father's death, afterwards going to his grandmother, who was my dear old aunt. Will would come down every day and often at night to see the little sisters put to bed and hear them say their prayers, kneeling at my side. He was a dear good child always clinging to Mama, and, to this day, we have the tenderest love for each other, though we have been separated for years.

Up to the time of my husband's death on October 20,1868, he had given so much time and consideration to the poor of the city, white

and colored, taking them nourishment and medicine, and I tried to keep up his work for a number of years, until Charlie graduated in medicine and had begun his practice, when he felt it was time for me to stop and drop the name "Doc", which one or two of the doctors called me when we lived at Carolina Beach for ten summers. I was the only resident doctor and I really believe God directed me to do good in that way, and to Him I give all the praise. In 1869, just before going to Clinton for the summer months, while I was having my small house built, General Robert E. Lee delivered an address, standing on my front porch where I am now living on North Third Street to two companies of cadets taught by General Colston and to a number of citizens that crowded the street in front of the house, while I was upstairs listening to his address. General Lee died about two years after he was in Wilmington.

Lou was born the night of November 6, 1863, the night President Davis of the Confederacy delivered an address from the bank steps, where we were living on the corner of Front and Princess Streets, to the troops that were leaving for Richmond, under the command of Col. Edward Hall. Bella was born at "Hill Repose", Moore County, the night Wilmington was taken by the Federal Troops. The house I am living in was Headquarters for General Terry (Yankee) from February until October, 1865. These are historical facts that may be of interest in years to come. I have written this sketch for my children and grandchildren, believing in coming years it may be of interest and perhaps some pleasure to them.

Your loving Mother -- Marie Louise Dubrutz (Reston) Bolles
July 14, 1926



Edith Hemenway Bolles
'Granny Graham'
1881

Charles Pattison Bolles
A Reminiscence

by
Andrew H. Harriss, Jr.

Grandfather Bolles died during the winter of 1909. I was then eleven years old and at that time of life when one's childish fantasy and imagination are beginning to ripen. So it was with me.

As I remember him, he was a very erect and 'soldierly" man, who appeared to be very tall and thin. Now, I would estimate that he was about six feet tall, which at the turn of the century was considered unusual. His deep and resonant voice was gentle and subdued, yet audible and clear. He did not like to repeat. In his latter years I remember him as being partially deaf and "slightly hard of hearing", of which condition he was noticeably sensitive. I soon learned to pay strict attention to him when he spoke, for once only I happened to ask him to repeat. He raised his brow, as well as his voice, and chided me for not paying attention, which lesson I never again forgot. As punishment he became silent and did not then finish the long tale or yarn he had been spinning for me. Incidentally, he relented later and repeated the yarn.

Grandfather Bolles was a man of very modest means with at least ten mouths to feed. During the post-war period "genteel poverty" prevailed over the South and money was scarce. So he labored at his job in Washington and allowed himself only the luxury of one visit a year to his large family. Like Abigail and John Adams and many others of the Revolutionary War period, Granny and Grandpa Bolles accepted circumstances as their lot and never complained. Of course, when he was ordered southward on a mission or had an excuse to pass through Wilmington he would "drop in" for an overnight stop. What they lacked in physical niceties they enjoyed in an abundance of wholesome understanding and found time and opportunity to give sacrificially of themselves to the less fortunate and to reap the joy and satisfaction of doing so.

Fortunate, indeed, is the descendant whose grandfather had the love, patience and understanding to sit hours on end sharing himself with one so full of "why's". The other grandchildren were a bit too small at the time to know and to enjoy him as I did.

When he arrived in Wilmington from Washinqton "Dee See", not Little Washinqton, I would go to the Union Station with my mother to meet him. I noticed he always stepped down from the "day coach" near the locomotive and not from the Pullman "sleeper" which meant he had probably ridden "day coach" and had sat up all night to save expenses. Cleanly shaved, his suit was impeccable, as was his wing-collar white shirt. His shoes were always neatly polished, a trait he had no doubt learned and continued from his long military life. But there was always that pungent smell of tobacco, which goes with pipe smokers. His clay pipe and fig-stem was his mark and they followed every where he went. When he was spinning a "tall-tale" or a 'salty yarn", I was always nestled on his scant lap and I often wished for a bit of distance from the endless wisp of smoke from his clay-burner as he actively puffed away on the smoke he was blowing my way.

He was an adept pencil or pen artist and could reproduce any object or scene his eyes could perceive. He spent hours trying to teach me to sketch free-hand. Disappointedly I learned a bit, but was only able to copy.

The fantastic way my Grandfather would spin his yarns and the way he would make himself a part of the scene seemed to make the story happen. I often pondered the idea Grandpa was stretching the truth a bit for my benefit. I hastened to be with him each opportunity I had and loved him all the more for his patience and the disappointed stares he gave me when I dared to question him in any fashion. His yarns, however "tall", were many and I only wish I would remember all of them.

The ones relating to the tropics on both sides of the American continents and the offshore islands seem to stick in my memory more clearly than the others. I'll try to remember a few for the sake of posterity and leave them for the descendants to enjoy. ...

... When charting a river in Venezuela, my grandfather saw his first machete, a large wide-blade knife being used by the natives to harvest sugar cane. Without too much local concern, an occasional head is lopped off by an

angered native. These very religious people loved and worshipped the Spaniard, SIMON BOLIVAR, (1783-1830), who did so much to educate and elevate the Venezuelans.

... My Grandfather once brought us a gift of a llama-skin rug, which the moths soon took over and enjoyed. The Galapagos are a group of volcanic islands the Pacific side of South America about 700 miles west of Ecuador. There my Grandather found the art of painting birds on cards and thereon gluing matching feathers.

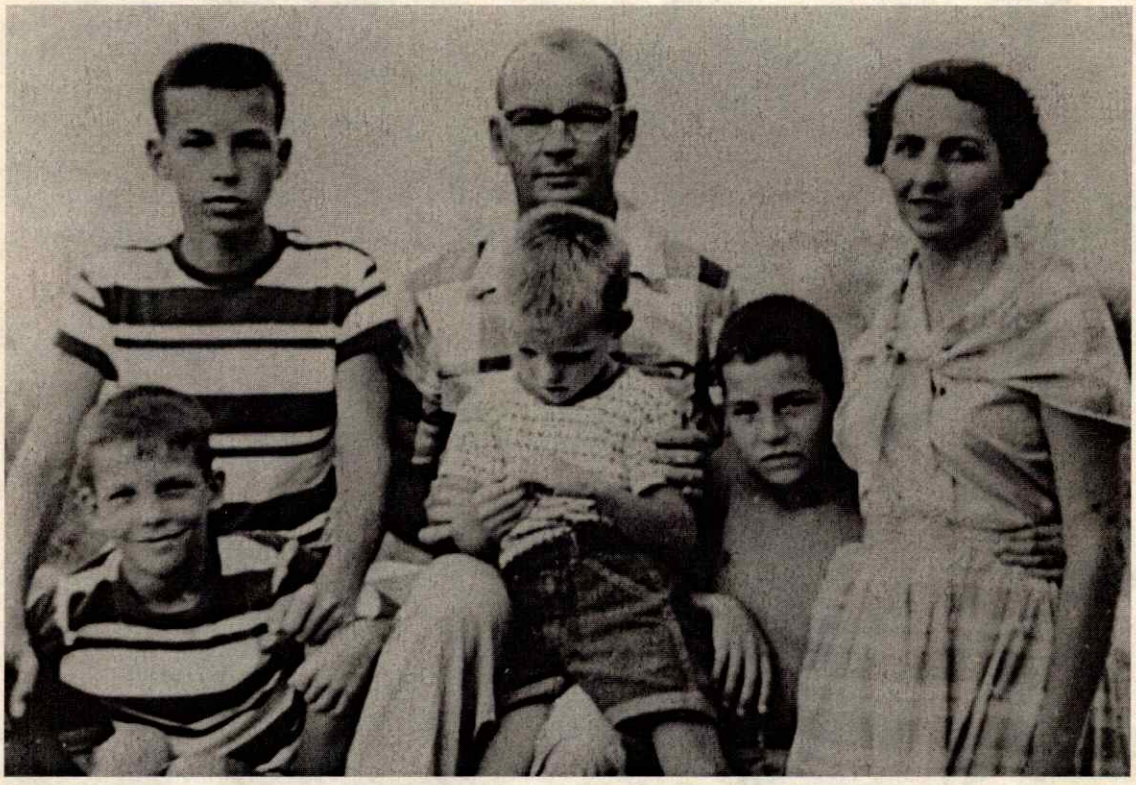
... In El Salvador Grandfather had friends and used to shop for his choice of a very aromatic tobacco blend. Incidentally, he made his "mark" and left it everywhere he went officially. It was the official mark or stone "monument" placed in the earth to locate a known measurement on the world map.

My sojourn in the Caribbean, particularly Trinidad, West Indies, during World War II, enabled me to see first-hand some of many things my Grandfather Bolles had described to me prior to his death. And, I found his stories to be true.

[Andrew H. Harriss, Jr., Wilmington, North Carolina]

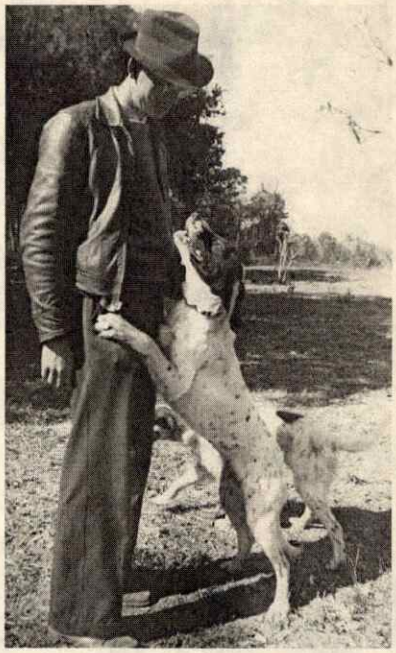
Major Charles Pattison Bolles

The family of John Maurice Trask and Flora Murphy Graham



John Maurice Trask and Flora Graham Trask with their sons,
Charles, John, Jr., Fred, George
839 South Lumina Avenue, Wrightsville Beach, N. C.
1949

Flora Graham Trask c. 1935



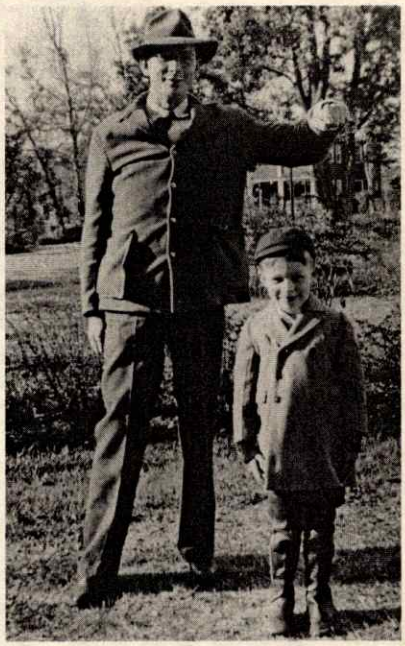
John M. Trask, c. 1936

When I came to Beaufort in 1934 all I had was two bird dogs, a model T Ford, and $500 in my pocket. I felt like a two year old colt in a forty acre pasture. [John M. Trask]

Kitchings Place

I lived at the Kitchings Place until I was almost four years old. I remember one time I was running away from home. I had my suitcase packed and was walking down the dirt road toward Jericho Road. I told Mama and Daddy I was going to live with Big Mama and Papa up in Wilmington. [John M. Trask Jr.]

Kitchings Place, 1937



Bay Street, 1940

John M. Trask, Sr. and Jr.

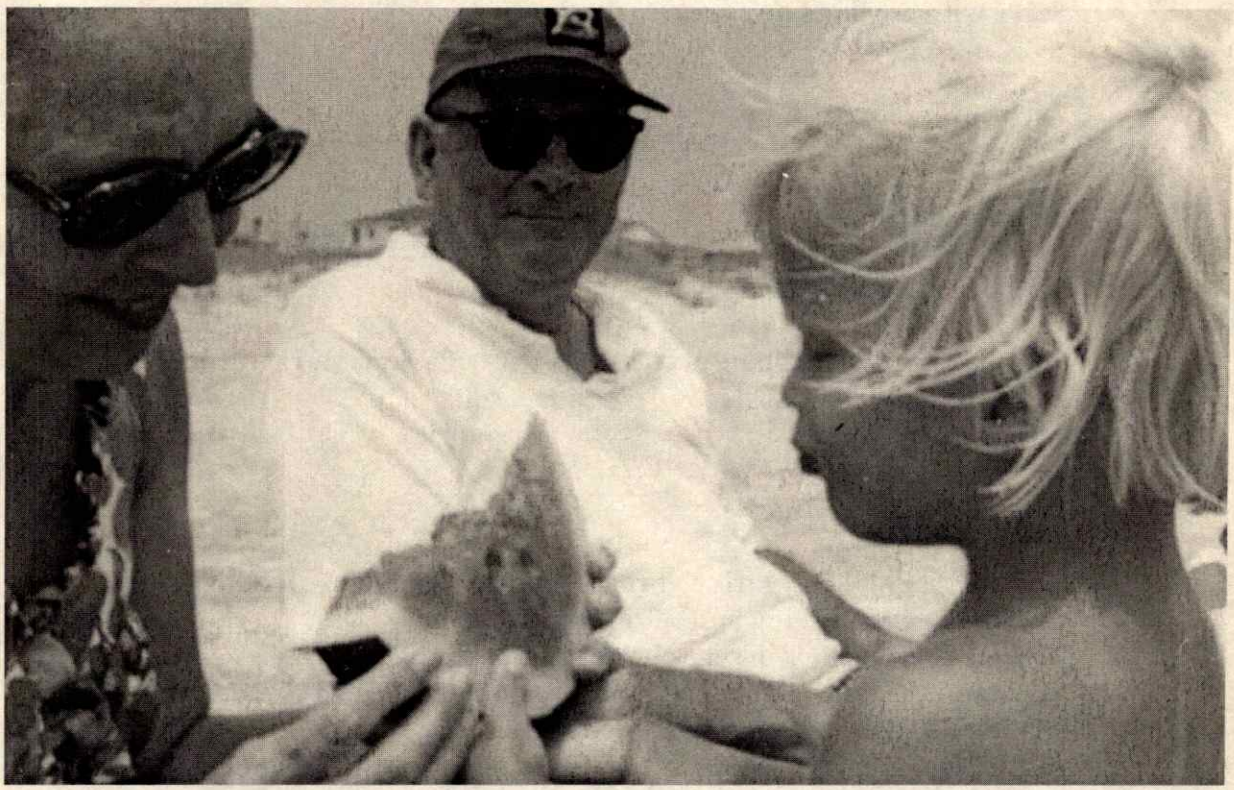
Flora Graham Trask
1941

Recipes

[Editors' Note: Flora personally chose each recipe included in this book. Attribution is made to each individual who contributed a particular recipe. Recipes unaccompanied by an attribution indicate that the specific source of the recipe is not known.]

Appetizers	**61-66**
Beverages	**67-71**
Soups & Sandwiches	**73-78**
Seafood	**79-86**
Poultry & Game	**87-94**
Meats	**95-101**
Sauces & Gravies	**102-109**
Rice & Hominy	**110-117**
Vegetables & Side Dishes	**118-132**
Salads & Salad Dressings	**133-146**
Breads	**147-152**
Desserts	**153-162**
Cakes, Cookies, and Candy	**163-180**
Pickles, Preserves, and Relishes	**181-187**

Appetizers



Patrick Graham Trask with grandparents, Flora and John Trask,
at Wrightsville Beach
1974

Blue Cheese Appetizer Spread

1 ½ oz. Roquefort Cheese
½ cup crumbled blue cheese
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/8 tsp. paprika (garnish)
1 crushed garlic clove
8 oz. cream cheese
3 T. cream or mayonnaise
1 T. chopped green onion
dash cayenne pepper

Combine softened cream cheese and blue cheese.
Blend until smooth.
Gradually add cream.
Mix until well blended.
Add remaining ingredients.
Mix well and chill.
Garnish with paprika.

Serve with crackers or use to stuff celery.

Cheese Straws

Virginia Askew Greene

1 lb. extra sharp cheddar, grated
2 cups flour-plain, unsifted
1/8 tsp. red pepper
1½ sticks Parkay Margarine
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. paprika

Preheat oven-335 degrees.

Have cheese and margarine at room temperature before mixing.
Cream the cheese: then add softened margarine.
Mix the two together barely - just until the lumps are out.
Then add the flour all at once with remaining ingredients.
DO NOT OVER MIX! or they will be greasy.
Put dough in a cookie press and press out four-inch ribbons onto foil-lined cookie sheet. Bake for 18 to 20 minutes.

Virginia uses her fingers to cream the cheese. She creams the margarine with a mixer and mixes the two barely together by hand.

Icebox Cheese Crackers

Virginia Bellamy Ruffin

½ lb. N.Y. State cheese, grated
2 cups sifted flour
1 cup pecans, chopped fine
½ stick butter
1 10 oz. jar guava jelly

Cream the butter and cheese together.
Work in the sifted flour.
Make as you would biscuit dough, but roll it a little thinner.
Spread the jelly on the rolled dough.
Sprinkle chopped pecans on the jelly.
Roll like a jellyroll.
Put in icebox for two or three hours until hard.
Slice in very thin slices.
Bake in 350-degree oven until golden brown.

These are delicious served at cocktail parties or teas.

Cucumbers in Dill

Jean McCoy Graham

1 quart

3 cucumbers, sliced thin
1 cup cider vinegar
1 T. of sugar
dash of pepper
¼ cup fresh dill
¼ cup water
½ tsp. salt
dill sprigs

Slice cucumbers thin.
Place in a 2 cup measuring cup.
Combine water, sugar, salt and pepper.
Stir until sugar is dissolved.
Pour over cucumbers.
Refrigerate, covered, until well chilled (at least one hour).
Garnish with dill sprigs.

This will keep for days in the refrigerator.
When all cucumbers are eaten, you can add more to the same liquid.

Deviled Eggs

6 hard cooked eggs
2 tsp. Durkee's sauce
1 T. Hellmann's mayonnaise

Slice six hard cooked eggs in half lengthwise.
Remove yolks and add 2 generous teaspoons Durkee's sauce.
Add mayonnaise.
Mash with a fork until smooth.
Fill egg whites with mixture and garnish with paprika.
Chill.

Ham Rolls

Jean McCoy Graham

4 pkg. party rolls (20 count each)
1 small onion, chopped fine
1 lb. ground cooked ham
3 T. poppy seeds
1/3 lb. Swiss cheese, grated
1 cup mayonnaise
1 tsp. Worcestershire
1 cup margarine
3 tsp. prepared mustard

Mix margarine and poppy seeds together and spread over roll halves.
Mix together onion, Worcestershire, ham and mayonnaise and then spread on rolls.
Sprinkle shredded cheese over top.
Freeze rolls.
Bake at 400 degrees until hot and cheese is melted.
Heat in foil if still frozen -- uncover for the last few minutes.

Marinated Cauliflower, Carrots, Cucumbers, Peppers, and Zucchini

1 tsp. salt
1 T. sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. dried crushed oregano
2 small spring onions, chopped
1 1/2 cup Wesson oil
1 small zucchini, sliced thin
1/2 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. Tabasco
1/4 tsp. Accent
1 garlic clove, minced
1 cup Tarragon Vinegar
1 small pickling cucumber
2 small green peppers cut in ¼ inch strips

Mix all but cauliflower, carrots, cucumber, peppers and zucchini.
Set aside.
Layer vegetables in a quart jar.
Add dressing.
Marinate overnight.
Will keep for a couple of weeks in refrigerator.

Pickled Shrimp

1 1/2 - 2 lbs. peeled, boiled shrimp
1 lemon (sliced thin)
6 bay leaves, broken
1/4 tsp. Tabasco
2 tsp. salt
2 ½ T. sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 large white onion, sliced thin
2 1/2 tsp. capers and juice
1 1/2 cups white vinegar
1 cup water
garlic (optional)
1/2 cup Wesson (corn) oil
2 1/2 tsp. celery seed

Bring water, vinegar, salt, sugar, mustard, Tabasco and celery seed to boil.
Simmer a few minutes.
Strain.
Cool to room temperature.
In a quart jar, with a tight fitting lid, layer onions, shrimp, lemon slices, bay leave and capers.
Pour in vinegar mixture.
Add Wesson oil to top.
Refrigerate 24 hours before serving.
Shake often.
Will keep one week in refrigerator.
Remove from refrigerator at least one hour before serving so oil will not adhere too thickly to shrimp.

Shrimp Remoulade

Carolyn Huffines Clark

This recipe is done over two days.

1 1/2 lb cooked, peeled shrimp
3/4 cup vinegar (tarragon)
1 tsp. paprika
1 T. Worcestershire
2 T. chopped fillet anchovies
1 cup celery, finely chopped
½ cup French or Spanish capers
1 cup parsley, finely chopped
1 cup olive oil
1 T. salt
1 tsp. Tabasco
2 T. horseradish
1 cup onions, finely chopped
2 garlic cloves
1 jar Creole mustard

Make the dressing 1-2 hours before pouring on shrimp.
In a quart sized jar add oil, vinegar and seasoning.
Shake well.
Add remaining ingredients except shrimp.
Refrigerate.
Pour over shrimp and let stand 24 hours.
Drain off marinade before serving.
Excellent as buffet salad or as hor d'oeuvres.

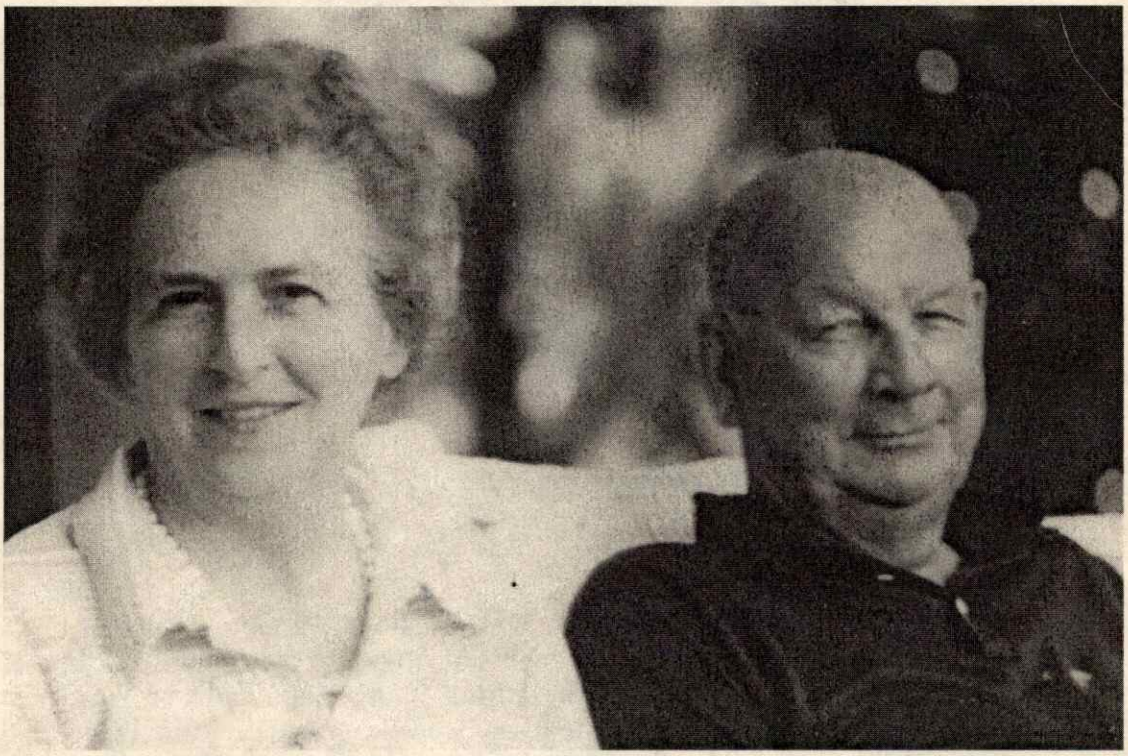
Shrimp Spread

1 lb. shrimp
1/4 tsp. Tabasco
2 T. lemon juice
½ tsp. Worcestershire
2 hard boiled eggs, chopped fine
1 cup finely ground celery
1/2 cup or less mayonnaise
salt and pepper to taste

Boil shrimp and peel.
Grind shrimp, eggs, and celery on medium-fine blade of food chopper.
Season with lemon juice, salt, Tabasco and Worcestershire.
Mix with enough mayonnaise to make nice spread.
Taste and add salt and pepper.
Place snipped parsley in at last moment for color.
Let mixture stand for at least one hour.
Spread on crackers or cut bread (with round cutter).
If using bread, spread with soft butter to keep from getting soggy.

Serve with crackers or use as filling for tea sandwiches.
Variation: Add one teaspoon of Durkee's dressing to mayonnaise.

Beverages



'Black Gum meets Thunder'
Flora and John Trask on the porch at 1305 Bay Street, 1979

The mixture of Graham and Trask genes was like 'black gum meets thunder', Flora says, but 'it was a happy one for both families,' said her brother, Charles Pattison Graham. 'Flora and John were an excellent team,' he said, 'brilliant in business. They complemented each other. Flora was the money manager, cautious and discreet, with an eye for organization and detail. John was the visionary. He was brash and outgoing. He supplied the drive and energy. Together they had tremendous success.'

Flora and son,
Frederick Graham Trask
1948

I remember one time when I was about three years old. It was a warm, breezy afternoon. It must've been April. Mama had us all corralled on the front porch. I was sitting in her lap, and she was pinching my toes, saying "This little piggy went to market ... this little piggy stayed home," and there was this song playing on the radio, "Shrimpboats are a'comin'," and it was true — a big white shrimpboat was coming down the river -- it really was. Its outriggers were flung out and seagulls were diving in its wake. And that song was playing:

"Shrimpboats are a'comin', their sails are in sight, shrimpboats are a'comin', there's dancing tonight. You better hurry, hurry, hurry home, you better hurry, hurry, hurry home, shrimpboats are a'comin', there's dancing tonight."

Did you ever hear that beautiful song?

[Frederick Graham Trask]

Cape Fear Spiced Tea

1 1/3 cups grapefruit juice (2 grapefruits)
1/3 cup lemon juice (2 large lemons)
1 cup orange juice (2 Temple oranges)

Pour one pint boiling water over half of fruit rinds.
Steep until cold. Strain.
Boil one pint water with two heaping teaspoons of whole cloves.
Steep until cold.
Strain.
Combine fruit juice with strained liquid.

Make tea with:

12 tea bags (or 8 large tea bags)
12 cups of boiling water, 2 quarts

Let steep for 5 minutes.
Sweeten while hot with 12 tablespoons sugar.
Strain all together.
Heat mixture and see if it is sweet enough.
Cool. Combine with fruit juice liquid.
Put in jars and it will keep for weeks.
Makes one gallon. Serves twenty.

Coffee Punch

1 gallon strong coffee
1 quart cream
5 T. sugar
2 quarts vanilla ice cream
5 tsp. vanilla

Chill coffee.
Whip the cream adding sugar and vanilla.
Place ice cream (slice if block) and whipped cream in punch bowl.
Pour coffee over ice cream and whipped cream.

Cranberry Punch

1 quart cranberry juice cocktail
2 cups pineapple juice
1 large bottle of ginger ale
1/2 cup sugar
2 cups orange juice
lemon juice

Mix cranberry, pineapple, orange, and lemon juices together, and sugar.
Let marry in the refrigerator in a 2 quart bottle.
Just before serving add ginger ale.

1 1/2 gallons of punch serves 50 people.

Eggnog

Serves 8-10

6 eggs separated, keep whites cold
1 1/2 cup whiskey (bourbon/ VO)
2 cup heavy cream (whip slightly)
1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup Jamaican light rum
1/8 tsp. salt

Place egg yolks in large bowl.
Beat at medium speed until light and lemon colored (5 minutes).
Beating at medium speed gradually add in sugar (1 T. at a time).
Beat until mixture is thick and light-colored (10 minutes).
Continue mixing at a lower speed.
Add whiskey (drop by drop to prevent curdling yolks).
Mix constantly for about 10 minutes.
Cover with plastic and chill.
THIS PART CAN BE DONE DAY BEFORE.

20 MINUTES BEFORE SERVING:
Mix cold egg whites with salt until they are stiff and have lost their gloss.
In small bowl whip cream slightly.
In chilled large punch bowl, stir yolk mixture with cream & nutmeg.
Fold in egg whites into mixture with wire whisk.
Continue to blend until all is well mixed and smooth.

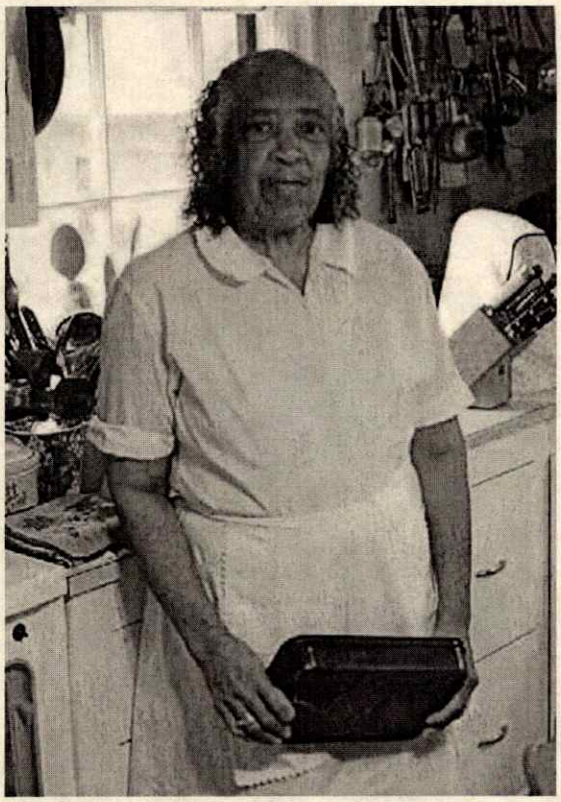
When properly mixed, it will remain without separating for about a week.
MAKE SURE YOU STIR BEFORE SERVING.
Can be stored in 2 quart Mason jars in refrigerator.
Great served with ham biscuits.

Elizabeth's Iced Tea

Elizabeth Evans Brown

6 Lipton tea bags (small)
6 cups of water
1 cup of sugar

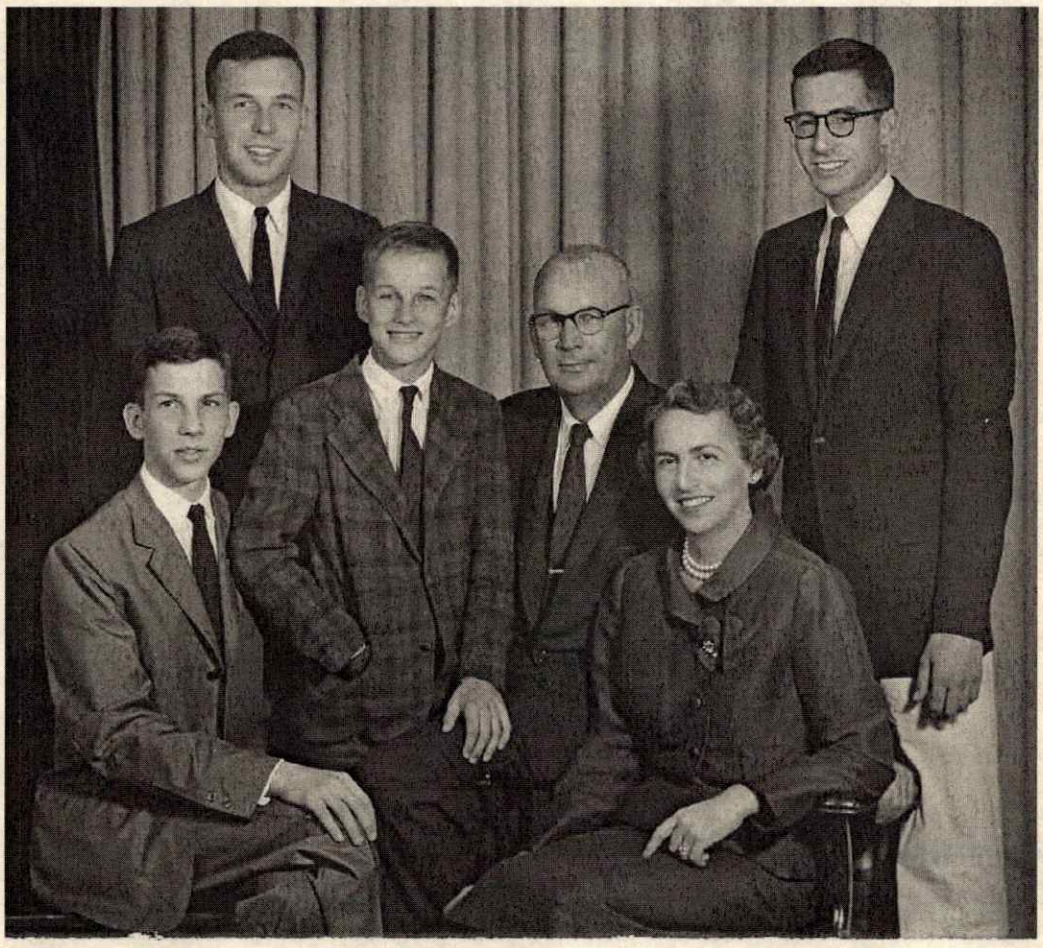
Bring water to a boil in a medium saucepan.
Place tea bags in an enamel (or heatproof) pitcher.
Pour boiling water over tea bags.
Let steep for 10 to 15 minutes.
Remove tea bags.
Immediately add one cup of sugar to tea.
Refrigerate.



Elizabeth Evans Brown in the kitchen, 2002

Elizabeth was born in 1926 in York, South Carolina. She lived in Charlotte for a short while and moved to Beaufort in 1949. She remembers standing on a stool in the kitchen of Devine Hospital in York as a small child, helping her mother make biscuits. She went on from there to become one of the best cooks to ever grace a Lowcountry kitchen.

Soups & Sandwiches



John M. Trask family, 1957
Washington, D. C

Clam Chowder

Pearl Washington

3 slices bacon cut in small pieces
2 onion tops, finely chopped
1 quart shucked clams
pepper
1 rib of celery, chopped
2 medium sized potatoes, cubed
1 quart milk
Accent seasoned salt

Grind or mince clams.
Save clam liquor and strain though cheesecloth.
Fry cut-up bacon slowly.
Add celery and onion and fry until done.
Add clam liquor and let come to a boil.
Add cut up clams and potatoes all at once.
Let come back to boil and cut off heat so clams will not overcook.
THIS IS THE STOCK THAT CAN BE FROZEN.
(Stop at this point if not eating soup right away.)
When ready to serve, reheat stock and add milk.
Add pepper, Accent and seasoned salt to flavor.

Crab Bisque

serves 4-6

Lace it with hot sherry just before serving. Superb!

2 T. butter
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1 cup fresh crabmeat
1 cup cream
1 tsp. salt
pepper
1 T. onion, chopped fine
1 T. flour
2 cups milk
1 egg, hard cooked, sieved
1 tsp. chopped parsley

Melt butter; add onion and sauté until soft.
Add mustard, flour and crabmeat.
Cook over direct heat until well blended.
Add the milk and cream.
Bring to a boil and add the sieved egg and seasonings.
Keep over hot water until ready to serve.
Just before serving add the parsley.

Cucumber-Cream Cheese Sandwiches

30 tea size

Important to remove all liquid from vegetables before mixing into cream cheese so sandwich is not soggy.

2 three oz. cream cheese, softened
1 medium cucumber, seeded
1/2 green pepper, chopped
1/2 tsp. salt
minced parley
dash of Accent
mayonnaise
2 T. heavy or sour cream
1 small onion, chopped
1 rib celery, chopped
1/4 tsp. pepper
2 or 3 drops Tabasco
rounds of thin bread, buttered

Blend cream cheese and cream until fluffy.
Put pared cucumber, onion, pepper and celery through blender.
Blend until smooth. Drain thoroughly.
Stir cucumber mixture into cream cheese.
Add salt, pepper, Tabasco and Accent.
Blend enough mayonnaise to make mixture spreading consistency.
Mix thoroughly.
Spread on buttered bread rounds.
Cover with damp cloth.
Place in refrigerator until time to serve.
Will keep several days if properly wrapped.

Gazpacho

3 medium tomatoes (1 3/4 lb)
1 large onion, peeled
2 12 oz. cans tomato juice
1/3 cup of red wine vinegar
1/8 tsp. coarsely ground pepper
2 slices white bread
2 T. olive oil
chives and croutons for garnish
1 large cucumber, pared
1 green pepper (8 oz.)
1/3 cup olive oil
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. Tabasco
2 cloves garlic, peeled & split
1/2 cup chopped olives

Peel tomatoes and cut cucumbers into cubes.
Cut onion in half.
Cut green pepper into quarters, remove seeds.
In large bowl combine 2 tomatoes (sliced) with half of the cucumber, onion and green peppers.
Add 1/2 cup tomato juice, toss to combine.
Puree this mixture in a food processor.
Separately, chop remaining tomato, cucumber, pepper, and onion.
Cover and refrigerate each in a small bowl.
In large bowl, with a wire whisk mix pureed vegetables, remaining tomato juice, 1/3 cup olive oil, vinegar, Tabasco, salt and pepper.
Refrigerate, covered for 3 hours or more.
Before serving, refrigerate six serving bowls.
Cut bread into 1/4 cubes. Sauté bread cubes until golden brown.
Rub inside of small skillet with garlic (reserve garlic).
Add 2 T. olive oil, heat over medium heat.
Sauté on paper towels and turn into small dish.
Drain.

To serve: Crush reserved garlic into chilled soup mixing well with whisk Ladle into chilled bowls. Sprinkle with chives. On tray, arrange chopped vegetables and croutons to sprinkle on top.

Pimento Cheese Sandwiches

1/3 cup Durkee's sauce
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/8 tsp. cayenne pepper
2 cup cheddar cheese, shredded
1 jar pimento, chopped, drained and mashed
½ tsp. salt

Combine Durkee's, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper.
Mash pimentos with a fork and add.
Gradually add remaining ingredients.
May be grilled in frying pan.rve hot or cold.

Shrimp Sandwiches

1 1/2 lbs. boiled, peeled shrimp
3 hard boiled eggs
10 drops onion juice
2 stalks celery
juice of 1/2 lemon
salt
1/8 tsp. red pepper
1/4 tsp. black pepper
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2-1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
dash of lemon juice
seafood seasoning

Save out some shrimp and mince by hand for color and texture.
Grind shrimp, eggs, onion and celery.
Season with salt and pepper.
Mix mayonnaise with Worcestershire, lemon juice, seafood seasoning.
Let mixture stand at least an hour before spreading.
Spread bread with mayonnaise.

May also be served on crackers. For a variation try Durkee's sauce mixed in the mayonnaise for more flavor.

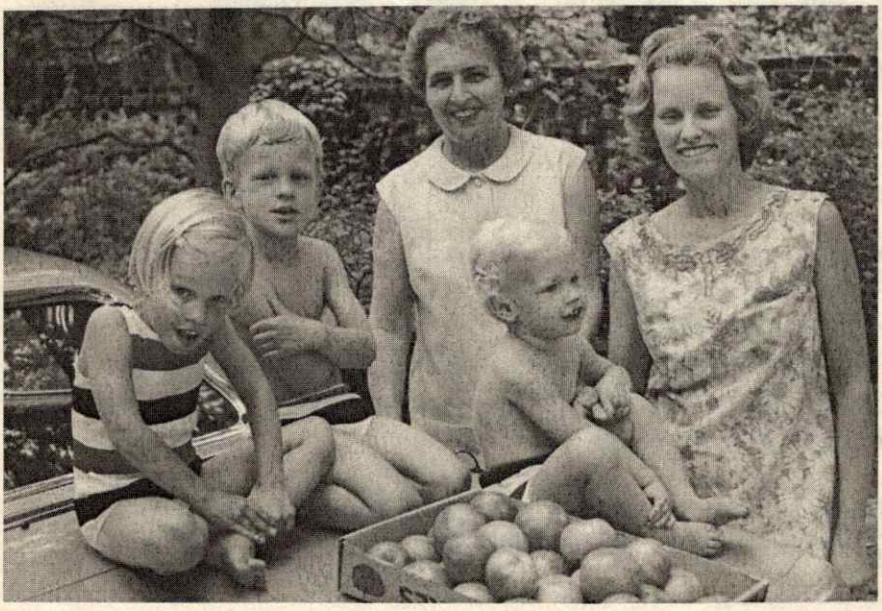
Vichyssoise

Caroline Clark Trask

serves 6

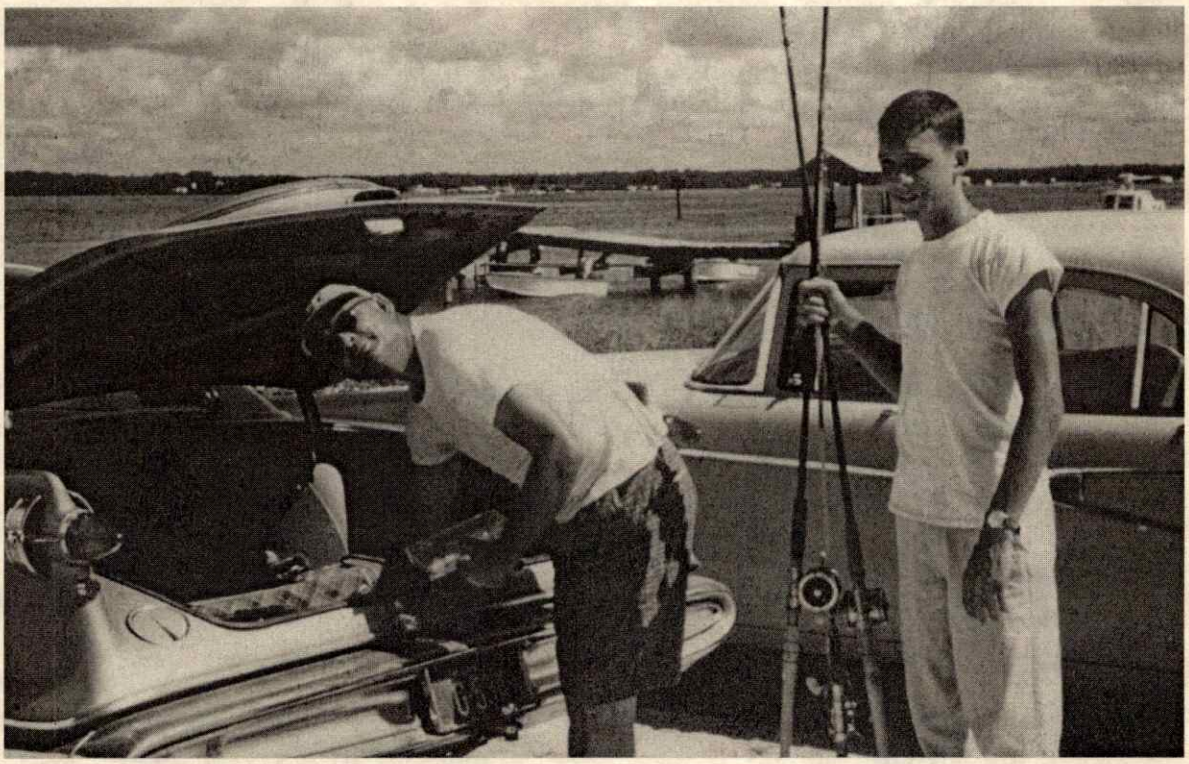
4 tsp. butter	**2 leeks, white only, cut into 1 inch pieces**
1 onion, cut into 1" pieces	**3 medium potatoes, chopped**
1 cup water	**2 (14 1/2 oz.) cans chicken broth**
1/4 tsp. salt	**dash white pepper**
Fresh chives	**1/2 cup whipping cream**

Melt butter and slowly cook leeks and onions for 5 to 10 minutes.
Add potatoes, water, chicken broth, salt and pepper.
Bring just to boiling point.
Reduce heat and simmer slowly for 40 minutes.
Cool and puree in blender.
Refrigerate overnight.
Stir in cream before serving.
Sprinkle with fresh chives.



Little Caroline, John III, Flora, Clark, Caroline
1305 Bay Street
1965

Seafood



John Trask and son, Charles
Wrightsville Beach, N. C.
c. 1965
Going after bluefish.

Crab Cakes

Caroline Clark Trask

8 oz. crabmeat
1/4 cup green/red pepper
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 1 /2 T. Mayonnaise
1 1/4 cup bread crumbs
1 T. Dijon mustard
1 T. chives
1/4 cup celery, finely chopped
4 scallions, minced
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 1/2 tsp. butter, melted
1 egg, slightly beaten
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 T. butter

Chop the green/red pepper.
Mix all ingredients together.
Shape into cakes or patties.
Sauté in butter until brown.
Serve with Garlic Mayonnaise.

Deviled Crab

Jean Hall Wessell

1 lb. deluxe lump crab meat
2/3 stick butter
1 cup Carnation evap. milk
3 T. flour
breadcrumbs
paprika
crab shells
dash of seasoning salt

Seasoning Mixture:
2 T. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. Old Bay seafood seasoning
3 T. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. white pepper
1/8 tsp. salt

On medium low heat, melt butter.
Stir in flour until smooth.
Add milk and keep stirring until all lumps are out and then add seasoning Mixture.
Stir all together until smooth.
Remove sauce from heat.
Using a fork, lightly mix in crabmeat.
Place in crab shells.
Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and paprika.
Add a lump of butter to each shell.
Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes or until golden.

Fried Fish

Lizzie (Elizabeth Barnwell) Drayton

1/2 cup all purpose flour
1 cup water-ground cornmeal
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
cooking oil or Crisco

Prepare fish for frying.
Heat skillet 1/2 full with oil.
Combine above ingredients EXCEPT oil in paper bag.
Drop fish in bag and shake to coat with meal mixture.
Place flesh side down first in skillet.
Fry until crisp and brown.
Drain fish on paper towels.

Serve with French-fried potatoes, slaw and hushpuppies.

Fried Shrimp

Elizabeth Evans Brown

serves 4

1 lb. shrimp
2 eggs, beaten
Lowry's seasoning
flour in paper bag
oil or Crisco

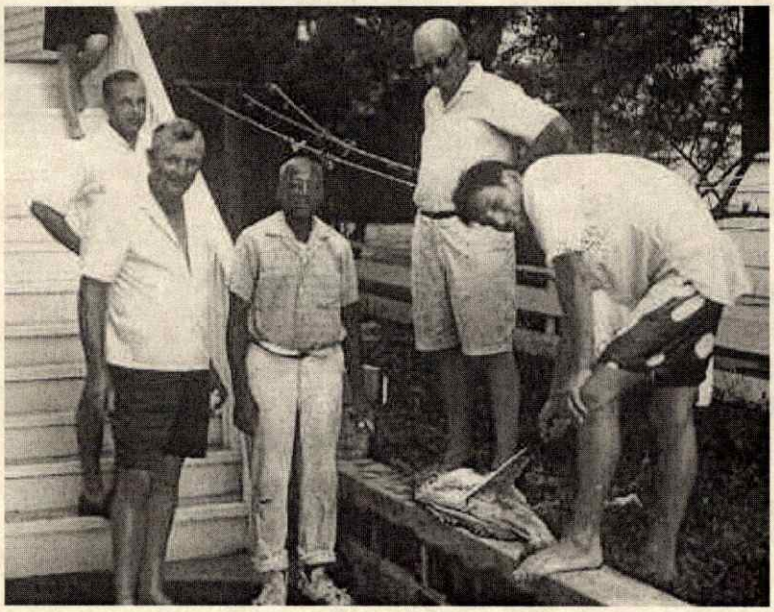
Peel raw shrimp leaving tails on.
Spread tails with a rolling pin.
Sprinkle Lowry's seasoning on shrimp.
Dip in beaten eggs.
Place shrimp in bag with flour and shake to coat them well.
Deep fry until light brown on medium heat.
FGT favors Crisco.
Make sure oil is hot so the shrimp will cook quickly.

Meeting Street Crab Meat

serves 4-6

1 lb. white crab meat
4 T. butter
1/2 pint cream
3/4 cup sharp grated cheese
splash of sherry
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. white pepper
dash of cayenne

Melt butter in saucepan.
Blend in flour, salt, pepper and cayenne.
Remove from heat.
Gradually blend in cream, stirring until smooth.
Stirring constantly, cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil.
Let it boil for 1 minute.
Remove from heat and add crabmeat and sherry.
Pour mixture into buttered casserole dish or individual ramekins.
Sprinkle cheese on top.
Bake in 350-375 degree oven until cheese melts.
DO NOT OVERCOOK.



John Jr., Big Alex Trask , Rut Smalls, Cap'n John, Fred Trask
Skinning a wompuss.
839 So. Lumina Avenue, Wrightsville Beach, N. C.
1965

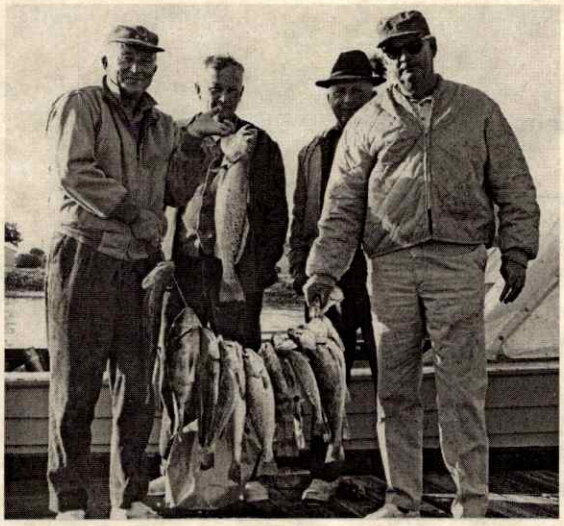
Scalloped Oysters

FGT, Isabel James Lehto, Caroline Clark Trask

2 quarts of select oysters
4 slices white bread
½ pound saltine crackers
½ cup chopped celery
2-4 T. half and half
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cayenne pepper
1 T. Worcestershire sauce
20 drops Tabasco sauce
¼ tsp. mace

Preheat oven on 350 degrees.

Drain oysters overnight.
Remove edges from bread and crumble in blender.
Crush saltines to size of fingernail.
Melt 1½ sticks butter in shallow 3 quart Pyrex dish.
Sprinkle salt, pepper, Tabasco and Worcestershire sauce over butter.
Stir. Drop in oysters mixing to coat well.
Cook until oysters are plump. Remove from oven.
Remove oysters from baking dish.
Combine bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, salt, cayenne, pepper and mace.
Don't add too much salt!
Melt 1 stick of butter and add to crumb mixture. Mix.
Layer oysters in baking dish with crumbs (crumbs first and then oysters.)
Sprinkle with celery. Add half and half.
Top with crumbs.
Bake at 350 degrees for 55 to 60 minutes.
Don't stir while cooking. Serve immediately.



General Bud Masters, Beanie Trask, Bolt Weber, Cap'n John
c. 1970

Shad Roe Aux Fine Herbs

1/4 cup butter
2 medium shad roe
salt and pepper
2 tsp. lemon juice
1 T. chopped parsley
1 tsp. chopped chives
1 tsp. chopped tarragon (fresh)
1 tsp. chopped chervil (fresh)

In a large (10") heavy skillet melt butter.
Arrange the roe in pan.
Sprinkle with salt and pepper.
Cook over low heat (cover the pan).
Add more butter if necessary.
Transfer to platter, when roe is lightly browned and cooked.
Add remaining ingredients to the skillet.
Heat, and pour over the shad roe.
Toast bread and cut diagonally in half.
Arrange on warm platter and place roe on top.
Garnish with lemon slices and sprinkle with parsley.

Shrimp Creole

1 cup onions, chopped
1 cup green bell pepper, chopped
2 bay leaves, crushed
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
1 cup celery
1 1/2 quarts canned tomatoes w/juice
1 small clove garlic, minced
1/8 tsp. pepper
1 lb. uncooked, peeled shrimp
Bacon grease/enough to cover bottom of pan

Place bacon grease in stainless Dutch oven.
Add onions, celery and bell pepper.
Sauté in uncovered pot on medium heat until onions turn light yellow.
You want the vegetables to be crisp when done.
Add the tomatoes with juice, chop them up.
Let simmer on medium heat with lid partially cracked.
Cook about 20 minutes, adding shrimp after rest of mixture has cooked for ten minutes.
Serve piping hot, over hot rice.
Leave uncovered to reheat.

'Rut'
William Rutledge Smalls
1979

Rut Smalls (1896-1988) worked for the family from 1950 until the year he died. He cut the grass, raked the yard, polished the silver, plucked the chickens, scaled the fish, stoked the fireplace, and on Sundays put on his white linen jacket and helped serve dinner. He was gardener, butler, chauffeur, bartender, baby sitter, and a hundred other things – but his official title was Yard Man.

He couldn't swim a lick, but he would go fishing with Big John where and when nobody else would. Big John was a whitewater man, but whitewater didn't scare Rut, and neither did alligators. Whether it was casting for minnows in the gator pond at Cane Island or trolling for king mackerel at Frying Pan Shoals, he was Cap'n John's right hand man.

And he was Flora's strong back, planting azaleas in the yard, raking the driveway every week, keeping the sidewalk swept, trimming the palmettos and the oaks and the sago palms, splitting firewood and filling the wood bin, picking magnolia blooms and camellias, weeding and trimming and planting bulbs, and whistling the entire time.

Rut came to us in 1950 through Plute McTeer, the jailer, who was the brother of the High Sheriff, who lived a block down Bay Street, near the Courthouse. Rut had been into bootlegging but was manifestly of good character, so Plute let him out early. It was kind of an unofficial work-release/parole program that Plute initiated, highly irregular by today's standards, but beneficial to all concerned.

Rut lived in a little white clapboard house on a sand street in the back of town with a brick chimney and blue window sashes. He had a chicken coop in the backyard beneath a popcorn tree. He kept a bateau tied to a cleat in the seawall at the foot of the bluff in front of our house and went crabbing whenever the tide was right. He plied the streets from Bay to Boundary with a pellet gun in his pocket to shoot bad dogs with and was known to take a nip of Scotch from time to time. Johnny Walker Black Label was his brand.

Rut was born and raised in Gardens Corner and spoke his own brand of Gullah. Strange was 'strayinge,' going was 'gwine,' shrimp was 'swimps,' man was 'mon'.

"Cap'n Rut, where you goin'?" Daddy would say.

"Nowhere strayinge, Mr. John. Just gwine to get me some swimps. Mon down the street gone give me shree pound if I rake he yard by sundown. I gwine now."

"What you goin' do with three whole pounds?"

"Boil 'em up and eat 'em."

"I wasn't born yestiddy, Cap'n Rut. You ain't goin' to eat all them shrimp. Bring me 'bout a quarter pound. We'll slip out 'morrow evening and catch us a mess of spots."

"Alright, Cap'n. We'll go when the tide go slack."

"Lizbett can put a cookin' on 'em, make some grits and cornbread, too. Whatchu think 'bout 'dat, Cap'n Rut?"

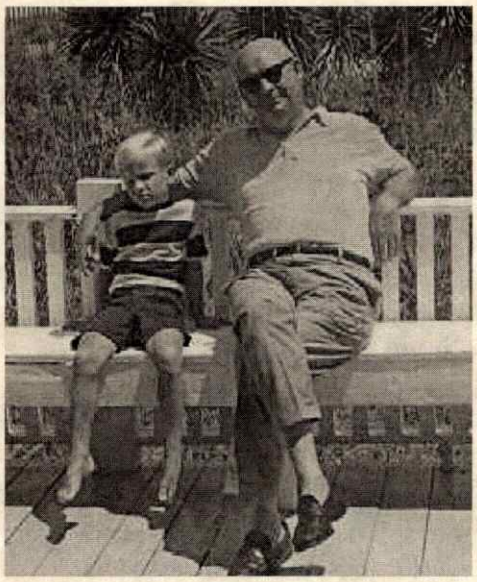
"Boss man, dat's sumpin fittin' to eat."

Fisherman

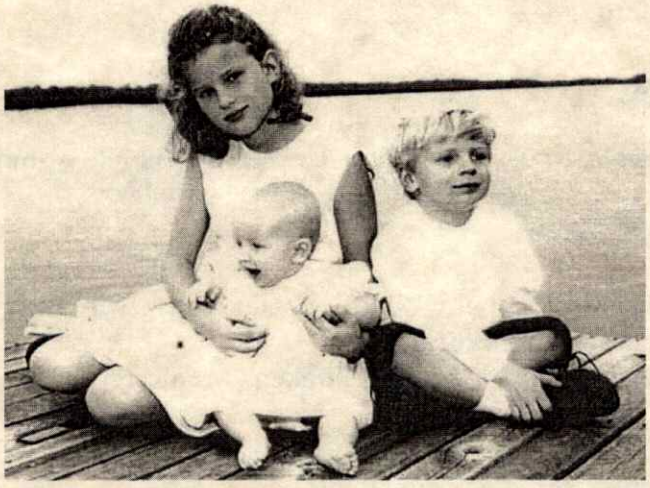
Yard Man

When Rut died they gave him a fine funeral at the Central Baptist Church on Prince Street, right across from where Big John is buried. The Reverend called him Loving Brother Rutledge, and that was a fit description. They buried him behind 'The Brick,' as he called it, the National Cemetery on Boundary Street. He qualified because he had been on a ship going to Europe when World War I ended. They fired three shots over his grave when they lowered him down. He deserved that salute. He was a true friend, kind, wise, loyal, and brave. [Frederick Graham Trask]

Poultry & Game



**John Trask with grandson, John Maurice Trask III,
on the porch at 839 South Lumina Avenue, Wrightsville Beach
c. 1967**



**Children of Laura and John Maurice Trask III
Isabelle Flora, Josephine du Bignon, and Peter Henry
2002**

Boiled Chicken

1 chicken cut up or left whole
1 large chopped carrot, unpeeled
4 stalks celery
2 bay leaves, left whole
1 T. salt
2 cans Swanson's chicken broth
1 large onion, coarsely chopped
4 sprigs parley
1/2 to 1 tsp. black pepper

Place all ingredients into a large iron pot.
If broth doesn't completely cover chicken, add more broth or water.
Cover pot and slowly bring to a boil.
Reduce heat and slide cover so pot is open an inch or two.
Skim surface of stock frequently until scum changes to white foam.
Simmer about one hour or until bird is tender.
TEST for doneness: juices at thigh joint run clear when pierced with a knife.
Let chicken cool in broth with lid partially open.
Remove chicken.
When cool, remove all skin and cut into chunks.
Set aside.
Strain stock and discard vegetables.
Refrigerate for a few hours. The solidified fat can be removed easier.
The broth can be frozen and used for soup base.

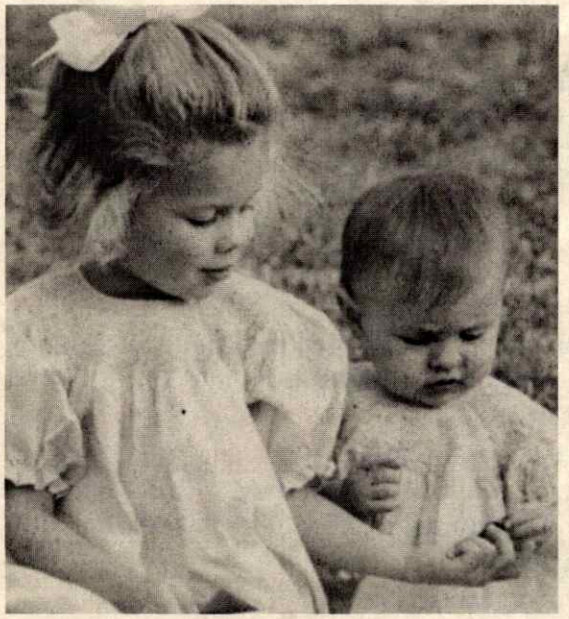
Chicken Breasts & Broccoli

Isabel James Lehto

8 boneless chicken breasts
celery
2 packages broccoli
1 can milk
bread crumbs or cheese
water
salt
2 cans cream of chicken soup
1 tsp. curry powder

Steam chicken in iron fry pan with little water, celery salt and pepper.
Cook until tender (15-20 minutes).
Cook two packages of broccoli while chicken is cooking.
Line long Pyrex dish with broccoli.
Put chicken on top.
Blend together soup, milk, curry powder.
Pour over top of chicken and broccoli.
Top with cheese or bread crumbs.
Cook at 350 degrees until bubbly.

John M. Trask Jr. and Caroline Clark Trask Family
Caroline Trask Wallace, Clark Trask, John M. Trask, Jr., Patrick Trask,
Caroline Elizabeth 'Lizzie' Wallace, Caroline Clark Trask, Gordon Wallace,
John M. Trask III, Isabelle Flora Trask, Laura Trask
at Lizzie Wallace's christening.
1994



Lizzie and Anna Wallace, 1998

Chicken Breasts with Herbs

Constance Bowen Trask

serves 4

3 whole chicken breasts split
1/2 tsp. black pepper
1 lemon, juiced
3 sprigs parsley
1/2 can chicken broth
1 tsp. salt
1/2 stick butter
1/4 tsp. thyme
1/2 tsp. tarragon

Sprinkle breasts with salt and pepper.
Place in buttered shallow baking dish.
Melt butter, lemon juice and herbs in saucepan.
Pour over chicken.
Bake UNCOVERED for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

Pan Fried Doves

Elizabeth Evans Brown

12 birds
flour
1 onion, sliced thin
salt and pepper
2 sticks of butter
water

Season doves with salt and pepper.
Pour flour in paper bag and drop bird into flour and shake.
Melt the butter in heavy skillet and sauté the onion until golden.
Remove onion and discard.
Fry gizzards and remove to platter.
Fry doves slowly until real brown on all sides (brown cut side first).
Turn often so they don't burn.
Fry until golden brown.
Add water and return gizzards on top of birds.
Raise heat to boiling.
Cover pan, simmer and let cook 40 minutes.

Stewed Chicken and Dumplings with Gravy

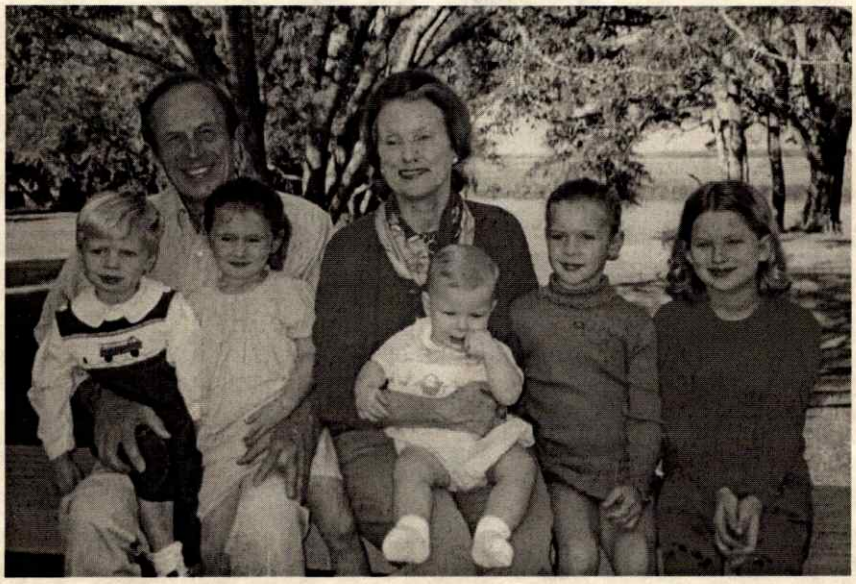
serves 6-8

2 large fryer chickens
3 celery ribs, cut
2 sprigs parsley
1 large carrot, peeled and chopped
½ onion unsliced
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

DUMPLINGS:
2 cups sifted plain flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2 eggs
2/3 cup milk

Place chicken in a large kettle with enough water to cover.
Cover with lid and bring to a boil.
Skim residue.
Add remaining ingredients.
Reduce heat and SIMMER for 45 minutes or until tender.
Drop dumplings in and cook 15 minutes.

DUMPLINGS:
Sift dry ingredients together.
Beat eggs and milk together.
Blend with flour mixture.
Remove lid from kettle chicken is in and drop in tablespoons of dough.
Cover kettle. Keep liquid at a SIMMER.



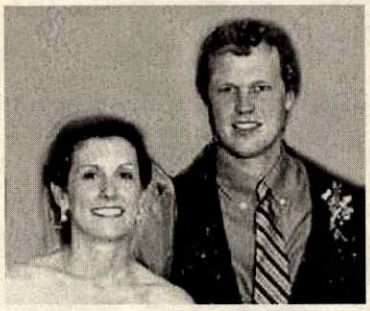
John and Caroline with their grandchildren, 2002. Orange Grove.
Peter, Anna, Patrick, Lizzie, Isabelle

Roasted Wild Duck

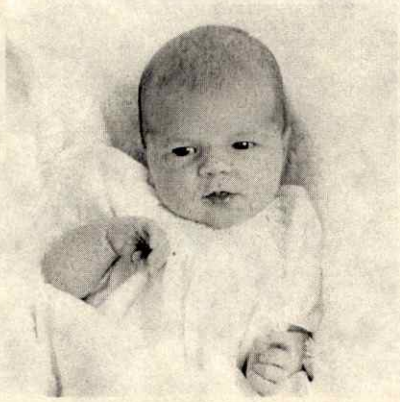
This recipe is for one duck ... increase accordingly.

1 wild duck, cleaned
lemon juice **salt**
pepper **1 red apple**
1 onion **3 bacon strips**
¼ cup red wine

Line pan with foil.
Clean, wash and dry duck well.
Rub inside and out with lemon juice, salt and pepper.
Stuff with raw unpeeled apple and onion.
Cover the breast with bacon.
Place in oven at 500 degrees and bake 20 minutes.
Reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake for 30 minutes.
Add wine and bake for 15 minutes.
Remove apple and onion.
Serve duck whole or split with wild rice.



Evy and Clark Trask, 2001



Grace Evelyn Trask, December, 2002

Christmas Eve at Flora's

There was only one place to be on Christmas Eve, and that was sitting in the den of 1305 Bay Street. The ritual had been going on for years and the order of events had not changed much during that time. After carols and prayers at St. Helena's Episcopal Church, everyone, dressed in their holiday finery and sporting their best party manners, would make their way to Big John and Flora's house for the festivities.

John would be sitting in his low-slung black leather chair, nursing a toddy of V.O. and water. Flora would be perched on the couch near him, looking quite lovely in her cashmere and pearls with every hair in place. An assortment of cousins and grandchildren would be gathered around the blazing hot fire, the ferocity of which often called for the removal of one or more layers of clothing.

Flora would encourage everyone to partake of the feast laid out on the white linen tablecloth in the dining room. "Help yourself," she would urge while enjoying a glass of her own high-octane egg nog. The menu was always the same and truly could not be improved upon. In addition to the potent eggnog and sparkling cranberry punch, which, it was discovered one year, was made better with the introduction of a little vodka, the silver platters on the table held many treats.

Flora with grandchildren, Christmas Eve
Claire, John III, Patrick, Graham, Flora, Clark, Christian, Caroline
c. 1992

Connie would bring an appealing assortment of Christmas cookies and brownies. Caroline would contribute her delectable scalloped oysters, and Elizabeth and Flora would have spent the better part of the day arranging the traditional holiday fare. Clustered around a centerpiece of holly branches and magnolia leaves would be crystal bowls of ambrosia and pickled shrimp, plates laden with biscuits stuffed with Virginia ham, crab claws with spicy cocktail sauce, and thin slices of Gethsemane Abbey fruit cake. Everyone would eat with gusto and appreciation before rejoining John and Flora in the toasty den.

Before the exchange and opening of presents, John, Jr. and George would offer up toasts to mark the occasion and thank the generous hosts for a fine evening.

Then, amidst a whirl of ribbons and wrapping paper, the gifts would be opened, remarked upon, and "thank you's" would rebound off the rich cypress walls. Then, a certain solemnity and expectant quiet would fall over those gathered. With the exception of the delicious food, the most anticipated moment would arrive -- the distribution of the Christmas gifts from Big John and Flora.

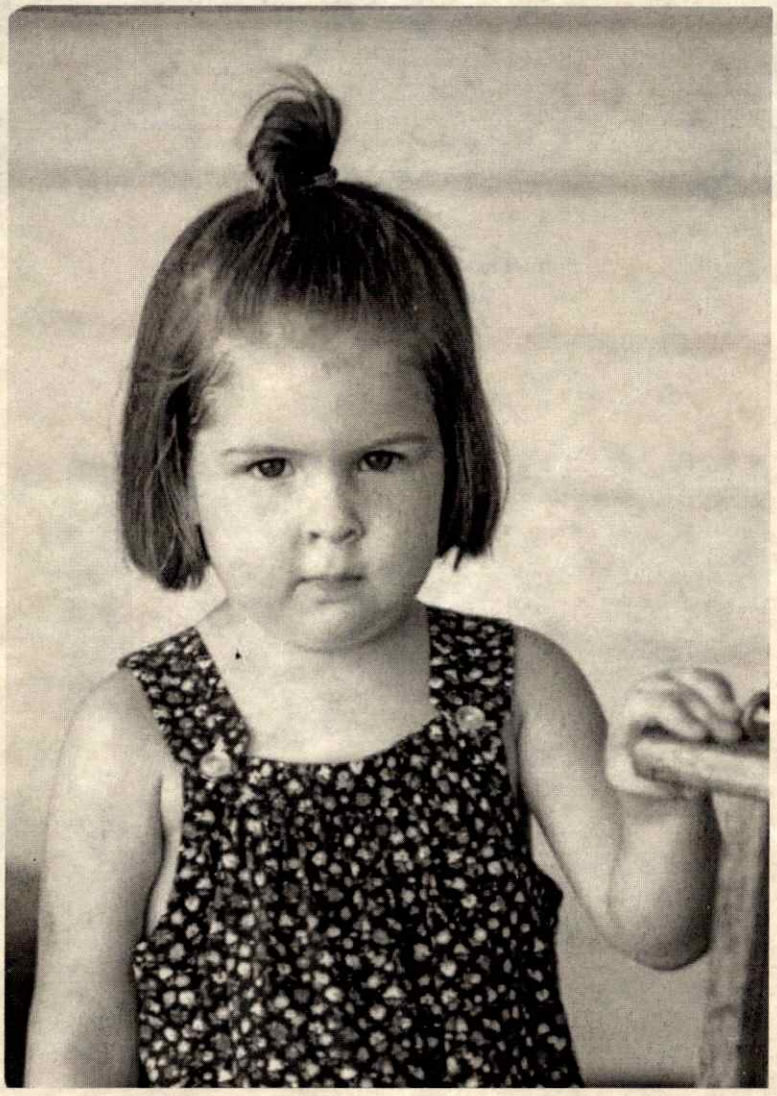
Flora would hand out the envelopes starting with the oldest and working down to the youngest. To say that these gifts were generous would be a sad understatement. One year, in addition to the hefty checks, we each found a gold coin in our envelope — Canadian maple leaves for the girls and kruggerands for the boys! After the exchange of gifts, we would be ready to go home -- happy and satisfied in every sense of the word.

As all the cousins and sons and grandchildren made their good-byes to John and Flora, the women would quickly clean up the wrapping paper and napkins and carry the meager leftovers to the kitchen. Caroline would always sneak back into the living room to leave a goody-filled Christmas stocking on the hearth for Flora to discover on Christmas morning.

At ninety years of age, Flora still presides over the Christmas Eve celebration with her characteristic elegance and down-to-earth humor. Over the years, our numbers have grown with new faces being added practically every month. Everything on earth changes except for one spot. You can always go to the den at 1305 Bay Street and call upon Flora. There you will find good advice, common sense, the latest news from around town, a glass of sherry and a cheese straw, and the excellent company of Flora herself. You can count on it.

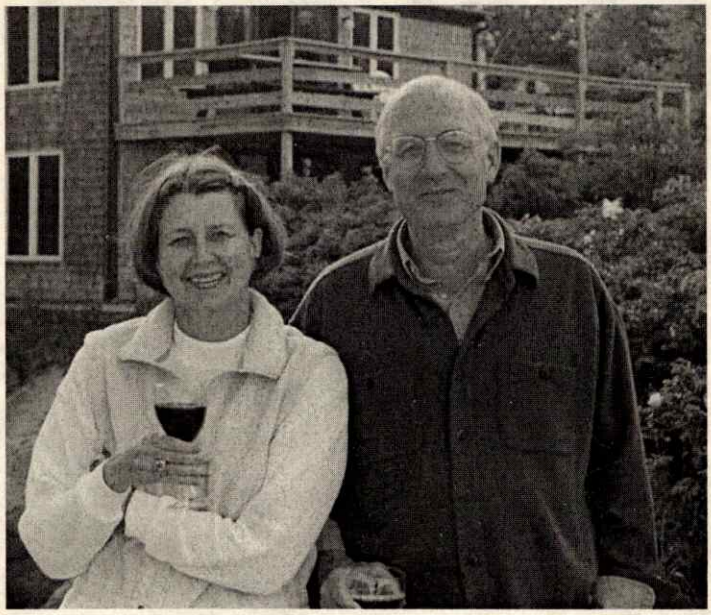
[Louise Garrison Trask]

Meats



Claire Everlee Trask
1979

John Trask and son, George
Cat Island pond
c. 1953



Connie and George Trask
Maine, 2001

Barbecued Spareribs

Serves 4

Sauce:
¼ cup butter
1 onion, chopped
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup vinegar
1/3 cup catsup
2 T. Worcestershire sauce
salt and pepper to taste
½ tsp. sugar

3 lbs. Spareribs
flour
oil or Crisco

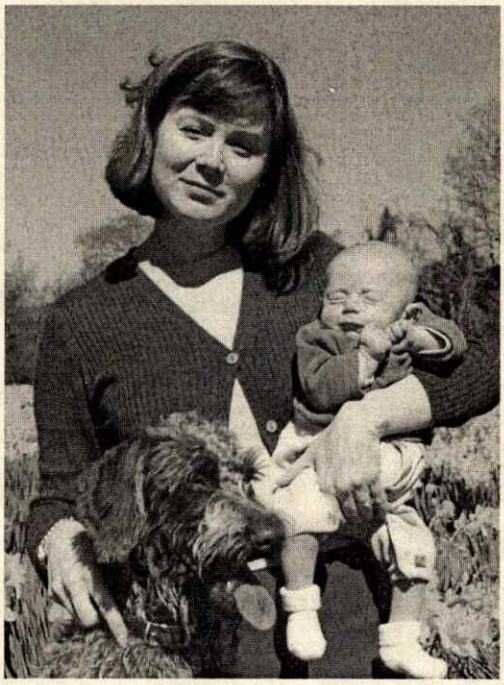
Sauté onions in butter until lightly browned.
Add remaining ingredients and bring to a boil.
Salt and pepper ribs.
Dredge with flour and brown in heavy frying pan in Crisco.
Pour sauce over meat.
Bake uncovered in a 350 degree oven for 1 or 2 hours.
Baste with sauce while cooking.

Pork Barbeque

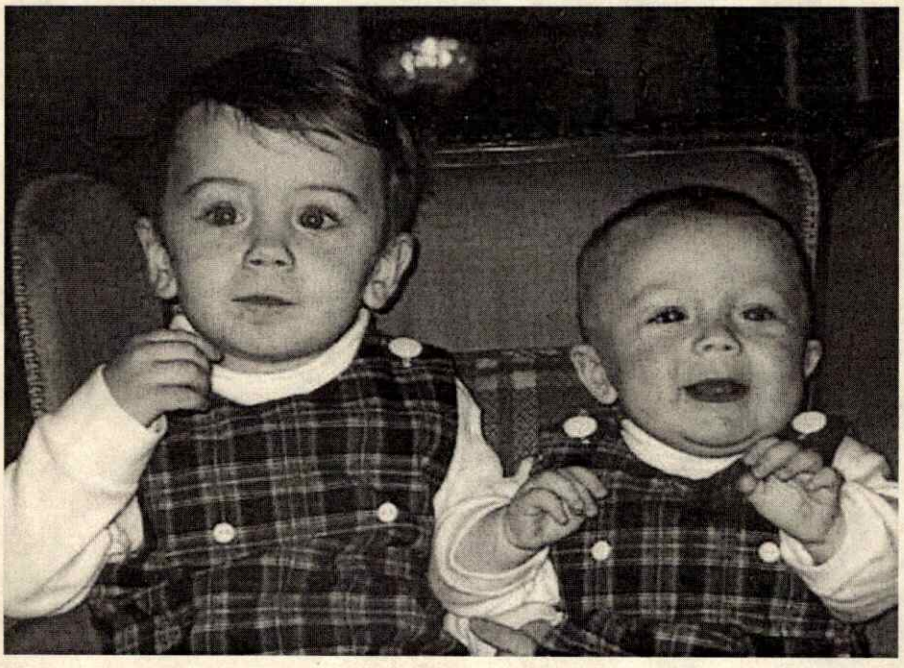
May Belle Pemberton

Sauce:
1 stick butter
2 cups water
1 medium onion, diced
mustard
1 cup cider vinegar
1 small hot red pepper
Worcestershire sauce
salt and pepper

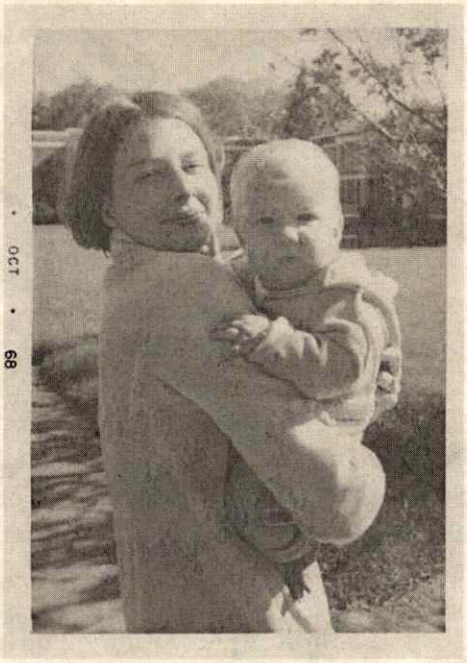
Boil pork ham or tenderloin, until well done.
Pull from bones.
To make sauce combine above ingredients in pan and boil 5 minutes.
Cover meat with sauce.
Cook over low heat until thoroughly seasoned.



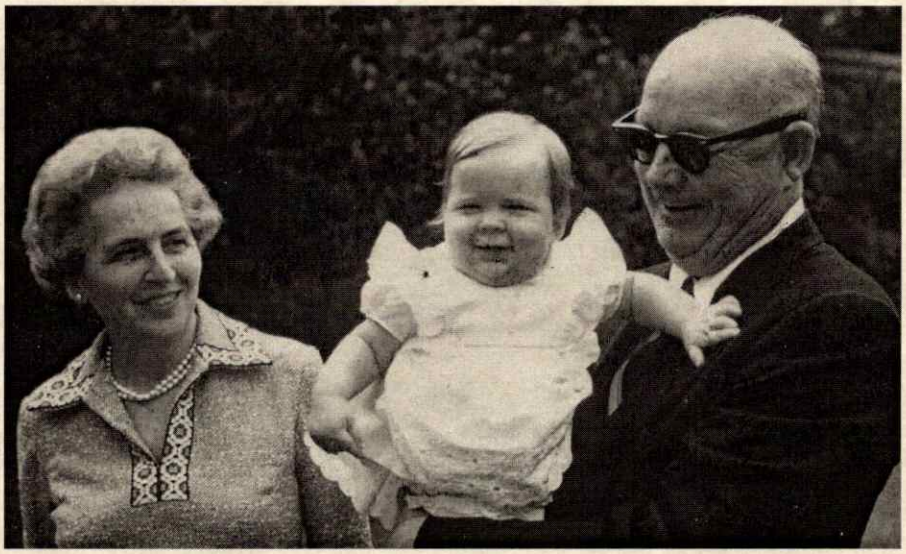
Marcellene Lea Trask and George Maxfield Trask, with dog
c. 1999



George Maxfield Trask and Benjamin Lea Trask, 2002



Connie Trask with Graham Trask
1968



Flora and John with Claire Trask at her christening, 1976

Spiced Corned Beef

Isabel James Lehto

Corned Beef Brisket
12 peppercorns
3 bay leaves
2 T. pepper vinegar
Kosher dill pickle juice
Accent
1 large onion studded with 12 cloves
1 celery rib with leaves, cut in thirds
1 green pepper, sliced
3 garlic cloves
seasoned pepper

Place rack in bottom of pot.
Place meat in pot and cover with cold water.
Bring slowly to a boil, then cover tightly.
Turn heat down.
Add remaining ingredients.
Simmer approximately 40 minutes per pound or until fork tender.
Turn over after cooking one hour.
Allow brisket to cool in cooking liquid.
Remove brisket.
Add carrots, onions, and potatoes to the cooking liquid.
Cook for 30 minutes.
Then add cabbage and cook 30 minutes longer.

Venison

Louise Jenkins Maybank

1½ cups red wine
1 cup vinegar
½ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. thyme
1 cup olive oil
2 tsp. salt
2 bay leaves

Make a French dressing of the above.
Shake well.
Pour over venison and marinate for 48 hours in refrigerator.
Turn often.
Cook in marinade at 250 degrees for 4-5 hours.
Baste frequently -- about every 20 to 30 minutes.

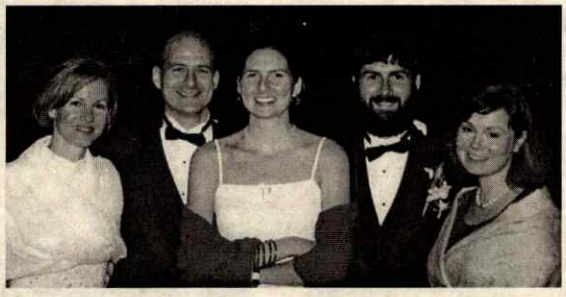
Venison Stew

Louise Clark Poitras

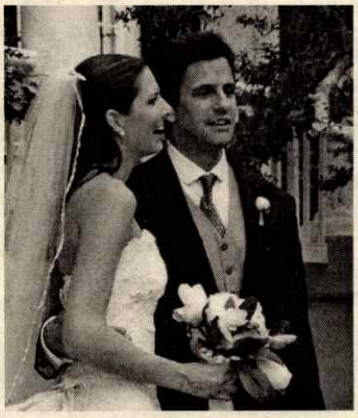
Serves 8

½ lb. salt pork or bacon-cut up
4 lbs. venison cut into 1 ½" cubes
6 carrots sliced
3 whole bay leaves
small bunch of parsley, chopped
¼ cup fresh thyme or 2 tsp. dried
salt and pepper
1 lb. mushrooms
3 garlic cloves, minced
¼ lb. shallots, minced
red Bordeaux Wine
2 lbs. onions, sliced

Rub salt pork or bacon all over sides of pot.
Line bottom of pot with remaining salt pork or ham.
Layer above ingredients.
Cover pot and put in a 350 degree oven.
Cook one hour (bubbling gently). Do not stir pot.
Cook until liquid level is reduced by half (3-4 hours).
Best if refrigerated overnight and reheated slowly next day.



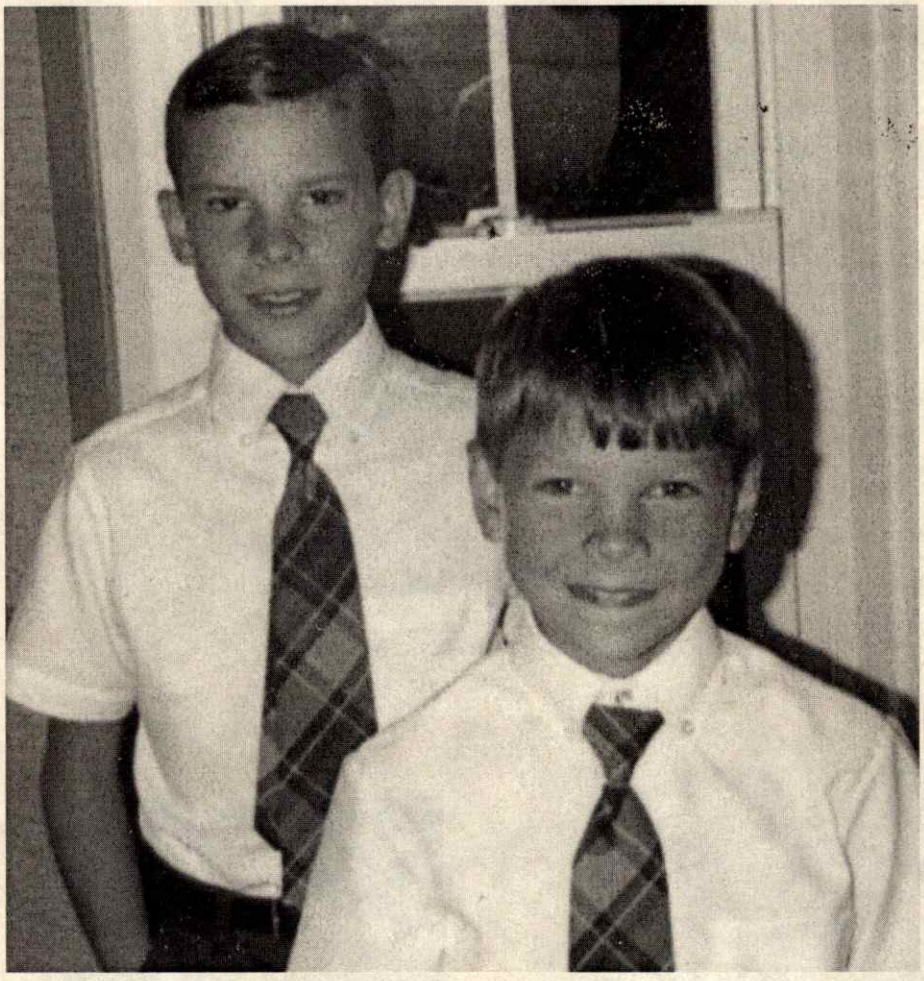
Korin, Graham, Claire, Christian, Marcellene, 2000



Claire and Sam Nitze, 2002

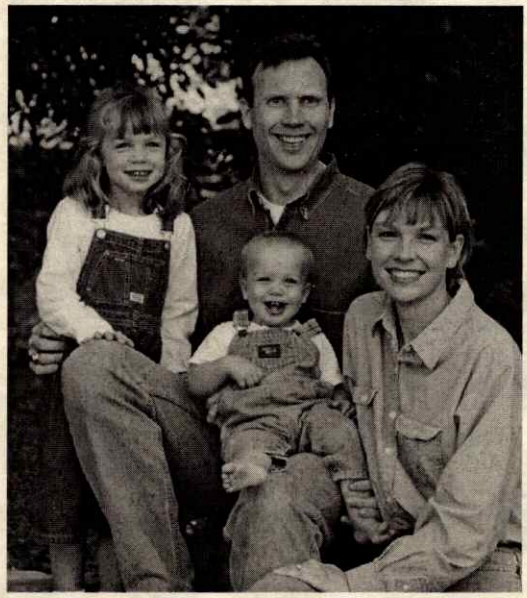
George Maxfield Trask, 2001

Sauces & Gravies



Thomas Stanton Trask and Mark Graham Trask
c. 1988

Charles Trask Family, 1986
Mark, Thomas, Baby Sarah, Molly, Charles



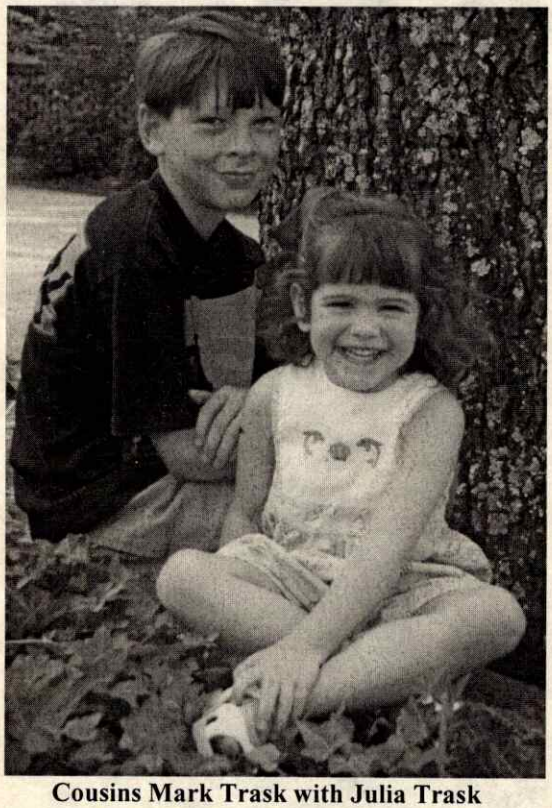
Charles' daughter, Charlotte, and family
The Renfrows
Beth, Baby David, John, Charlotte
2001

Cocktail Sauce

1 quart jar

1 cup catsup
1 cup pepper vinegar
½ cup prepared horseradish
2 T. minced onion
1/8 tsp. sugar
1 cup chili sauce
½ tsp. Tabasco
2 T. finely minced celery
2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. lemon juice

Mix together.
Refrigerate.



Cousins Mark Trask with Julia Trask
beneath a 200 year old live oak
at 1305 Bay Street
1993

Elizabeth's Chicken Gravy

Elizabeth Evans Brown

Prepare chicken for baking, adding salt, pepper, & butter.
Remove gizzards and liver.
In small saucepan boil gizzards and liver in 2 cups of water.
Add ½ whole onion, 1 celery stalk, cut into 2 inch pieces.
Keep on medium heat for approximately 1 hour while chicken is baking.
Remove gizzards, liver, celery, onion.
Add juice from chicken pan.
Bring to a boil.
Add 2 teaspoons of cornstarch.
Boil until thick.

Elizabeth's Spaghetti Sauce

Elizabeth Evans Brown

1 ½ cup onion, finely chopped
½ bell pepper, finely chopped
2 lbs. ground round steak
2-3 garlic cloves
1 (14 ½ oz.) can tomatoes
1 tsp. sugar
Accent
½ tsp. basil & oregano leaves
3 ribs celery, finely chopped
2 T. olive oil
2 tsp. salt
1 (1 lb. 12 oz.) can tomatoes
1 6 oz. can tomato paste
2-3 bay leaves
pepper
1 ¼ tsp. crushed red peppers

Cook the onion, celery and pepper in oil on high for 1 to 2 minutes.
Turn to medium and cook until onion is transparent.
Add beef with fork and cook until no longer pink.
Turn to medium high and stir in salt, tomato paste and tomatoes.
Put top on pot and cook about 5 minutes.
Add 2 large garlic cloves (put thru press).
Cook about 2 minutes with lid on.
Add bay leaves broken up.
Keep top on and cook on medium (3 minutes).
Do not let hard boil.
Take top off and cut down heat to low or warm for 30 minutes.
Add pepper when you take off lid.
Add seasonings.
Slow cook for 4 or 5 hours.

Garlic Mayonnaise

2 egg yolks
4 cloves garlic, minced
1 tsp. salt
dash of Tabasco
1 ½ tsp. dry mustard
1 T. tarragon vinegar
1 tsp. pepper
1 ½ cups olive oil

Put yolks in blender.
Add mustard, salt, pepper, garlic, vinegar and Tabasco.
Blend at high speed.
Add oil drop by drop.

Little Rooster's Clam Sauce

Alex McEachern Trask, Jr.

2 sticks butter
1 or 2 tsp. oregano
¼ tsp. black pepper
2 cans minced clams (drain juice from clams)
½ cup fresh parsley minced
¼ tsp. garlic salt
¼ cup cooking wine

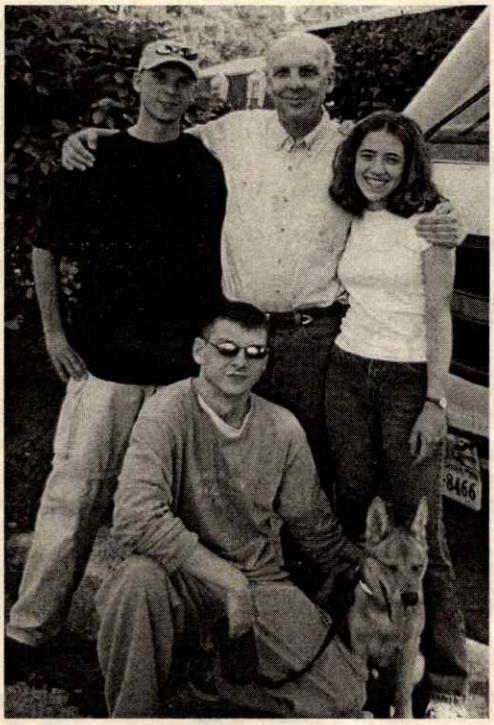
Melt butter slowly in a heavy pan.
Add all ingredients except clams.
Stir and let simmer for 20 minutes.
Add drained clams.
Stir again and let simmer very slowly for 10 – 15 minutes.
Serve over vermicelli.

Thomas, Charlotte, Molly, and Mark Trask, 1983

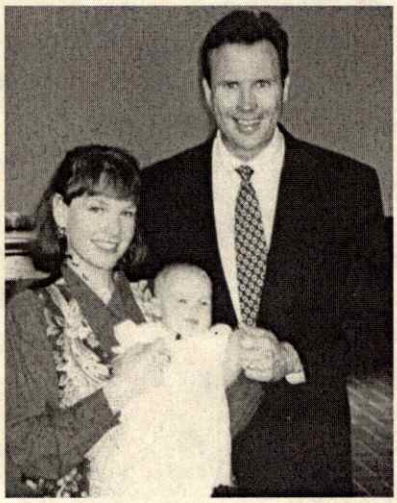
Pappy's Chili Sauce for Hot Dogs

1 lb. ground round
1 medium onion, minced
3 tsp. chili powder
½ tsp. Tabasco Sauce
1 cup bell pepper,minced
½ tsp. accent
½ tsp. paprika
1 T. oil
1 clove garlic, minced
½ - ¾ cup tomato sauce
1/8 tsp. black pepper
3 tsp. prepared mustard
2 bay leaves
1 tsp. sugar
salt to taste
1 15 ½ oz. can red beans, not drained

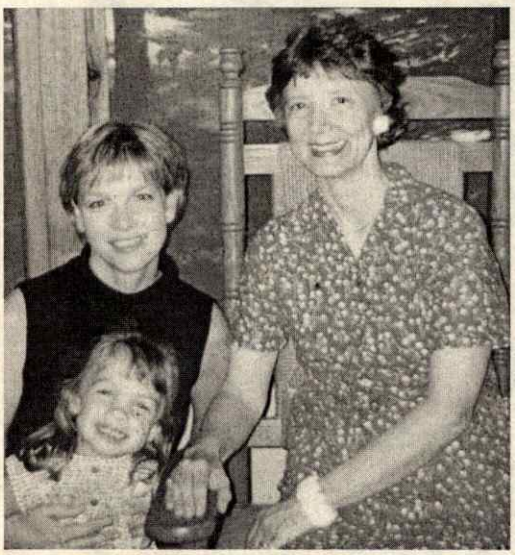
In heavy iron fry pan, brown beef and garlic in oil.
Cook until beef loses its red color.
Pour off fat.
Mash meat fine with potato masher.
Add onions and remaining ingredients.
Stir and mash.
Simmer, stirring occasionally until desired thickness.
Cook on low heat without top.
Add one 15 ½ oz. can small red beans, not drained.



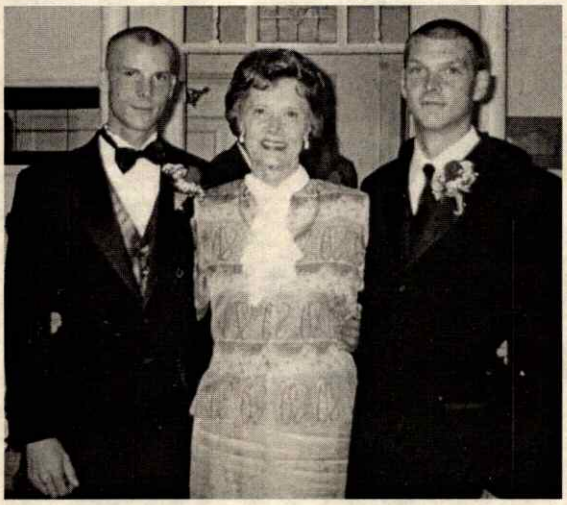
Thomas, Mark, Charles, Jamie
2000



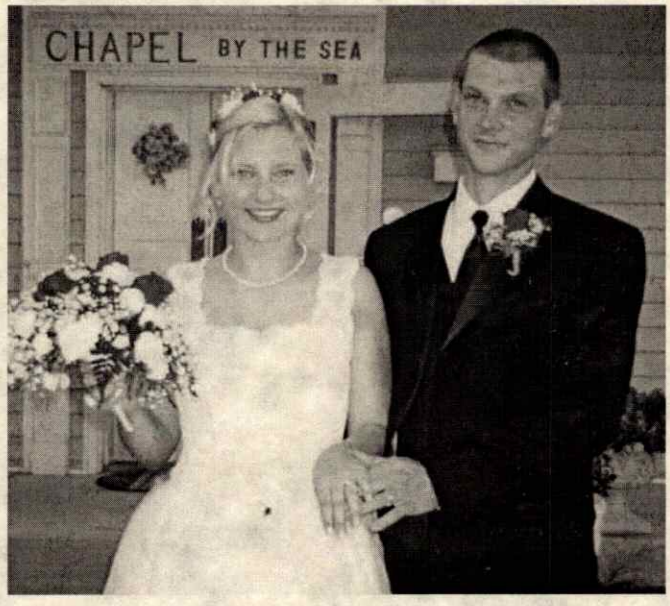
Charlottte Trask Renfrow and John Renfrow with their daughter, Elizabeth, at her christening c. 1995



Charlotte and Beth Renfrow with Molly Trask 1998



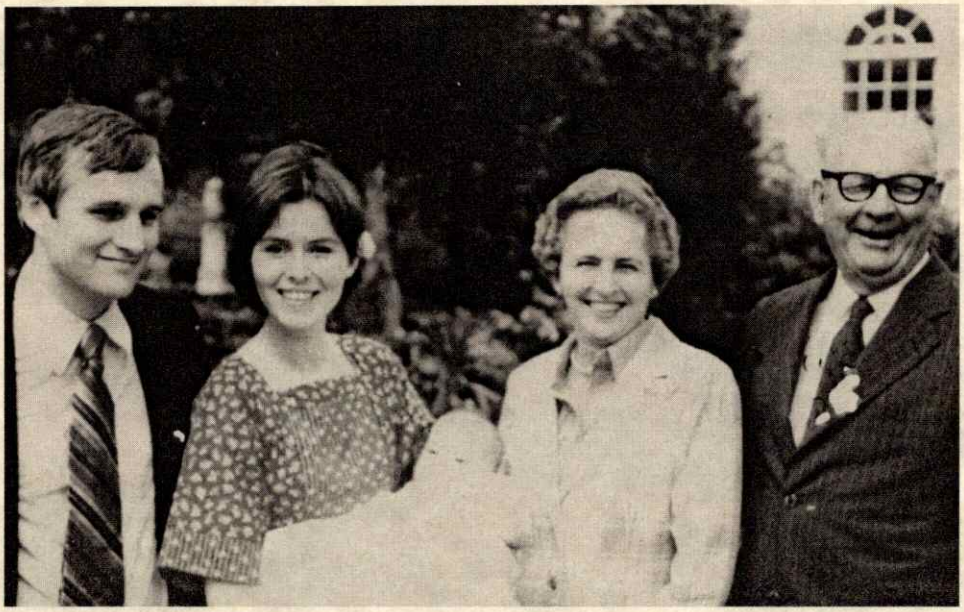
Thomas, Molly and Mark Trask
2002



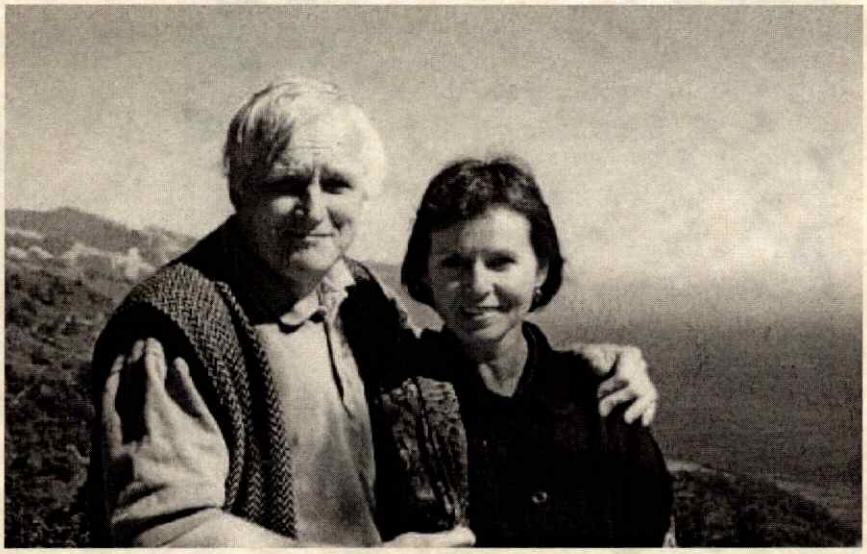
Evisa and Mark Trask on their wedding day
2002

Rice & Hominy

Julia Craig Trask with her Mama, Mary Louise Trask, 1990
Cane Island Retreat



Fred, Louise, Baby Mary, Flora, John Sr., 1977
St. Helena's Church



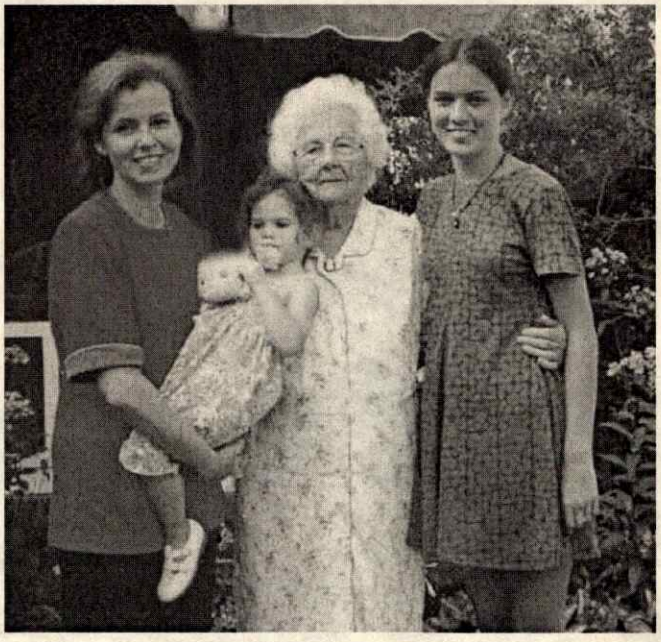
Fred and Louise Trask, 1999
California

Baked Rice

Madeline Trask

1 cup regular rice, washed
1 can chicken broth
½ stick margarine
1 can beef consommé
1 small onion cut up fine

Place the above in a 1½ quart saucepan.
DO NOT COVER.
Place on middle shelf in oven at 350 degrees.
Stir once after it boils.
Bake 45 minutes.



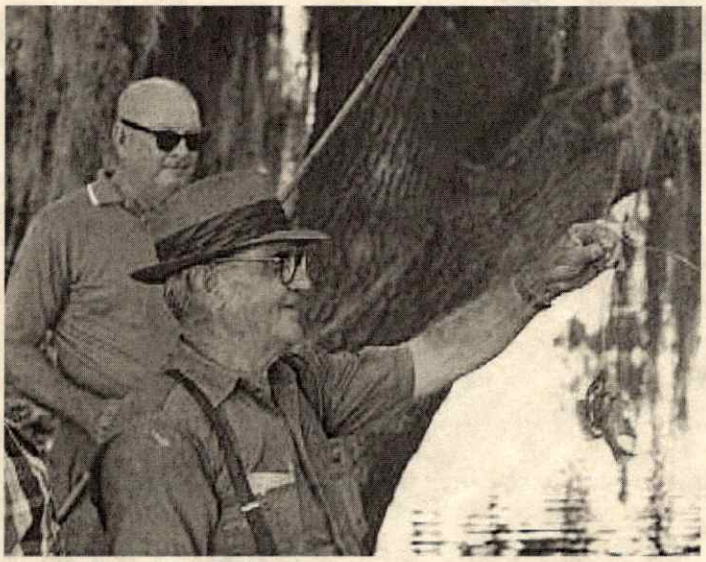
Louise Garrison Trask, Julia Craig Trask, Madeline Trask ('Sister'), Mary Canada Trask
Sister's House, Wrightsboro, N. C.
1993

Red Rice

Elizabeth Evans Brown

1 cup rice, washed
1 medium onion, diced
2 cans of water (tomato paste can)
2 tsp. sugar
butter
3 slices bacon
1 can tomato paste
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper

Put rice in top of rice steamer and wash.
Fry bacon until crisp and drain.
Sauté diced onion in bacon drippings. Cook until soft.
Add tomato paste to onions and stir.
Add salt, pepper and sugar.
Cook uncovered slowly for 10 minutes until mixture thickens.
Add all of this to rice in top of steamer.
Mix in liquid with a fork.
Turn on high and let water in steamer come to a boil.
Cut down heat to simmer and steam for one hour.
After all liquid soaks into rice, stir with fork.
When done, stir in crumbled bacon.



John Trask fishing with 'Mr. Mac' (Cape McAlhaney)
Orange Grove, c. 1974

Charleston Red Rice

Charleston Receipts

6 cups
Water may be substituted withV-8 juice or chicken broth.
Raw shrimp can be added at end and allowed to cook during last few minutes or cooked shrimp can be added with bacon.

5 slices bacon
1 6 oz. can tomato paste
1 T. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 cups long grain raw rice
1-3/4 cup chopped onion
1 ½ cup water
2 tsp. sugar
dash of Tabasco

Place bacon in a large, heavy pot.
Cook over moderate heat until crisp.
Remove bacon -- drain on paper towel.
Add onion to bacon drippings – cook until soft.
Add tomato paste, water, salt, sugar and pepper.
Bring to a boil over moderately high heat.
Add rice.
Reduce heat to low.
Cover pot and cook about 20 minutes.
Sprinkle 1/4 cup boiling water over the top of the rice.
Cover and cook for 5 to 10 minutes longer or until rice is tender.
Remove from heat.
Add crumbled bacon to rice, mixing gently with fork.

Steamed Rice

1 cup raw rice
1 ½ tsp. salt
1 cup water

Wash rice thoroughly four times with fresh water each time.
Drain.
Fill bottom of rice steamer with water (about 1/3 full or more full).
Put on high heat and let boil hard for at least 20 or 30 minutes.
Cut heat down (medium or low).
Continue to steam for 30 minutes.
Don't lift lid unless absolutely necessary.

Wild Rice

Serves 6

One of the best ways to cook wild rice is to cover the rice three times with boiling water. Use fresh boiling water each time! This method takes 1- 1½ hours.

8 oz wild rice **1½ tsp. salt**

Wash the wild rice thoroughly in cold water.
Put rice in a saucepan.
Cover rice with 4 cups of rapidly boiling water.
Put lid on pan and let the rice stand for 30 minutes.
Drain.
Repeat this twice, adding salt to the last 4 cups of water.
The rice may be kept warm in the oven (low) or in a double boiler.
Cover if held longer than 5 minutes.
Season with salt, pepper and generous amounts of butter when serving.

Hoppin' John

Mrs. Poulnot

2 cups black-eyed peas or field peas
3 slices bacon
1 red onion, sliced
salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. Tabasco
½ tsp. salt
1 cup long grain rice, raw
5-6 cups of water

Soak the peas overnight.
Pour off liquid in the morning.
Fry the bacon.
Remove bacon and fry onions in the bacon grease.
Put water in large kettle.
To water, add onions, bacon, peas, Tabasco and rice.
Cook 20 to 25 minutes, stirring occasionally until rice is tender.
Yields four to five servings.

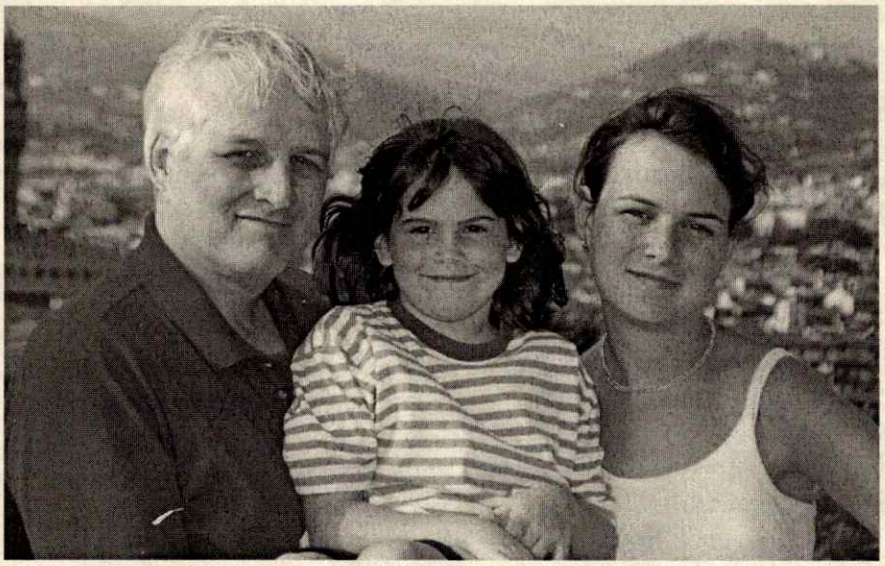
Baked Hominy with Cheese

Delicious with broiled fish roe and bacon.

1/3 cup quick grits
1 egg
salt and pepper
paprika
1/3 stick of butter
1 oz. milk
2/3 cup sharp grated cheese

Cook grits as directed.
When cooked to desired thickness, add butter.
When melted and stirred in well, remove from heat.
Beat egg with milk, salt and pepper.
Add this to grits along with 2/3 cup of cheese.
Mix thoroughly.
Pour into buttered casserole.
Top with grated cheese and sprinkle with paprika.
Bake at 400 degrees on bottom shelf for 30 minutes.

Makes 2 or 3 servings.
Can triple. Bake larger quantity for one hour: 1 stick butter , 3 oz milk; 3 eggs; 3 ½ lb. sharp cheese grated coarsely.



Fred, Julia, Mary, 1996

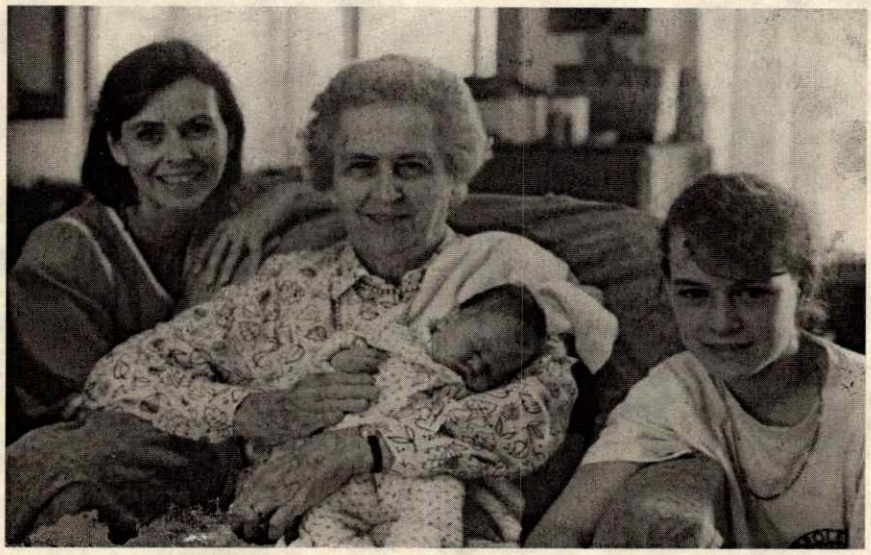
Shrimp and Grits

4 servings

1 lb. med-size shrimp, peeled
peanut oil
1 cup sliced scallions
4 T. fresh lemon juice
2 T. chopped fresh parsley
fresh ground black pepper
6 slices bacon
2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
1 clove garlic, crushed in press
salt
parsley
1 recipe cheese grits, hot

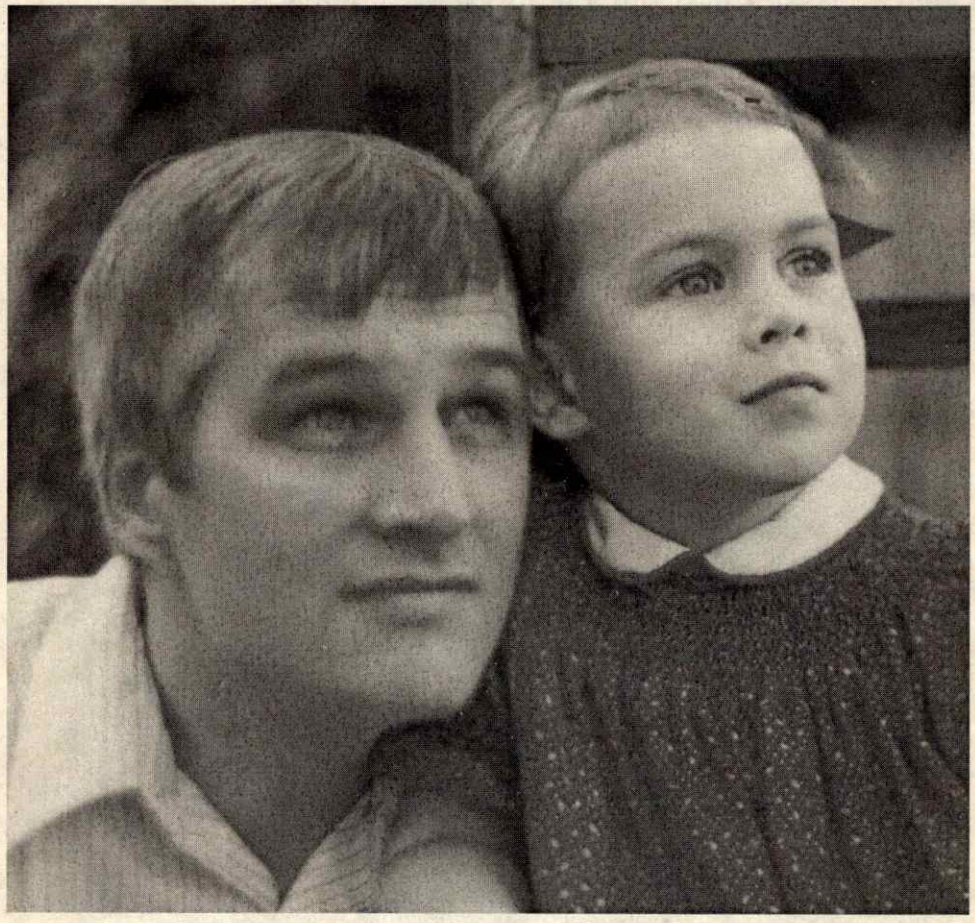
Rinse the shrimp and pat dry, then set aside.
Dice the bacon.
Fry lightly in large skillet until edges are browned.
Drain the bacon on paper towels; set aside.
Add enough oil to bacon fat to make a thin layer.
Add the shrimp and cook until they begin to turn pink.
Add mushrooms.
Sauté, stirring frequently, about four minutes.
Sprinkle with scallions and bacon, then add garlic.
Season with lemon juice, pepper sauce, parsley, salt and pepper.

Serve with baked hominy and cheese or cheese grits made by adding grated cheese to quick grits. Place grits on warm plate.
Spoon shrimp on top.
Serve immediately.



Louise, Flora, Baby Julia, Mary, 1989
Cane Island Retreat

Vegetables & Side Dishes



Frederick Graham Trask and Mary Canada Trask, 1980
Duke Street, Beaufort

Black-Eyed Peas and Ham Hocks

Serves 6

3 cups dry black-eyed peas
3 lbs. smoked ham hocks
1 cup chopped celery
1/8 tsp. cayenne
1 10 oz pkg. frozen cut okra
12 cups water
1¼ cups chopped onions
1 tsp. salt
1 bay leaf

Rinse peas.
In six-quart Dutch oven combine water and peas.
Bring to boil, simmer two minutes.
Remove from heat, cover, let stand one hour.
Do not drain.
Stir in hocks, onion, celery, salt, cayenne and bay leaf.
Bring to boil.
Cover, simmer until hocks are tender and beans are done.
Stir in okra, cook until very tender (10- 15 minutes).
Discard bay leaf.
Season to taste.

Butter Beans

1 quart shelled butter beans
1 large piece country ham
2½ cups water

Wash and sort the butter beans.
Drain.
Put a good size piece of country ham in water.
Boil hard for 30 minutes.
Add beans.
Put on lid and simmer for 15 minutes.
Cut down heat to low and cook until beans are tender (20 to 30 minutes).
Add seasoning.

If freezing, do not cook all the way and do not season. Season at time of serving.

Ginger Candied Carrots

6 portions

12 medium-sized carrots
¼ cup brown sugar
½ tsp. caraway seeds
4 T. sweet butter, melted
1 ½ tsp. ground ginger

Peel carrots and cut into 1 inch lengths.
Place in saucepan.
Add cold water to cover.
Cook carrots until tender (25-30 minutes).
Melt butter in a small saucepan.
Add brown sugar, ginger and caraway seeds.
Mix and set aside.
When carrots are done, drain and return to the pot.
Pour butter mixture over them.
Cook over low heat for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally.
Transfer to a serving dish and serve immediately.

Elizabeth's Creamed Corn

Elizabeth Evans Brown

6 uncooked ears of Silver Queen corn
1 T. sugar
2 T. butter
pinch of salt

Take kernels off cobs of approximately 6 ears.
Place in saucepan.
Add sugar, butter and salt.
Cook over low heat for about five to ten minutes.
Stir constantly (or it will burn). This makes its own liquid.

Crispy Eggplant

Serves 4-6

1 lb. eggplant
1 T. finely minced onions
1/3 cup dry bread crumbs
2 tsp. dried Italian seasoning
½ cup mayonnaise
½ tsp. salt
1/3 cup parmesan cheese

Wash and dry eggplant -- not necessary to peel.
Slice into ¼ inch slices.
Mix together mayonnaise, onion and salt.
Spread this mixture on both sides of eggplant.
Mix together crumbs, cheese and seasoning.
Roll eggplant in this mixture.
Place eggplant in shallow pan.
Bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes.

Fresh Green Beans with New Potatoes

4- 6 Servings

1½ lb. fresh green beans
¼ lb. diced salt pork or ham hock
Pinch of sugar
6 cups of water
salt to taste
1 lb. small new potatoes, peeled

String the beans, cut in 1½ inch pieces and wash.
Put water in a 3-quart saucepan.
Add salt pork or ham hock.
Cover and cook about 20 minutes.
Place peeled potatoes on top of beans.
Continue to cook until potatoes are tender.

Okra and Tomatoes

Pearl Washington

Tomatoes, finely chopped
Okra, sliced
Bacon, cut in pieces
Salt
Pepper
Bacon Fat

Boil tomatoes along with bacon pieces.
Cook 15 minutes.
Sauté sliced okra in bacon fat.
Add tomatoes.
Cook for about 10 minutes.
Season with salt and pepper.

Mixed Summer Vegetables

Rosa Daniels

3 large green bell peppers
1 big spring onion, diced
12 small pods of fresh okra
4 or 5 large tomatoes, chopped
1 tsp. salt
4 ribs celery hearts, diced
2 oz. bacon grease
4 ears of corn, cut off cob
½ tsp. sugar
½ tsp. pepper

In bacon grease, sauté peppers, celery and onion.
Cover and cook on medium heat for about 10 minutes.
Then add okra, corn and tomatoes.
Cover pot and bring to a boil.
Cook for about 10-15 minutes.
Season with sugar, salt and pepper.

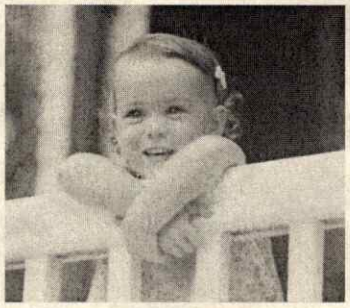
Flora in her garden, c. 1954

Named for the beautiful works of nature she loves, Flora has forty acres of daffodils on Cane Island and a yard full of flowering plants of many varieties. Her beautiful arrangements for her dining room table and the windows of St. Helena's Church are well known. She has a right to be proud of her yard and gardens, which began as a patch of sandspurs but have been developed over the years into a lovely environment of live oaks, magnolias, dogwoods, azaleas, camellias, wisteria, jasmine, roses, tulip trees, camphor trees, palmettos, sago palms, cedars, holly, and many other thriving species. Surrounded on three sides by a six foot high 'pierced' fence of Old Charleston brick and a turn-of-the-century wrought iron fence on the front, the yard surrounding Flora's house is a testament to her hard work and artistic vision. It is a wonderful place to pick flowers, walk around in, play touch football, observe birds and squirrels, or climb magnolia trees. Children love it for those reasons, and because it is their favorite place to watch a parade.

[Louise Garrison Trask]

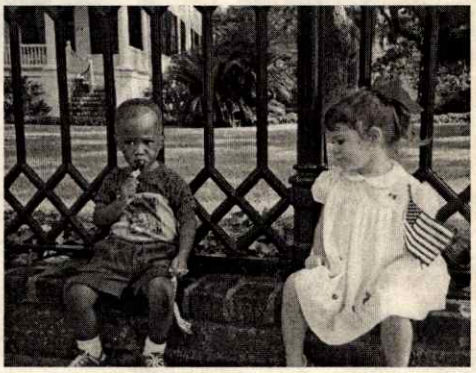
Watching the Parade

1305 Bay Street



Mary Canada Trask 1980

Julia Craig Trask on porch ...



and by fence with friend (1992)

Tootie Fruitie, marching with the band

Stewed Tomatoes with Celery

Elizabeth Evans Brown

12 medium tomatoes
½ tsp. salt
1 piece minced bacon
3 T. sugar
1 stalk celery

Peel and quarter tomatoes.
Put tomatoes, sugar and salt in saucepan.
Cover and cook on medium heat until boiling.
Lower heat to simmer.
Keep covered.
Cook until tomatoes are cooked down (approximately 45 minutes).
Then add the minced celery and bacon.
Bring back to boil on medium heat.
Cook for about 15 -20 minutes.

Tomatoes, Onions and Bell Pepper

Elizabeth Evans Brown

20 - 24 medium tomatoes
1 bell pepper, chopped
1 T. salt
1 stick butter
4 medium Vidalia onions
2 hot peppers, cut in half
2 T. sugar

Peel and chop tomatoes and onions.
Sauté onions in butter with tomatoes.
Cook for 25-30 minutes.
Then add salt and sugar and peppers.
Cook for 5 minutes.
Remove hot peppers after cooking.

Betty's Baked Squash

Serves 4-6

6 medium-size yellow squash
½ tsp. salt
1 T. sugar
1 cup cornbread crumbs
½ shredded cheddar cheese
2 T. margarine
½ tsp. pepper
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 egg, beaten

Clean squash and cut into 1 inch slices.
Place in a saucepan and cover with water.
Cook squash until tender.
Drain water and add remaining ingredients except cheese.
Mix thoroughly.
Place in a 1½ quart casserole.
Sprinkle with shredded cheese.
Bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 – 25 minutes until golden brown.

Yellow Squash Casserole

Elizabeth Evans Brown

8 very small crooked neck squash
3-4 T. butter
¼ tsp. pepper
2 slices bread, toasted crumbled
1 tsp. grated onion
½ tsp. salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cup water

Wash squash and cut crosswise in about 4 slices.
Put in small saucepan with water.
Cover with lid and boil for about 15 minutes.
Remove from heat and drain water off by tilting lid.
Leave in same pot and grate onion, butter, and pepper.
Mash squash.
In another bowl, beat 1 egg and add to squash.
Stir well.
Add bread crumbs.
Stir again.
Put all in a greased small casserole.
Top with bread crumbs.
Bake in preheated 350 degrees oven for 15-20 minutes.

Elizabeth's Sweet Potatoes

Elizabeth Evans Brown

3 large raw sweet potatoes
1½ cup sugar
3 slices of lemon
3-5 T. of butter
Sprinkle of nutmeg and cinnamon
Splash of water (scant ¼ cup)
1 tsp. vanilla

Wash and peel potatoes.
Slice lengthwise into very thin slices.
Put into very large pan.
Do not put potatoes on top of each other. Single layer them.
Add all remaining ingredients.
Put top on pot.
Bring to a slow boil on low heat to avoid burning.

Fried Zucchini

Important to use zucchini that are very young and still in season.

6 small zucchini
½ cup flour
salt
¼ cup milk or water
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup olive oil
pepper

Do not peel the zucchini. Slice very thin.
Blend together 1 egg with salt, pepper and milk or water.
Dip zucchini into the egg mixture, then into flour which has been lightly seasoned with salt and pepper.
Fry in olive oil or Crisco (HOT) about 5 minutes.
Drain on paper towel.
Serve immediately.

Cheese Pudding

Serves 6

10 slices white bread
2 cups sharp cheese grated
½ tsp. dry mustard
4 eggs
2/3 stick butter softened to spread
1 1/3 tsp. salt
3 cups milk

Trim crust from bread and spread with softened butter.
Cut each slice into 4 pieces.
Alternate layer of cheese and bread in 2½ quart baking dish.
Start with cheese and end with cheese on top.
(Be careful not to use cheese up before reaching the top.)
Mix dry mustard with salt.
Combine with milk and eggs and mix together with a wire whisk.
Beat until well blended.
Pour this mixture over the cheese and bread.
Let stand in refrigerator for several hours – overnight is better.
Cover dish while in refrigerator.
When ready to bake, remove cover.
Let stand to room temperature before baking.
Bake about 40-45 minutes at 325 degrees.
Cook until rises, being sure all cheese melts and is lightly browned.

Broccoli Casserole

Kackie (Katherine Carr) Graham

2 pkgs. frozen broccoli
1 can cream of mushroom soup
dash nutmeg
¼ stick butter, melted
½ lb. sharp cheddar cheese
¼ cup milk
¼ cup plain croutons
paprika

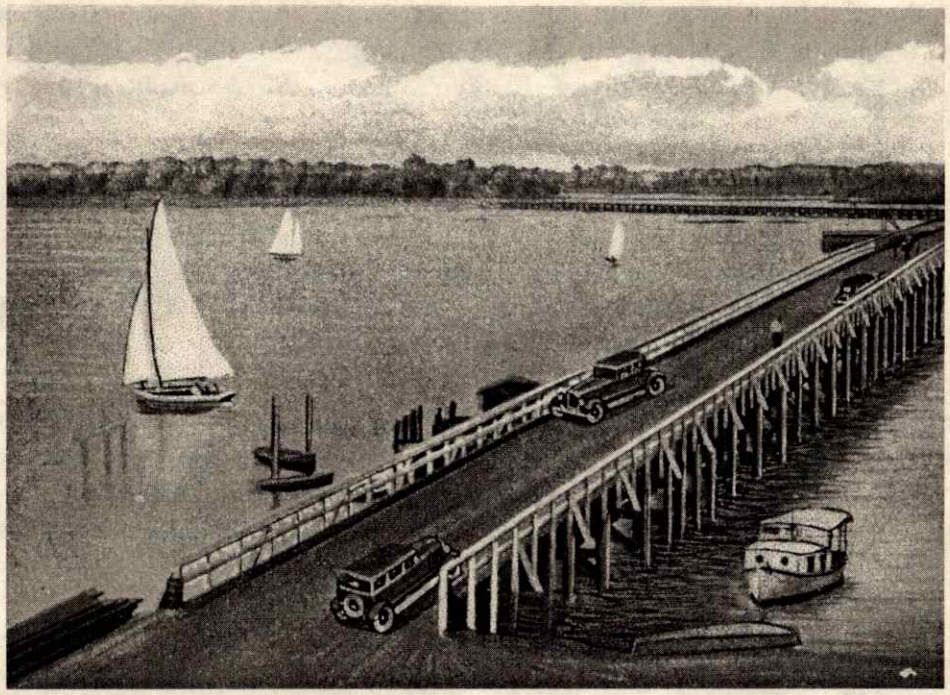
Cook the broccoli according to directions on package.
When it begins second boil, remove from heat and drain.
Place broccoli in a 1½ quart pyrex dish. Add grated cheese.
Blend soup with milk and add dash of nutmeg.
Pour over broccoli and cheese.
Toss croutons in melted butter.
Sprinkle over top of casserole. Sprinkle with paprika.
Bake in 350 degrees over for 20-30 minutes.
Cook until bubbly and heated throughout.
DO NOT OVERCOOK.

Macaroni & Cheese

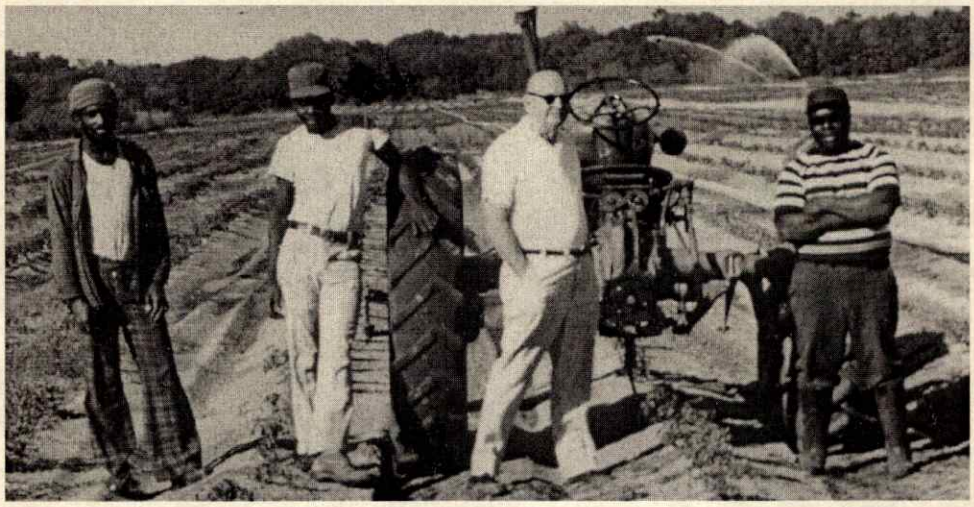
2 Servings

1/3 cup elbow macaroni
1 egg
½ cup grated cheddar cheese
paprika
2 cups boiling salted water
1/3 cup evaporated milk
seasonings as desired
additional cheese for topping

Add macaroni to boiling salted water and cook for 15 minutes.
Rinse and drain. Beat egg and milk together.
Add to cooked macaroni along with grated cheese.
Add seasonings as desired. Turn into a greased ½ quart baking dish.
Sprinkle with additional grated cheese and paprika.
Bake at 350 degrees for 25 – 30 minutes.



The old wooden bridge, from Carteret Street to Lady's Island
c. 1922



Big John Trask with Theodore 'Tom' Major (on right) and tractor drivers.
c. 1969
Planting tomatoes at Orange Grove

Old Timey Bush Tomatoes

'Boy,' he called me. I called him, 'Daddy-O.'

It'd be about the middle of June and I'd be hunting doodlebugs under the back steps with my six guns on and he'd come out with this wild look in his eye and I'd say, 'Where you going, Daddy-O?' and he'd say, 'Crazy. Want to go?' and I'd say, 'Where's that?' and he'd say, 'Hop in.'

We'd drive downtown to the Piggly Wiggly and then out to the Island. We'd go rumbling over the bridge about 55 and send chunks of asphalt flying into the river. We'd race down Meridian Road at seventy, go sliding around the curves on Cane and fishtail into the tomato fields where Mr.Tedder would be standing and slam on brakes. Then we'd sit in the air conditioning for a while and wait for the dust to settle.

It'd be about a hundred degrees. The home crew would be wearing three layers of skirts and red bandanas around their necks and hats on their heads made of rolled-up paper bags. Some of the ladies would be smoking corncob pipes. The men would be stacking the crates.

Daddy'd get out of the car and survey the field, hedgerow to hedgerow. Then he'd start walking the rows.

'Mornin', he'd say.

'Mornin', Mr. John,' they'd say.

'Hot, ain't it?' he'd say.

'Dry, too,' they'd say. 'Need rain.'

'Rain'll kill you,' he'd say. 'Drought'll just scare you to death.'

'That be true,' they'd say, 'but we could stand us a drizzle.'

Two mainstays of the Home Crew, Louis Green and Mary Owens

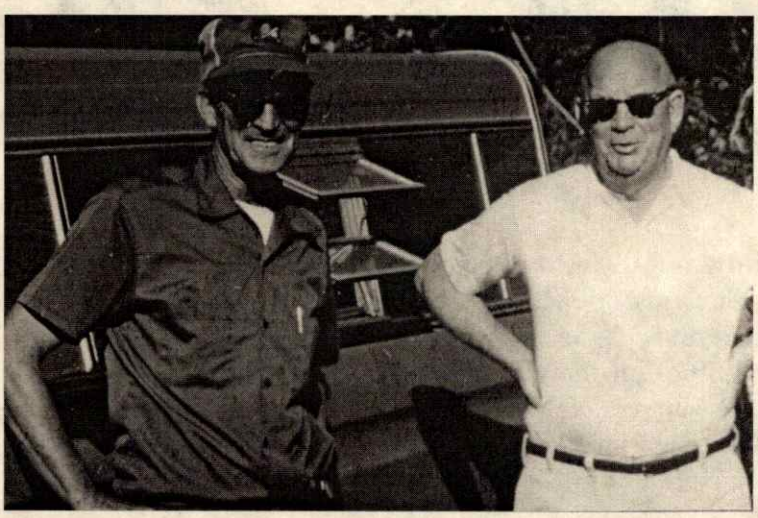
The crates would be stacked five high at the end of the rows. Daddy'd poke around inside the ones on top and throw out the culls. If he found a crate that had mostly pinks he'd dump the whole thing on the ground. 'Pick 'em green,' he'd yell out to the hands. 'You know better'n this'. Then he'd drop his voice and say, 'Tedder, stay on 'em. Don't let 'em slack off. We got to get this crop out the field.'

'I been after 'em all morning, Mr. John,' Tedder would say, 'They been grumbling. There ain't much here. This the third picking, you know.'

'Confound their grumbling,' Daddy'd say. 'Tell 'em to get down and look for 'em. They're fourteen dollars F.O.B. in New York. Get all you can get.'

'I'm doing my best, Cap'n,' Tedder would say.

'Look here, you all,' Daddy would shout, then he'd bend down and grab a handful of vines that were full of tomatoes and rip them out of the ground and hold them up for everybody to see. 'Plenty 'matoes left in this field. Get 'em all. Don't leave a one. Nary a one, you hear me?'

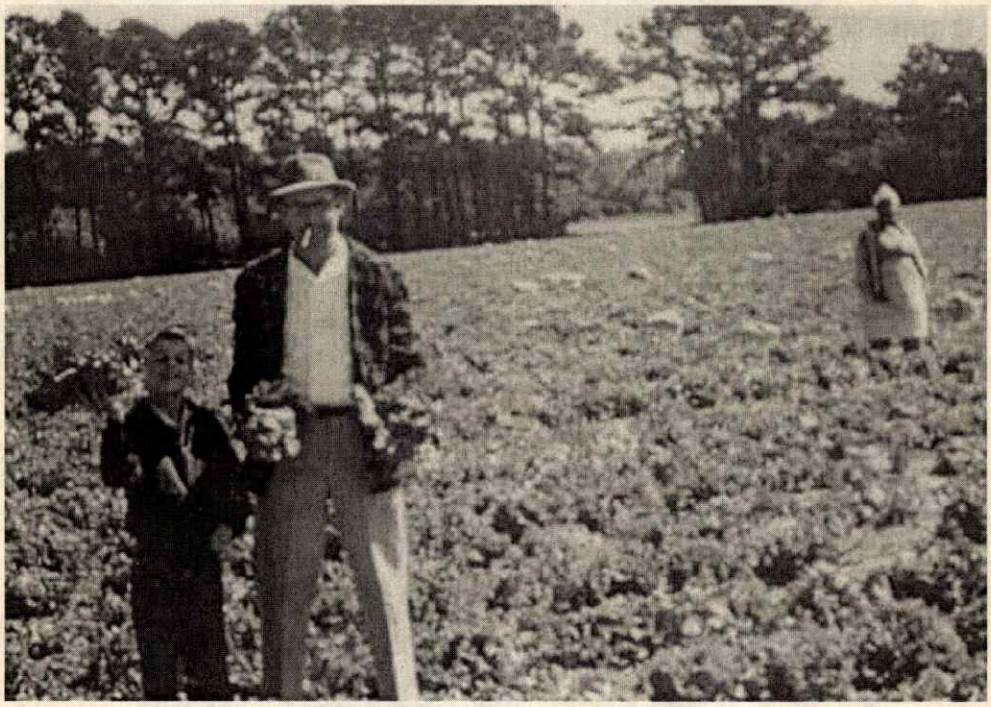


Quentin Tedder and Big John
c. 1974

When everything was running smooth, Daddy'd lean back against the hood of Tedder's pickup with his arms folded and enjoy the scene. A truck would get loaded and head off to the packinghouse, and another truck would take its place. Like clockwork.

After a while he'd walk out in the field and pick the reddest, fattest tomato he could find, reach in his pocket and pull out a shaker of salt, shake a little on, take a huge bite, and say, 'Good for what ails you, Boy. Want one?' and I'd say, 'I'm allergic, Daddy-O.'

He'd look at me like I was half-cracked and say, 'Run get a basket then ... pick some pinks for Mama,' and I'd run get a basket and fill it up and come back, and tomato juice would be dribbling off his chin and he wouldn't even know it.



John Trask and son, Fred
Lettuce field, Burton farm
1954

Daddy planted a hundred acres in those days. He drove around in a Lincoln Continental with a whip antenna and called himself Tomato King. I called myself Tarzan, King of the Jungle.

Sometimes on the way home he'd slow down to look at the herons in the marsh between Cane and Gibbs. I remember once he stopped by the side of the road and let me swing on the vines in a big oak tree.

[Frederick Graham Trask]

Salads & Dressings

Julia Craig Trask, gardening, 2000
Cat Island

Cole Slaw

4 cups cabbage, shredded
4 carrots, grated
½ cup sugar
½ T. dry mustard
½ T. celery seed
¼ T. pepper
1 green bell pepper, chopped
3 spring onions, finely chopped
½ cup brown vinegar
¼ T. turmeric
1/2 T. salt

Combine vegetables in large bowl.
Set aside.
Combine all else in saucepan.
Bring to boil and boil for one minute.
Pour over vegetables.
(Can double it.)
Chill 12 hours, stirring occasionally.

Cranberry Congealed Salad

Isabel James Lehto

12 molds

1 tall can whole cranberries
1 cup pecans, cut coarse
¼ cup cold water
1 package lemon Jell-O
½ cup orange juice
1 1/2 cups crushed pineapple
1 cup chopped celery
1 envelope gelatin
1 ½ cup boiling water

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes.
Add lemon Jell-O and boiling water.
Dissolve well.
Add cranberries, pineapple and its juice, and the orange juice.
Place in molds.
Let congeal in refrigerator.

Frozen Fruit Salad

Edith GrahamToms

¼ cup sugar
1½ T. flour, unsifted
½ tsp. salt
¾ T. vinegar
¾ cup pineapple juice
cherries for garnish
2 cups mixed fresh fruit
3 bananas
½ pint whipping cream

Mix together well the sugar, flour, salt, and pineapple juice.
Put in saucepan and boil until very thick, stirring constantly.
This makes the dressing. Allow it to cool.
Cut up mixed fruit and mash the bananas.
After dressing is cool, using half of the mixture; fold in the fruit.
Whip the cream, then fold into mixture
SAVE the other half of the cooked dressing in the refrigerator
Serve salad with a dollop of mayonnaise. Garnish with cherry.

'Little Miss Edith'
Edith Hemenway Graham Toms
a.k.a 'Auntee'
c. 1979

Grapefruit Aspic

Jean McCoy Graham

Serves 12

2 cans grapefruit, drained
1 1/3 cups boiling water
½ cup almonds
2 packages lemon Jell-O
6 oz crushed pineapple, drained

Dissolve lemon Jell-O in boiling water.
Add juice from grapefruit.
Add grapefruit sections (cut up), pineapple and almonds.
Chill until firm, then serve.

Congealed Pineapple Salad

Isabel James Lehto

8 molds

1 #2 can crushed pineapple
1 package Lemon Jello
½ cup cold water
1 grated carrot
1½ cup boiling water
½ cup orange juice
1 envelope Knox gelatin
2 T. lemon juice

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes.
Add Jello and boiling water.
Dissolve all gelatin thoroughly.
Add pineapple with juice, orange juice, and lemon juice. Mix.
Pour into molds.
Chill in refrigerator.

Chicken Salad

Caroline Clark Trask

Turkey can be substituted for chicken.

3 cups chicken, diced
2 ½ cups seedless grapes, halved
2 cups celery, cut fine
salt to taste
1½ cups mayonnaise
6 tsp. milk
1½ tsp. chutney
1½ tsp. curry powder

Combine chicken, grapes and celery and set aside.
In a blender mix mayonnaise, milk, chutney and curry powder.
Mix into the chicken.
Chill.
Serve in the summer in half of a cantaloupe.

Shrimp Salad

Mrs. Lamar Brantley

2 lbs. cooked shrimp
½ cup finely chopped celery
2 T. mayonnaise
2 boiled eggs, finely chopped
2 T. Durkee's dressing
sprinkling of curry powder

Cook shrimp in salted water with celery leaves and onions.
Peel and devein shrimp. Discard celery leaves and onions.
Mix cooked shrimp with eggs and celery.
Mix in mayonnaise and Durkee's.
Add salt and pepper to taste.
Add more dressing and mayonnaise if desired.

Creamy Shrimp Salad

Can be mixed in food processor.

8 oz. cream cheese, softened
1 T. onion juice
1 1/2 Worcestershire sauce
1/4 tsp. celery (finely cut)
1 1/2 lbs. boiled & peeled shrimp
¼ tsp. Curry powder
2 T. lemon juice
1 T. mayonnaise
1/4 tsp. red cayenne pepper
OR
1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce

Cream together cream cheese and lemon juice.
Add in onion juice.
Mix in mayonnaise, Worcestershire sauce, pepper, curry and celery.
Mix well.
Grind shrimp and add to above.
Add salt to taste.
Serve on a bed of lettuce.

Celery Seed Dressing for Fruit Salad

Margaret Scheper

½ cup sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 cup salad oil
1/3 cup vinegar
1 tsp. dry mustard
½ T. onion juice
1 T. celery seeds or poppy seeds

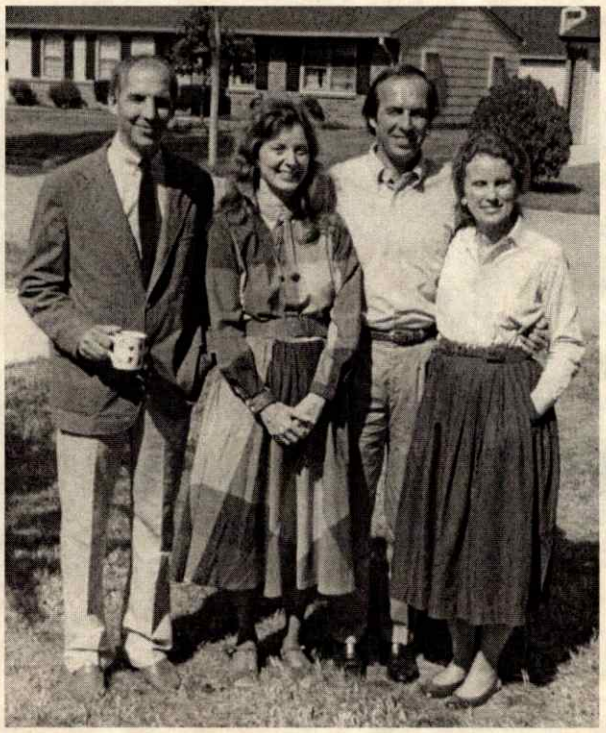
Mix sugar, dry mustard, salt and onion juice with half of the vinegar.
Gradually add salad oil and remaining vinegar alternately.
Add celery seeds or poppy seeds.
Refrigerate and shake well before using.

French Dressing

FGT

2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. accent
1 tsp. dry mustard
1/8 tsp. red pepper
1 cup olive oil
½ tsp. oregano leaves, crushed
2 tsp. sugar
½ tsp. paprika
¼ tsp. black pepper
½ cup vinegar
2 cloves garlic, split

Put all ingredients in a quart jar with screw lid.
Shake well for five minutes.
Keep refrigerated.
Remove garlic in 2 or 3 days as it becomes bitter.



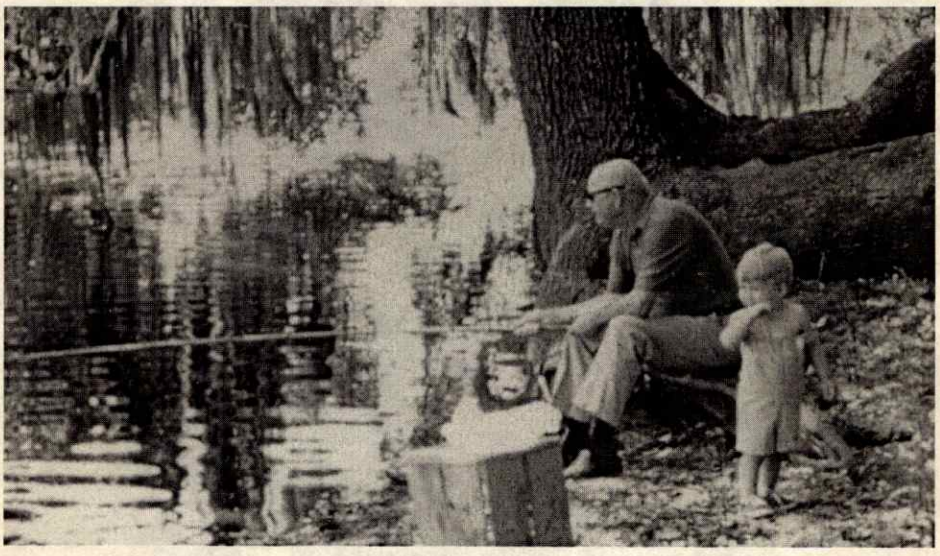
Charles, Molly, John, and Caroline Trask
c. 1997

Poppy-Seed Dressing

3 ½ cups

1½ cups sugar
2 tsp. salt
3 T. onion juice
3 T. poppy seeds
2 tsp. dry mustard
2/3 cup vinegar
2 cups salad oil (NOT olive oil)

Mix sugar, mustard, salt and vinegar.
Add onion juice and stir it in thoroughly.
Add oil slowly, beating constantly, continue to beat until thoroughly mixed.
Add poppy seeds and beat for a few minutes.
Store in a cool place or refrigerator.
Dressing will not separate unless it becomes too cold.



John Trask fishing with grandson, Graham Bowen Trask, at Orange Grove c. 1970

Going to the beach

Lumina, Wrightsville Beach, c. 1925

Come July 4th the last tomato would've been picked and we'd head for Wrightsville Beach. Daddy would drive Mama's Fleetwood and Brother John would follow with Rut Smalls in Daddy's baby blue Chrysler Imperial. Mama would ride shotgun while brothers George, Charles, and I would wedge ourselves into the back seat beside Lizzie Drayton, who took up half the space. With no air conditioning, no seatbelts, and the windows rolled down, Daddy would race down the highway like he was going to a land rush.

Slunk down against the door, his dark glasses on, steering with the underside of his wrist, he'd pass two, three, four cars at a time, going eighty, ninety miles an hour, with Mama screaming all the way, "Slow down, John. You're going to kill us all!" and him growling, "Calm yourself, Mama, I've got it completely under control.'

The trip took normal people six hours. Daddy could do it in four.

We'd gas up at the Sinclair Station on Bay Street at nine a.m. and be making the turn at Garden's Corner by 9:20. We'd tear across the Combahee, the Ashepoo, and the Edisto like a rocket, go weaving

through the streets of Charleston at an unholy speed, and be coming down off the top of the Cooper River Bridge by 10:30, with ol' Lizzie's eyes bugging out and her begging, 'Please, Mr. John ... save me, Jesus!'

But soon the gauntlet of sweet grass baskets on the outskirts of Mount Pleasant would be behind us and we'd be heisting up the windows against the fumes from the Georgetown paper mill. We'd cross the delta of the Santee in a rolling oven, at ninety miles an hour, sweating like mules, and make the Georgetown Ice Company in record time. We'd get cokes there and fill up with gas -- then it was over the Waccamaw.

At Pawley's Mama would say, 'Let's stop at the Hammock Shop, Daddy, and give everybody a treat.' Daddy would mutter, 'On the way back, maybe,' and gun it. Mama would be fit to be tied.

At Murrell's Inlet we'd get our first glimpse of the ocean. It would drive us a little crazy. There'd be white dunes and breakers in the distance and we'd cry out, 'The ocean! The ocean!' but then the view would turn to pine trees again, and billboards, because of Myrtle Beach.

We'd find Uncle George at his Ice Plant, smoking a cigar. He'd come limping down off the loading dock with his bad leg. He and Daddy would talk for fifteen minutes, about farming and their kinfolk, while we cooled off watching the ice machine make chips of ice. Then we'd get back on King's Highway.

There'd be patches of blue down the side streets, from the Pavilion to the Ocean Forest, but we wouldn't even bother to look. Our nerves would be pretty well shot by then, and Daddy would be ornery as a snake. He was a man on a mission. He went whipping through Windy Hill and Ocean Drive like a madman, then through Little River, Shallotte, and Bolivia, slowing down only for cops.

The road to Wilmington was long and boring. It went on forever, through sandhills and swamps and stands of pines, then through more sandhills and more swamps and more stands of pines, until finally -- at long last -- there were the Liberty ships anchored in the river ... the two bridges over the Cape Fear ... the left turn onto Castle Hayne Road ... and the gravel lane that led up to the Big House.

**Big Mama,
Emma Borneman Trask**

**Flora and John with Papa,
George W. Trask**

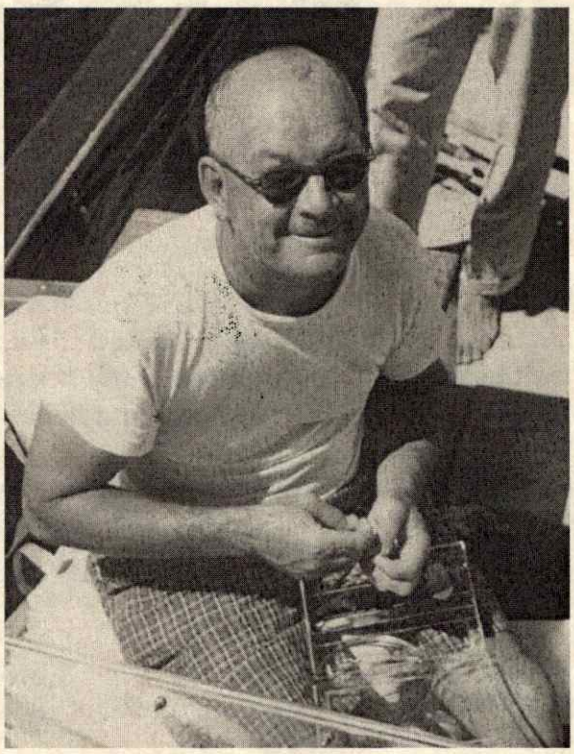
Daddy'd pull up by the sycamore tree and park the car. We'd tumble out and cool off in the shade by the well. The earth would smell delicious there. We'd take a deep whiff, then run to the barn to see Levi and the horses, and down to the goldfish pond, and into the kitchen where Laurie would be standing by the wood stove. Big Mama and Sister would hug us and tell us how big we had gotten and say, 'Praise the Lord'. Papa would give us a dozen ears of corn and some honeydew melons to take to the beach, and a cantaloupe for Granny Graham.

Granny would be in her living room at 108 South Fifth Street, playing Samba with May Belle (Taylor) Pemberton and Isabel (Belden) Moore, who was 'Little Old Lady' to us. We'd ramble around the old grey house for a few minutes, poking our noses into this creaky corner and that. Granny'd sit in her rocking chair and crook her finger at Mama and say, 'You huzzy, tell your hyenas to sit down and behave.'

Finally, it was up Market Street towards Wrightsville, with the trees getting gnarlier and gnarlier the closer you got and the ground turning whiter and whiter with shells. At Babies' Hospital the ocean would be just over the horizon. You could smell it, and you could hear it. It was so close, and you wanted to jump into it so bad, it was all you could do to keep from peeing in your pants. But then Daddy would announce we had to stop at Sap Melton's to buy some bluefish and mackerel for supper.

Sap would emerge with fish scales in his hair and his belly hanging out of his tee shirt. He and Daddy would put their heads together and talk about fish, while his waifs would eye us up and down and we'd eye them. They all had names like Pluff Mud and Marshgrass. Daddy would hire them as strikers from time to time because his reputation as the wildest sea captain on the coast made it nearly impossible to find anyone in his right mind to get in a boat with him, except for Rut Smalls, of course, whose livelihood depended on it. Mama called Sap's brood 'little wretches'. She said they had ringworm and not to get near them, and we didn't.

Sap Melton, Mr. Tedder, Clark Trask, Big John Trask, John Trask III, Caroline Trask Beside the Intracoastal Waterway, approaching Harbor Island, 1968



Cap'n John Trask, baiting a hook in the 'Flora G',
at Hot Shot's Yachtel,
Wrightsville Beach, 1970.
'Strictly a whitewater man.'

Before long Brother John would come tooling by in the Imperial and honk the horn. We'd scratch off out of Sap's and follow him over the Waterway, cross Harbor Island to Station One, and cruise down the Boulevard beside the Sound.

We'd know all the landmarks -- the Yacht Club, the Police Station, the Hanover Seaside Club -- and most of the houses and docks in between. At Lumina we'd make a sharp left, at the Surf Motel a sharp right, and all of a sudden there'd be less than half a mile to go.

Then Daddy would start creeping along, slowing down at Uncle Allen's driveway ... at Cousin Red Echol's house .... at Uncle Heide's ... at Uncle Alex's ... until we thought our bladders would burst, but then there it would be, just as we had left it last year, windows all boarded up, lead paint peeling off the asbestos shingles, swarms of spiky cactus in the yard, a mountain of sand in the driveway -- 839 South Lumina Avenue -- the nearest thing to paradise we'd ever know.

Free at last, we'd catapult ourselves out of the car, bound onto the porch, and feast our eyes on the yellowest sea oats, whitest sand, and bluest ocean God had ever created.

While Rut and Lizzie unpacked the cars, and Daddy went looking for Uncle Rooster, and Mama worried about opening the doors and unshuttering the windows, we'd race over the hot dunes to the waves. Three hours later, with wrinkled fingers and red eyes, we'd stagger home and demand supper.

Lizzie would have fried the fish, boiled the corn, and cooked up some grits. We'd wolf it down and go sit on the porch. The ocean would be inhaling and exhaling. The stars would be coming out. We'd be exhausted, too tired even to shake the sand out of our beds when we went to sleep.

For two solid months, there we'd be, within hollering distance of nine households of aunts and uncles and cousins, some with very peculiar names that sounded perfectly natural to us: Son, Boogah, Tiger, Rooster, Link, Beanie, Polo, Prink, Tuggie, Bubba, June Bug, Hurdledee.

We were a Big Family, and we were all snug in the bosom of it, but we were also a Clan. We could trace our roots clear back through Scotland to the Vikings. We had a certain look about us. We were all stringbeans, brown as berries, with fair hair and bluish eyes. We dominated the southern end of the beach.

All day, every day, we either went swimming in the ocean or skiing in the Sound. Or we'd pile onto the *Nancy Lee* and go bottom-fishing with Uncle Alex, or seining in the inlet with Uncle Beanie and Uncle Bill and Uncle Raiford, or trolling in the shoals with Daddy (if he had enough life preservers and the ocean was calm), or crabbing around the pilings with Rut. There'd always be plenty of fresh seafood around. We'd eat bluefish that were 'swimming an hour ago' with corn that was picked 'this morning.'

About all we did, day in and day out, was have fun. On rainy afternoons we'd play Monopoly and Battle, and on nights when we couldn't get a ride to Newell's, or had a stumped toe and didn't feel like walking to Lumina, we'd stay home and read *The Hardy Boys*, or shell butterbeans with Lizzie, or shoot off rockets and roman candles until the cops came.

One thing we'd always do was spend the night at Big Mama's and Papa's, at least once per summer, twice if we could manage it. We'd ramble around the old attic, ride the horses, and pick the grapes. Then Sister would take us on a picnic to Carolina Beach and 'save' us, and we'd get to ride the ferris wheel and walk on the boardwalk.

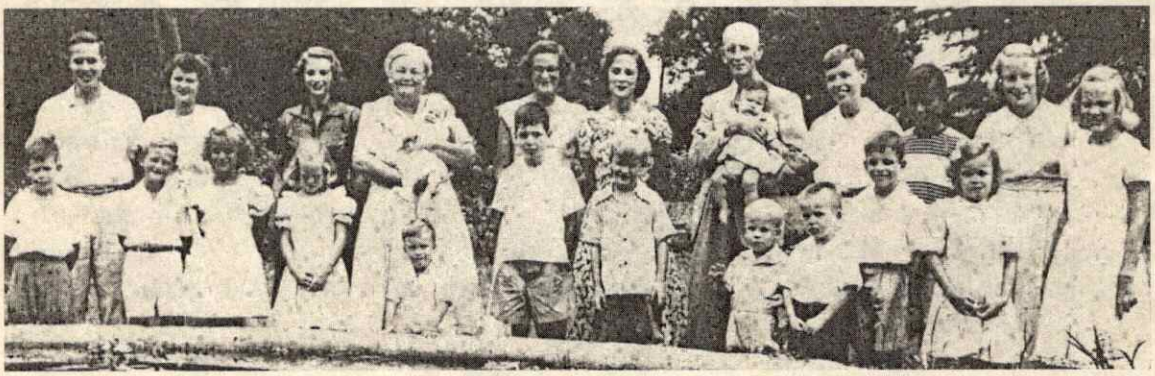
Another thing we never missed was Isabel Lehto and Little Miss Edith when they'd come to 'pickle' in Mama's kitchen. They'd lie on the beach in their bloomer bathing suits for a while. Then they'd come in and slice cucumbers and watermelon rinds. There'd be this vinegary smell, and they'd talk all afternoon about Granny Graham's underwear when she went floating up to heaven.

Time went by even faster than Daddy could drive from Beaufort to Wilmington. Before we knew it, it would be the end of August. Northeasters would be angling in with their riptides and undertows, and Daddy would be worrying about hurricanes and what to do about the boats, and Mama would be worrying about boarding up the house.

We had worries of a different kind.

School would be starting soon, and we'd walk down to the inlet on windy evenings and watch the big moon rise out of the ocean and the waves break over the jetties, and the seaweed collect high on the beach, and we'd dread the day when we would have to cram ourselves back into the car that would take us to that other world we lived in, where none of us had been born, and which, fine and beautiful though it was, would never feel as sweet as the home we knew during those rich and fleeting summers.

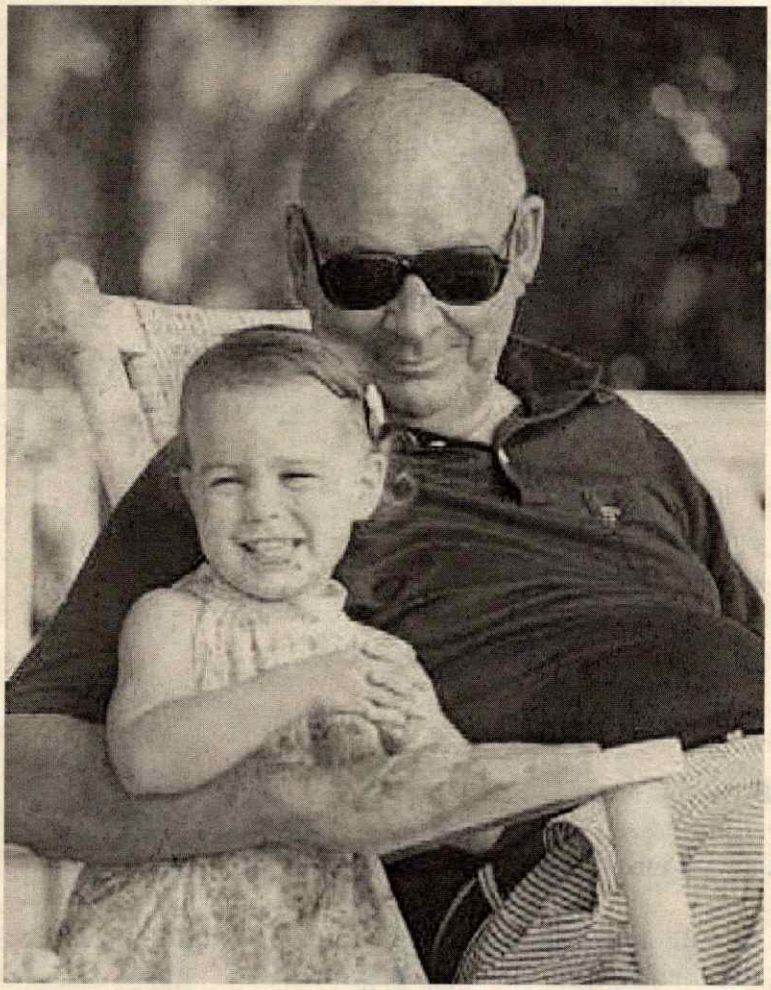
[Frederick Graham Trask]



Big Mama and Papa and their grandchildren, at the goldfish pond, 1949

[back row] Neil Trask, Jr.; Nell Trask; Nancy Trask; Big Mama (Emma Borneman Trask) ; (baby) Virginia 'Ginny' Trask; Margaret Duncan Trask; Amy Leith Trask; Papa (George W. Trask); (baby) Bill 'Tiger' Miars; John M. Trask, Jr.; Raiford Trask, Jr.; Tuggie Trask; Ruth Trask; [front row] Allen Trask, Jr.; C. Heide Trask, Jr.; Sue Trask; George AnnTrask; Harold E. 'Son' Trask; George G. Trask; Alex M. Trask, Jr.; Bill Trask; Fred G. Trask; Charles H. Trask; Kitty McCoy Trask.

Breads



**John M. Trask with granddaughter, Mary Canada Trask,
on front porch of 1305 Bay Street
1980**

Baking Powder Biscuits

Pearl Washington

1 cup plain flour
1½ tsp. baking powder
½ cup milk
3 T. Crisco
1 tsp. salt

Preheat oven 400F.
Mix dry ingredients in mixing bowl.
Add Crisco.
Mix with fork until mealy.
Add milk, making a soft sticky dough.
Take out of bowl onto floured wax paper.
Pat until desired thickness.
Cut out with juice glass.
Place close together in biscuit pan.
Bake for 12-15 minutes or until lightly browned.

Biscuits

Elizabeth Evans Brown

2 cups flour (presifted)
3 tsp. baking powder
enough milk to make sticky dough
½ tsp. salt
3 T. Crisco

Mix flour, salt, baking powder and Crisco with hand until like meal.
Add enough milk until dough is sticky.
Put about 3 T. flour on waxed paper.
Place dough on this and knead until well mixed (firm and smooth).
Roll out ¼ inch thick.
Cut with biscuit cutter.
Place on ungreased cookie-sheet (place so they will touch).
Bake at 450 degrees for 20 minutes on middle shelf.

Cheese Biscuits

FGT

6 dozen-quarter size

2 cups sifted cake flour (or 1 1/2 cups sifted plain flour)
¾ -1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. cayenne pepper
dash paprika
1 stick butter (softened)
8 oz. NY State extra sharp cheese

Preheat oven to 425 F.
Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, pepper and paprika.
Add softened butter. Can cut-in shortening with pastry blender or two knives until finely divided.
Add the cheese and mix lightly with a fork.
Beat until consistency of coarse meal.
Beat only long enough to mix, scraping sides of bowl.
Turn out on to lightly floured surface.
Knead gently folding over a few times to even texture (30 seconds).
Pat or roll ½ - ¾ inches thick.
Cut with flour cutter or cut in squares with knife.
Place on ungreased baking sheet-close together for soft sides; apart for crusty. Gather up scraps, pat out and cut.
Bake for 10-12 minutes or until brown.

Bran Muffins

Emma Trask Miars

3 cups sugar
4 eggs
¾ cup margarine
5 cups flour
5 tsp. baking soda
1 cup nuts
4 shredded wheat biscuits (large)
1 ½ cups boiling water
4 cups all bran
1 quart buttermilk
1 tsp. salt
1 cup dates

Mix sugar, margarine and eggs.
Place 4 wheat biscuits in boiling water.
Add all other ingredients including wheat biscuits into sugar mixture.
Bake in muffin tins at 375 degrees until done.

Will keep in refrigerator up to 4 weeks! This recipe can be halved.

Corn Bread

Elizabeth Evans Brown

¾ cup meal, white or yellow
2 tsp. baking powder
1 T. sugar
1 cup milk
1 cup flour
½ tsp. salt
1 egg
1/3 cup Wesson Oil (or Crisco*)

Preheat oven at 400 degrees.
Heat 11 x 7 x 1½ pan with a little Wesson oil in it.
Put all ingredients in a bowl and stir until smooth.
Pour into hot greased pan.
If using muffin tin fill 2/3 full.
Bake for 15-20 minutes.

***Elizabeth now uses only Crisco instead of oil at Flora's request.**

Corn Bread Muffins

Emma Trask Miars

1 dozen

1 cup flour (sifted)
3 tsp. baking powder
¾ cup corn meal (sifted)
1 cup milk
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. sugar
2 eggs (well beaten)

Sift all dry ingredients together three times.
In a separate bowl beat eggs well.
Add milk and Wesson oil to eggs.
Beat with a few strokes to blend. Don't overbeat.
Pour into greased muffin tins-2/3 full.
Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes.
An 11x 7x 1½ pan can be used.
Be sure to oil the pan.

Nut Bread

(Molly) Margaret Chamberlain Trask

1 egg
1½ cups sugar
dash of salt
1 cup nuts, chopped
3½ cups flour (sifted)
4 tsp. baking powder
1½ cups milk

Preheat oven to 250 degrees.
Beat hard the eggs and sugar.
Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt alternately with the milk.
Mix and pour into greased loaf pan and let stand 20 minutes to rise.
Bake slowly at 250 degrees for 1 hour.
Increase heat to 300 degrees for the last 15 minutes to brown bread.

Sally Lunn

Isabel James Lehto

2 dozen large/ 3 dozen small

½ cup sugar
4 cups sifted flour
2 eggs (unbeaten)
1 envelope yeast
½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt
1 cup milk
½ cup lukewarm water

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water.
Cream Crisco and sugar together.
Add 1 cup sifted flour.
Stir in unbeaten eggs, one at a time.
Add yeast water.
Add remaining flour with salt alternating with milk.
Beat until smooth.
Drop into greased muffin tins -- half full.
Let rise 1 hour or until double in size.
Bake at 400 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

Laurie's Yeast Rolls

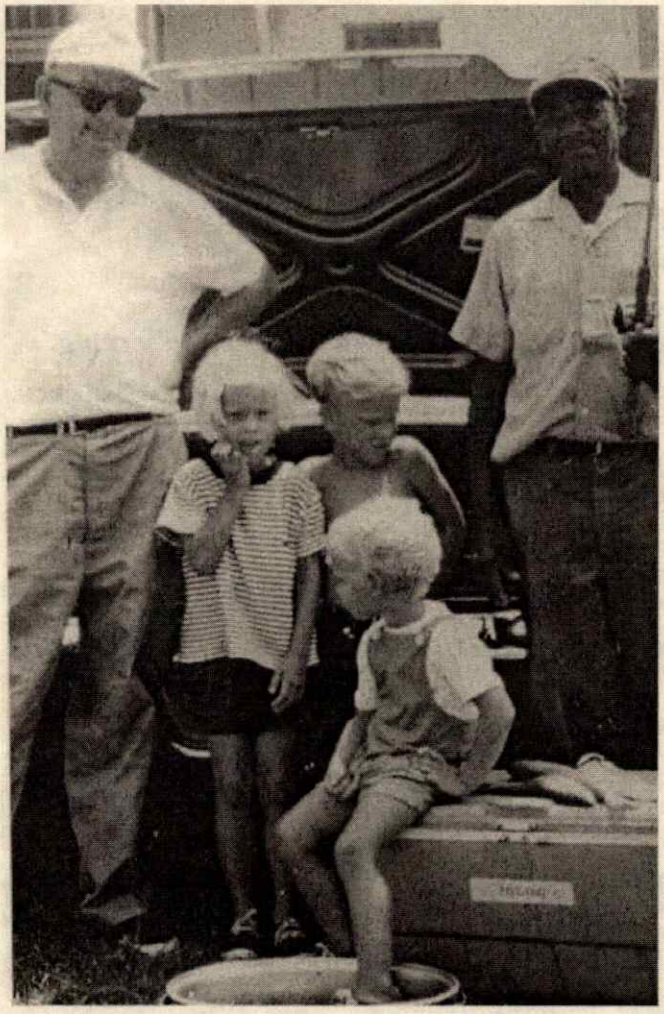
Laurie Adger

2 yeast cakes
Sifter full of flour
1 tsp. salt
2 cups warm milk
3 T. sugar
3 T. Wesson Oil

Dissolve the yeast in warm milk.
Sift flour, sugar and salt into mixing bowl.
Make a well and add oil.
Mix thoroughly.
Be sure dough is stiff (add flour if necessary).
Put in greased bowl and let rise for one hour.
Knead dough on flour board.
Cut out rolls on wooden board.
Place on baking sheet.
Let rise two or three hours.
Bake at 400 degrees for about 20 minutes or until brown.
Rub tops with butter after removing them from pan.

Laurie Adger
Big Mama and Papa's beloved cook
Wrightsboro, Castle Hayne Road, Wilmington, North Carolina
c. 1955

Desserts



Cap'n John and Rut Smalls with
Little Caroline, John III, and Clark
1967

Ambrosia

FGT

6 large navel oranges
¾ cups sugar
½ cup sherry or rum (optional)
frozen grated coconut
Maraschino cherries

Peel and remove sections from oranges, catching any juice in bowl.
Add sugar and mix. Add sherry or rum (optional).
Place in the refrigerator.
In crystal bowl put a layer of oranges, a layer of juice, then coconut.
Continue layers until bowl is filled.
Top with coconut.
Garnish with cherries.
Remove from refrigerator at least an hour before serving.

Apricot and Lemon Sherbet

Jean McCoy Graham

1 3 oz. package lemon gelatin
2 cups water
1 cup syrup from apricots
1 cup sugar
1 #2 can seeded apricots
1 cup whipping cream

Bring water to a boil.
Add gelatin.
Cool and add sugar, apricot juice, cream and drained apricots.
Mix and freeze.
When mixture becomes mushy remove and beat with electric mixer.
Then return to freezer.

Baked Custard

To test for doneness, insert knife into custard. Knife should come out clean. Can be made up to 48 hours ahead.

2 cups milk
½ tsp. vanilla
3 egg yolks
3 T. sugar
2 eggs
4 ramekins or 1 quart soufflé dish

Heat the milk with the sugar until dissolved.
Beat the eggs and yolks until frothy and stir in the milk.
Add the vanilla.
Leave to cool.
Strain into dishes, cover with foil and tie with string.
Set the dishes in a water bath, bring just to a boil on top of the stove.
Place in a preheated 350 degree oven.
Bake 20-25 minutes for ramekins and 30-40 minutes for soufflé dish.
Let cook; then chill.

Boiled Custard

FGT

1 ¼ cups

Cook on LOW until mixture coats spoon.

1 cup scalded milk
¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. vanilla
2 whole eggs
pinch of salt

Scald milk in small saucepan.
In a 1 ½ quart saucepan, heat together eggs, sugar and salt with whisk.
Whisking constantly, pour hot milk in a steady stream into egg mixture.
Remove from heat and add milk to beaten egg very slowly.
Cook over LOW heat (without boiling).
Stir constantly until mixture evenly coats a metal spoon (7 minutes).
If custard forms a straight line, remove immediately. If line is wavy, the custard has not thickened enough.
Remove from heat immediately.
Stir often to cool custard quickly or place saucepan into cold water.
Stir in vanilla.
Turn into a bowl and cover with saran wrap.
Chill.

Chocolate Sauce for Ice Cream

Isabel James Lehto

One quart

7 chocolate squares
salt
2 T. coffee, very strong
2 cups sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 can carnation evaporated milk (large)

Melt chocolate squares in the top of a double boiler.
Stir in sugar.
Cover the pot and cook for 30 minutes.
DO NOT STIR AGAIN.
Add a pinch of salt and vanilla.
Then add very strong coffee.
Add carnation milk, stir and let heat through.
Make ahead and store in covered jar in refrigerator.
When ready to use heat over hot water.

Custard Sauce

Caroline Clark Trask

4 egg yolks
1 ½ cup whipping cream
1/3 cup sugar
1 T. vanilla

Heat cream in saucepan.
Beat egg yolks in separate bowl.
Add sugar.
Pour egg mixture into cream.
Cook until mixture coats a wooden spoon.
Add vanilla.

Delicious Apple Pie

Elizabeth Evans Brown

4 peeled cooking apples
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. ground nutmeg
¼ stick butter, sliced
1 tsp. ground cinnamon
1/8 of a lemon

Line a rimmed stainless steel pie pan with pastry.
Add thinly sliced apples (about 4) piling pyramid fashion.
Add pats of butter.
Mix sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg.
Sprinkle sugar mixture by spoonfuls over the apples.
Squeeze a wedge of lemon over this.
Place a thin layer of pastry over all.
Prick entire surface with fork.
Press edges together with back of fork.
Trim off excess pastry.
Make 4 one-inch slits in top with knife so steam can escape.
Place pie pan on pie rack so juices will not run into oven.
Place on second shelf from bottom and cook at 415 degrees for 25 – 30 minutes, until crust is done on bottom and medium brown on top.
Then reduce heat to 325 and continue cooking for about 25 to 30 minutes until apples are done.

Elizabeth's Pie Crust

Elizabeth Evans Brown

1 cup Pillsbury All Purpose flour
1/8 tsp. salt
2 T. Crisco
ice water

Mix the flour, salt, and shortening with just enough ice water to hold the dough together.
Roll out on a lightly floured surface until very thin.
Line pan with pastry and trim the edges.

***Note: Elizabeth says that this is sufficient for one or two pie crusts.**
The secret is to roll it out until it is very thin.

Gingerbread Sauce

Carolyn Huffines Clark

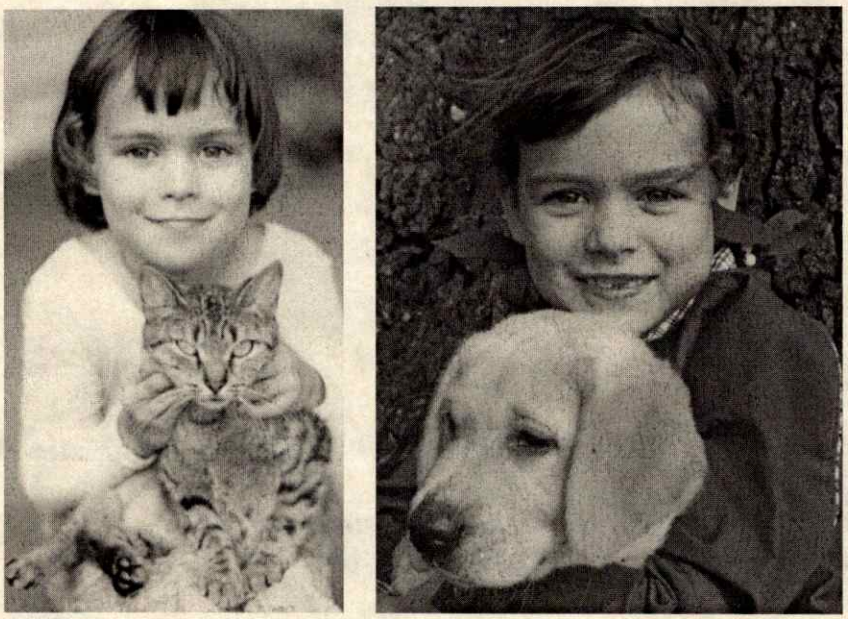
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup butter
1 lemon (juice and rind)
3 T. boiling water

Combine all ingredients in pot.
Cook in double boiler until thick.
Serve warm over gingerbread.

Ginger Marmalade Sauce for Ice Cream

2 cups water
juice one lemon
1 ½ cups sugar
6 T. candied ginger (chopped)

Combine water, sugar and lemon juice.
Bring to a boil and cook slowly.
When thermometer reads 230 degrees take from heat.
Add ginger.
Bring to boil again.
Serve hot or cold.



Mary Trask with Tiger the Cat and Luke the Dog
1982

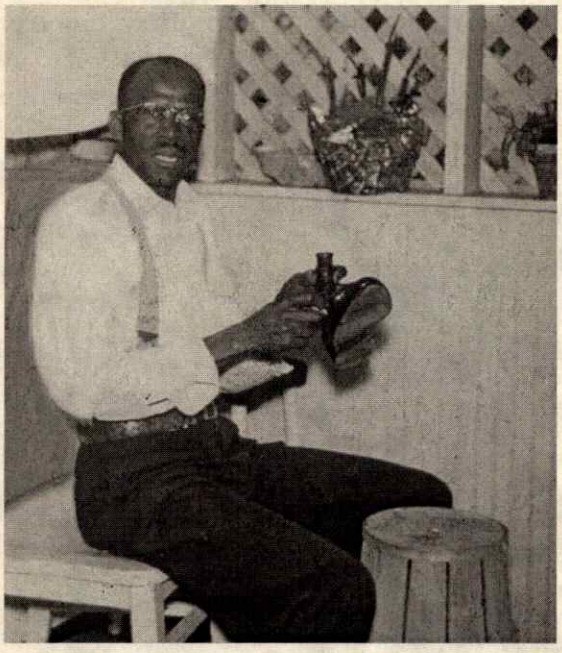
Hot Curried Fruit Casserole

Caroline Clark Trask

Serves 12- 16
This is good with pork or poultry.

1 can pineapple chunks
1 can pear halves
1 bottle maraschino cherries
4 tsp. curry powder
1 can peach halves
1 can apricot halves
½ sticks butter
½ lb. light brown sugar

Drain all fruit.
Make a syrup of butter, curry and brown sugar cooked over low heat.
Layer fruit in a 2 quart casserole pouring syrup over each layer.
Save cherries for top.
Cover casserole and let stand in refrigerator overnight.
Remove from refrigerator 30 minutes before serving.
Bake in oven at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.



Lemuel Wiggins
'A true gentleman.' [Flora Graham Trask]
c. 1957

Lemon Meringue Pie

6- 8 servings

1 baked 9 inch pastry shell
1 cup sugar
1 ½ tsp. grated lemon rind
6 tsp. sugar
¼ cup Argo corn starch
¼ tsp. salt
1/3 cup lemon juice

Mix Argo corn starch, ½ cup water and salt in double boiler top.
Slowly stir in water.
Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thick enough to mound slightly when dropped from spoon.
Cover: cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.
Beat egg yolks and ½ cup sugar.
Blend a little hot mixture into egg yolks, then stir all into remaining hot mixture.
Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly.
Remove from boiling water.
Gently stir in margarine, lemon rind, and juice.
Cool to room temp.
Turn into pastry shell.
Beat egg whites until foamy.
Add sugar, 1 teaspoon at a time, beating well after each addition.
Continue beating until stiff peaks form when beater is raised.
Spread some meringue around edge of filling first, touch crust all around: then fill center.
Bake in 350 degree oven 15-20 minutes, or until meringue is slightly browned.

Flora and her sister, Mary Graham Shigley
c. 1957

Lemon Sponge

Louise Huffines Gaither

serves 15

18 lady fingers split
1½ cups sugar
juice and rind of 2 lemons
½ cup orange juice
8 eggs, separated
1½ T. gelatin
½ cup boiling water
½ pint whipping cream

Beat egg yolks well.
Add ½ cup sugar, juice and rind of lemons.
Cook in double boiler until thick.
Soak gelatin in orange juice.
Add boiling water and pour into yolk mixture.
Let cool.
Beat egg whites stiff.
Add 1 cup sugar (one T. at time).
Fold into yolks.
Line spring mold, bottom and sides, with split lady fingers.
Pour in mixture.
Let stand at least 8 hours in refrigerator.
Release mold on cake plate and top with whipped cream.

Stewed Pears

Madeline Trask

1½ cup sugar
1 stick cinnamon
1 lemon, sliced
¼ tsp. ginger
12 pears
6-8 whole cloves
½ pint of water

Peel, core and cut pears in eighths.
Place everything into a pot.
Bring to a boil.
Cover and simmer until done – 20 to 30 minutes.
Don't overcook -- they will be mushy.

Strawberry Chantilly

1½ cups

Strawberries
½ cup sour cream
½ tsp. vanilla
½ cup whipping cream
2-3 tsp. sifted confectioners sugar

Wash and hull strawberries.
Whip the cream in a chilled bowl with chilled beaters.
Fold in the sour cream, confectioners' sugar and vanilla.
Mix in berries.
Let mixture rest for 2 hours in the refrigerator.

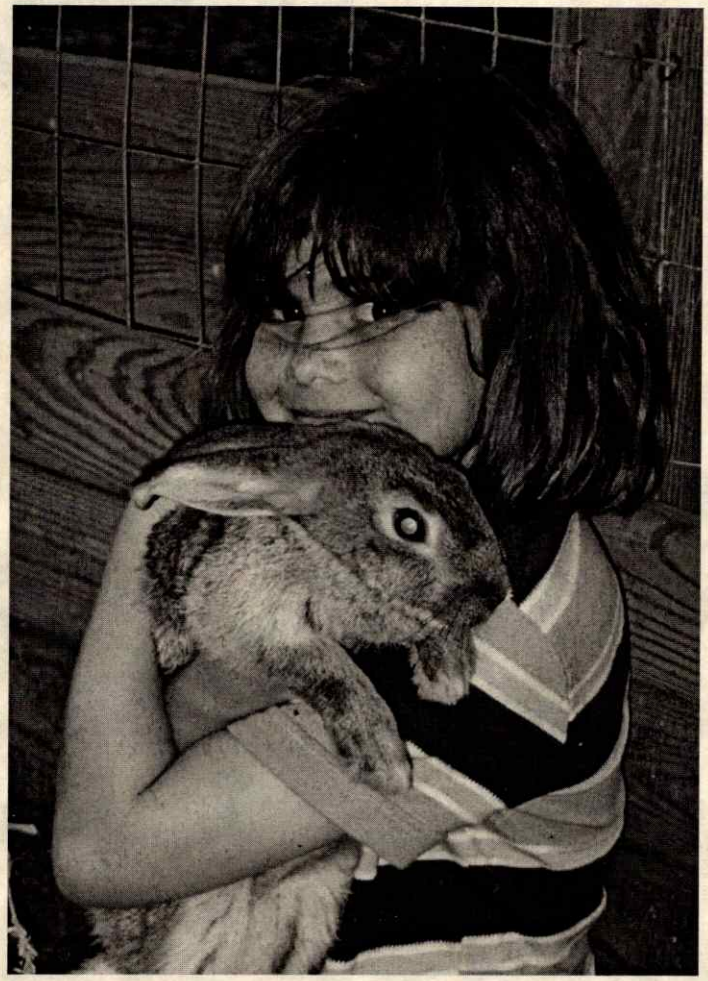
Wine Jelly

Louise Wilson Clark

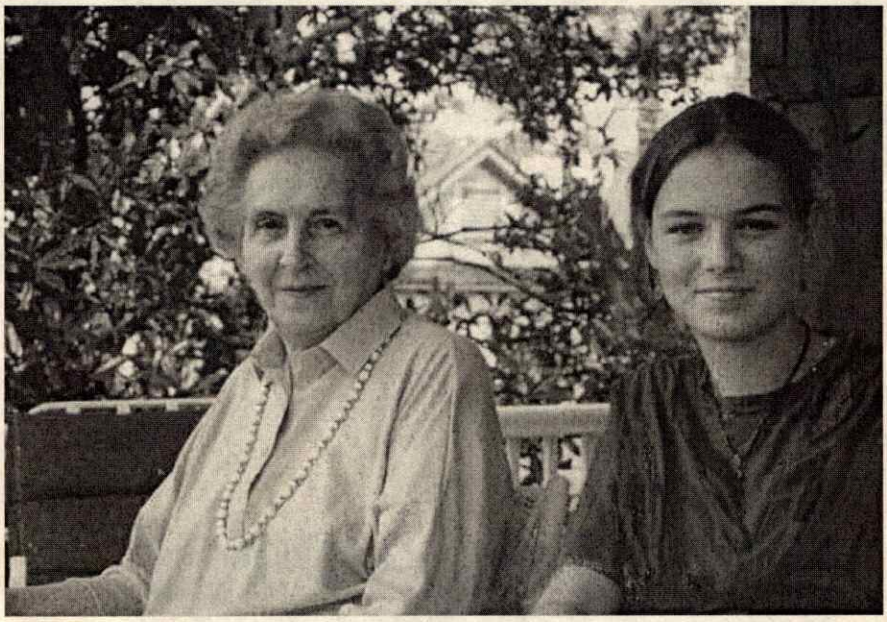
3 packages of gelatin
2 cups of sugar
a few whole cloves
3 cups of sherry
rind of 1 lemon
½ cup of water
½ box of stick cinnamon
3 cups of water
juice of 2 lemons

Soak gelatin in ½ cup of water and lemon rind.
Boil spices in 3 cups of water for 10 minutes.
Strain.
Pour hot water on gelatin and sugar.
When this has melted add wine and lemon juice.
Strain and place in bowl.
Refrigerate.

Cakes, Cookies & Candy



Julia Craig Trask, 1996



Flora with granddaughter, Mary Canada Trask, 1993
1305 Bay Street

[left to right] Flora Trask, Isabel James Lehto, Louise and Mary Trask, Frederick Bolles Graham and his godson, Frederick Graham Trask
Cane Island Retreat
1989

Benne Cookies

Louise Smallbones Hooper (Mrs. Joseph Ward Hooper, Sr.)

1 stick butter
1 egg
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. soda in 1 T. water
1 cup sugar
1 ¾ cup flour
1 tsp. vanilla
1 package sesame seeds, toasted

Sift flour and measure.
Cream butter.
Add sugar, egg, flour, baking powder, soda and vanilla.
Mix thoroughly.
Add toasted benne seeds.
Drop ½ tsp. of batter on greased cookie sheet.
Spread with fork, dipped in cold water.
Bake until golden brown at 325 degrees.
Remove right away.

Brownie Cup Cakes

Ruth Trask Gore

24 Cupcakes

4 squares semi-sweet chocolate
1¾ cup sugar
1 cup pecans, chopped
2 sticks butter
1 cup flour
1 tsp. vanilla

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
Melt chocolate and butter together.
Mix all ingredients together.
Place cup cake paper in muffin tins.
Fill half full.
Bake for 30 minutes.

Butter Cookies

Emma Trask Miars

1 stick butter
1 cup sugar
2 tsp. vanilla
pinch of salt
1 stick oleo
2 cups flour
1 egg white slightly beaten
chopped nuts

Soften butter and oleo -- cream until fluffy (5-10 minutes).
Add sugar slowly and cream until light and airy (5 minutes).
Add vanilla and mix thoroughly until light colored and very fluffy.
Sift and measure flour and sift again.
Add slowly to creamed butter and sugar.
MIX THOROUGHLY.
Then spread as thin as possible on 2 cookie pans.
Use spatula and hands to spread thinly.
Brush with beaten egg white; sprinkle with nuts.
Put one pan on next to bottom shelf and the other on next to top.
Switch pans when half done -- bake until slightly brown (30 minutes) at 250 degrees. Switch pans around on same shelf to brown evenly.
Take out of stove and cut into small squares with sharp knife.
Let cool; then remove and place in tin container.

Flora with 'Uncle Fred', her older brother, Frederick Bolles Graham, c. 1989

Chocolate Caramels

Isabel James Lehto

2 lb. light brown sugar
½ lb. butter
¼ cup water
2 tsp. vanilla
½ lb. unsweetened chocolate squares
1 cup white Karo syrup
pinch of salt
2 cups nuts, chopped fine

Place all ingredients EXCEPT vanilla and nuts in saucepan.
Cook on medium heat until melted.
Simmer until done on warm.
Stir so doesn't stick to bottom of pan.
Do not stir unless necessary.
You will need to stir at first so mixture does not stick to bottom of the pan.
This takes a long time to cook.
Test by dropping on greased marble -- should look like lace candy.
When done remove from stove.
Add vanilla and nuts.
Pour onto buttered marble.
When cool, mark into square and cut with scissors.
Individually wrap in wax paper squares.
***Note: This candy can be cooked to soft ball stage on a candy thermometer.**

Isabel James Lehto, Flora Graham Trask, Caroline Clark Trask
1979

Isabel's Famous Chocolate Caramels

Isabel James Lehto, Flora's longtime friend from Wilmington, North Carolina, would come to Beaufort for a visit around the Easter holiday. Over a long weekend, Isabel and Flora would ride out to Orange Grove for one of Caroline Trask's delicious meals, travel to Savannah to the old-timey shoe store, and share news and reminiscences about their mutual friends in Wilmington over cocktails in the den of 1305 Bay Street.

It was delightful to watch these two old friends laugh and tease each other. Flora was an early riser and, by ten o'clock in the morning, had risen, eaten her breakfast, dealt with her correspondence and read the morning paper. On the other hand, Isabel seldom showed her face before noon and could not be hurried up. If you chanced to come by on one of those mornings, Flora would dispatch you upstairs to rouse Isabel. "Go up there and see what in the world she's doing," Flora would say. "She's been up there since eight o'clock last night. She may be dead." If you went upstairs, you would find Isabel camped out in the guest room like Elizabeth Taylor at the Ritz. She was enjoying the peace and quiet and was not about to be hustled downstairs before she was ready.

On Saturday morning, if the weather was cool and dry for a change, Isabel might declare it the perfect day to make her famous chocolate candy. Before the words were out of her mouth, the alarm would sound from Tabby Manse all the way to Orange Grove with several stops in between. Before Isabel and Flora could even make their way into the kitchen, helpers and onlookers of all ages would begin to arrive. They wanted to watch the candy being made. They wanted to smell the heady aroma of the thick, rich chocolate. They wanted the candy.

The meticulous preparations for the candy making would begin. Flora and Isabel approached this process the way brain surgeons ready themselves for an especially delicate operation. The marble-topped table on which the hot candy would be poured was cleaned and cleaned again and then rubbed down with a stick of butter. The waxed paper in which each piece of candy would be wrapped was cut precisely into small squares. The ingredients were assembled on the pristine counter top.

It was always a bit of a mystery how the candy was made. Isabel made it sound like a mixture of alchemy and nuclear physics. Flora watched nervously and gave out bits of advice—"Don't cook it too long. It will be so tough it will yank your teeth out of your head." Isabel would pour a tiny amount on the marble table, roll it between her fingers, and, closing her eyes, pop it into her mouth for a taste test. "Is it done yet?" would come an anxious voice from the doorway. "No!" Isabel and Flora would say in unison. "Go away!"

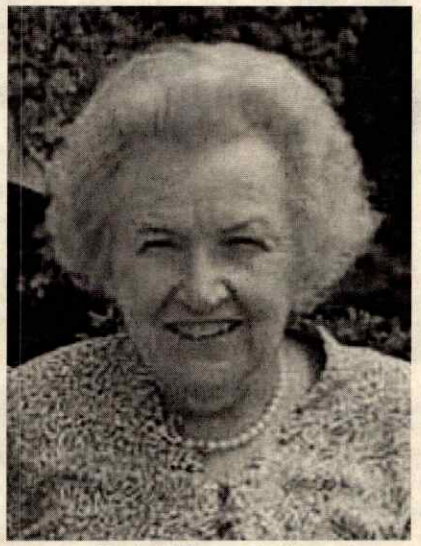
Later that afternoon, after what seemed like hours of agonized waiting, the moment would come. All would gather in the yellow kitchen

as Isabel carefully poured the molten chocolate on to the marble table. It would spread out languorously and sensuously like lava flowing down a mountainside. Flora stood guard as the candy cooled, foiling all interlopers who tried to snatch a taste with a rap on the knuckles with her wooden spoon. Isabel would test the candy by gingerly lifting up an edge to see if it would pull away from the table. When it was ready, she would cut the chocolate caramels into small pieces with a pair of kitchen scissors. Flora would slowly and daintily wrap each piece in waxed paper and place it in an aluminum tin.

Then the melee began. From the hallway came all manner of relatives. Brother shoved aside brother, cousin trod upon cousin, all in their effort to capture the coveted candy. When the dust settled, it was all over except for the cleaning up. Candy and candy-lovers had both vanished.

I don't know what transpired at other households, but at ours, each person had their own candy-eating style. One ate all of his that very night, claiming that he felt none the worse for this indulgence. One hid hers under her bed and, practicing an almost monk-like moderation, enjoyed it over the ensuing month, one piece a day. If I were lucky, I would score a piece or two of this delectable treat -- enough to confirm that it is, indeed, the best candy in the whole world.

I make this candy now on a piece of marble my father purchased in Italy. The process is identical and the recipe is no longer a mystery, but the experience is not quite the same. Nothing can take the place of those Saturday afternoons with Isabel and Flora in the kitchen from whence so many good things have come. [Louise Garrison Trask]



Isabel James Lehto
c. 1992

Chocolate Fudge

FGT

1 pound

2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut up
¾ cup rich milk (Carnation)
¼ cup butter
1/8 tsp. salt
2 cups sugar
2 T. Karo syrup (white)
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup coarsely chopped nuts

Combine sugar, milk, syrup, chocolate and salt in medium sized pan.
Clip candy thermometer on pan, leave in throughout cooking.
Place pan over low heat and cook.
Stir constantly until mixture comes to a boil.
Continue to cook without stirring until thermometer reads 238 degrees.
Move spoon across bottom of pan to prevent scorching.
DO NOT STIR.
Remove from heat and add butter.
Let mixture cool until thermometer reads 110 degrees.
Remove thermometer.
Add vanilla and beat the mixture until thick and creamy.
Stir in nuts.
Pour into buttered pan. Cut into squares.

Julia Craig Trask
1992

Mary Canada Trask
1981

Creamy Chocolate Icing

Elizabeth Hutaff Edwards

Delicious and foolproof. Sufficient for 3 - 8 inch layers or 2 -9 inch squares.

4 squares Bakers chocolate, uns.
2 T. Karo syrup
¾ stick butter
1 tsp. vanilla
2 ¼ cups granulated sugar
10 T. of evaporated milk (2/3 cup milk)
pinch of salt

Mix all ingredients except vanilla in a medium saucepan.
Place over medium heat and bring to a full boil.
Turn off heat and boil one minute. (Time it!)
After one minute, remove from heat.
Add vanilla.
Let cool for two or three minutes in cold water.
Beat well with electric mixer. It takes about 5 minutes for this beating.
Don't let it get too hard.
Elizabeth puts this icing on Duncan Hines Butter Recipe Golden Cake Mix.

*** Note: You can cook this with a candy thermometer to 238 degrees (soft ball stage). Beat it with an electric mixture until it is of spreading consistency. Work quickly as it turns firm very soon.**

Carrie Mae Capers Major,
wife of Theodore 'Tom' Major,
at Flora's ninetieth birthday
2002

Coffee Cake

Mary Leggett McDowell Clark

Serves 12

1 cup butter
2 cup plus 2 tsp. sugar
2 eggs
½ tsp. vanilla
2 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup chopped pecans
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup sour cream

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
Cream together butter and 2 cups sugar until light and fluffy (10 minutes).
Beat in eggs one at a time.
Fold in sour cream and vanilla.
Fold in flour sifted with baking powder and salt.
Separately combine remaining sugar, pecans and cinnamon.
Place about 1/3 of batter in a well greased and floured BUNDT pan.
Sprinkle with ¾ of pecan mixture.
Spoon in remaining batter.
Then sprinkle with remaining pecan mixture.
Bake about 60 minutes or until done.
Cook on rack.

John and Caroline Trask and their children
John III, Caroline, Clark, Patrick
Orange Grove
c. 1979

Fruit Cake

Nell Hunter Trask

½ lb. butter
5 large eggs
½ cup molasses (unsulphured)
½ lb dates, chopped
1 tsp. mace
½ lb. candied pineapple
½ lb. pecans, chopped
2 cup sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves
½ cup sherry or apple brandy
1 ¼ cups flour
1 cup flour for fruit
¼ lb. candied cherries
½ lb. blanched almonds

Cut up all fruit and nuts.
Place in bowl with 1 cup flour.
In separate bowl, cream butter well.
Add sugar gradually and cream again.
Add eggs one at a time.
Add molasses and sherry.
Sift together flour and spices.
Add flour gradually.
By HAND stir fruit mixture in until well blended.
Spoon into greased and lined steeple pan.
Bake for 1½ hours at 250 degrees.

John Trask fishing with a cane pole.
Orange Grove pond.
1975

Fruit Cake Cookies

Nell Hunter Trask

¼ lb. butter
3 eggs
¼ cup molasses (unsulphured)
½ lb. raisins
¼ lb. candied cherries
½ large unpeeled apple
¼ lb. blanched almonds, chopped
¼ lb. pecans, chopped
1 cup sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves
¾ cup flour & ½ cup flour for fruit
¼ cup sherry or apple brandy
½ tsp. mace
¼ lb. candied pineapple
¼ lb. dates, chopped
1 cup fresh fruit (Dromedary's)

Cut up all fruit and nuts.
Place in bowl with ½ cup flour.
In separate bowl cream butter well.
Add sugar gradually and cream again.
Add eggs one at a time.
Add molasses and sherry.
Sift together flour and spices.
Add flour gradually.
BY HAND stir fruit mixture in until well blended.
Grease (with butter) and flour cookie sheet.
Drop by teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheet.
Leave space between as they spread out.
Bake in 300 degree oven.
Cook until edges get brown (10-15 minutes).
When done, let cook slightly and remove from rack to finish cooking.
Keep in a tin lined with waxed paper.
Put waxed paper between layers.
Will keep in a tin for several weeks.

Gladys Marscher's Pound Cake

Gladys Watson Marscher

2 sticks butter
1 ¾ cups sugar
5 large eggs, room temp.
2 cups cake flour, sifted
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 ½- 2 tsp. vanilla

Assemble all ingredients. Let butter and eggs reach room temperature. Be sure to use correct pan size -- a 9 inch aluminum steeple pan. Set up equipment before you begin.

Preheat oven to 300 degrees ten minutes before you put the cake in.
Place oven rack at the lower mid level.
Grease and flour steeple pan.
After greasing pan, line it with wax paper on the bottom.
Flour pan with a little flour.
Measure the dry ingredients. Sift the 2 cups of flour into a bowl. Sift it again. Put aside ½ cup of flour and add the baking powder to this and sift again.
Use this ½ cup flour at the end as it keeps the cake from falling.
In large mixing bowl, cream the softened butter thoroughly. When you think you have creamed it enough, cream it some more. The key to this recipe is to thoroughly beat the batter until is it very creamy.
Slowly dribble the sugar in, beating and creaming well.
Cream for quite a while after the sugar is added until light and fluffy and creamy, scraping the bowl with a rubber spatula often.
Beat for about 10 minutes with standard mixer.
Break one egg at the time and add to creamed sugar alternately with the flour. Beat eggs one minute after each addition on #2 speed.
Scrape sides of bowl often with a rubber spatula.
Add scoop of flour and beat on #1 speed until batter is smooth.
Don't overbeat at this point or the cake will be tough and coarse.
Stir in the vanilla with a spatula.
Clean off the beaters with a knife.
Batter should be very creamy at this point.
Spoon batter evenly into prepared steeple pan.
Because pound cake rises in the center, you will have a more even cake if you push the batter gently up the sides of pan, leaving a depression in the center. Do not fill pan more that 2/3's full.
Do not shake pan or try to level top.
Place pan on lower middle shelf in center of rack.
Bake at 300 degrees for one hour and 10 or 15 minutes or until done.

Keep oven door closed while cake is baking, until minimum baking time has elapsed (1 hour).
Cake is done when it shrinks slightly from sides of pan and springs back when pressed lightly.
Cook cake in pan on wire rack for 5 to 10 minutes.
With a small metal spatula, loosen cake edges from pan before inverting.
Put a folded clean dish towel on a rack and turn over the cake. Remove pan and paper lining.
Turn cake back over by lifting corners of the dish towel and inverting cake back on to rack.
This cake requires no icing and keeps well for several days if tightly wrapped.

Gladys Marscher and her family lived next door to Flora and her family, at 1309 Bay Street, from 1943-52, across from these historic live oaks.

Madeleines

Louise Garrison Trask

3 eggs
½ cup sugar
1 cup all-purpose flour
½ cup butter, melted and cooled
1 tsp. vanilla or 1 tsp. grated lemon zest
½ cup sifted powdered sugar

Beat eggs until foamy.
Gradually add sugar.
Beat 15 minutes at high speed until thick and lemon-colored.
Gently fold in flour, 2 tablespoons at a time.
Add vanilla or lemon zest.
Fold in cooled butter, 1 tablespoon at a time.
Spoon batter evenly into greased and floured Madeleine molds.
Bake at 400 degrees for 6 to 8 minutes or until lightly browned.
Remove from molds and cool on a wire rack, flat side down.
Lightly sprinkle with sifted powdered sugar.

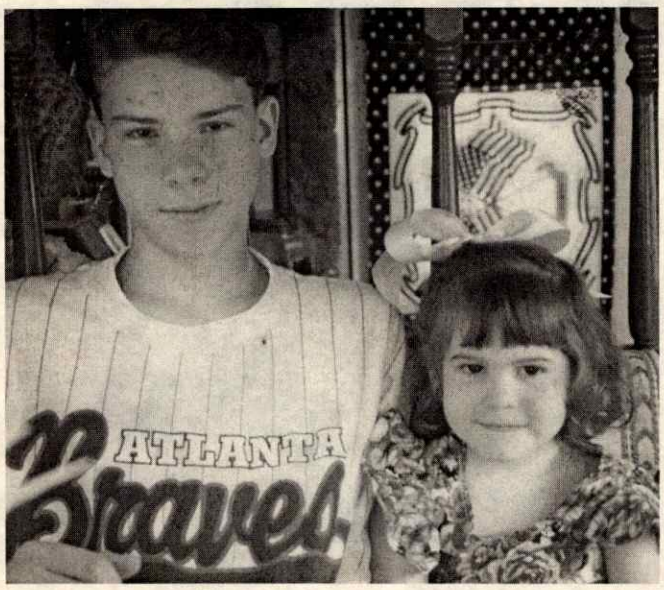
Mary Canada Trask
1980

Nutmeg Cake

Isabel James Lehto

1 package Butter Recipe Golden Cake mix
½ cup Wesson oil
3 T. sugar
4 eggs
1 8oz sour cream
2 tsp. ground nutmeg

Place cake mix in electric mixing bowl.
Add oil, mix together for a minute.
Add eggs, one at a time, slightly mixing after each addition.
Mix thoroughly.
Then add sour cream.
DO NOT OVER MIX.
Pour half of the batter into pan.
Combine sugar and nutmeg in separate bowl.
Sprinkle half of nutmeg mixture over batter.
Add remaining batter.
Sprinkle remaining nutmeg mixture to top.
Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes in lightly greased and floured steeple pan.
DON'T use a Bundt pan.
Bake on second shelf.
Be sure cake is done or it will fall.
Cool in pan for 15 minutes.
Loosen edges and turn out. Then carefully turn cake right side up.



Thomas Stanton Trask and Julia Craig Trask
1994

Pecan Muffins

Mrs. Edwin A. Metts

½ lb. light brown sugar
1/3 cup flour (use some to flour nuts)
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup coarsely broken pecans
2 large or 3 medium eggs
1 tsp. vanilla

Into a medium mixing bowl, mash out the lumps in the sugar.
Break eggs on sugar.
Add salt.
Stir only until mixed.
Do not incorporate any air into mixture.
Stir in flour gently.
Stir in nuts and vanilla very gently.
Fill well greased iron "golf ball" muffin pans ½-2/3 full.
Place in COLD oven near bottom.
Turn to 300 degrees.
Bake slowly for 25 minutes
Remove at once from pans and let cool on a rack
Store in tin can, putting each in fluted paper cup.

Pecan Squares

2 eggs, beaten slightly
¾ cup unsifted flour
1 tsp. vanilla
pinch of salt
1 1/3 cup brown sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
1 cup chopped pecans
powdered sugar

To the slightly beaten eggs, add brown sugar.
Mix well.
Then add flour, baking powder, and vanilla.
Mix well and add pecans.
Put in a 11 x 7 inch pan which has been greased with Crisco.
Cook at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.
Cut in squares while hot and remove from pan when cool.
Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Sour Cream Pound Cake

Pearl Washington

½ lb. butter	3 cups sugar
6 eggs	3 cups flour (sifted 3 times)
1 tsp. vanilla	8 oz. sour cream (add ¼ tsp soda)

Separate eggs.
Beat whites very stiff, add ½ cup sugar and set aside.
Beat yolks very well and set aside.
Cream butter and sugar (remaining 2 ½ cups)
Add beaten yolks.
Slowly add flour and sour cream mixed with baking soda alternately (add flour last).
Slowly fold in egg whites and vanilla.
Spoon batter into lightly greased tube pan.
Bake 1½ hours at 300 degrees or until done.
Turn out immediately and leave uncovered until cool.
This cake is better left without frosting.

George, Charles, Flora, Fred, John
1305 Bay Street
1949

Pickles, Preserves & Relishes

Fred, Charles, Flora, George, John
At Caroline Clark Trask's wedding
Orange Grove
1992
'All chiefs and no Indians.'

Apricot Preserves

Elizabeth Graham (Hazelhurst) Hicks

1½ lbs. dried apricots
1¾ cups sugar
apricot or fruit juice to cover
1 lg. can unsweetened crushed pineapple
1 lemon, sliced thin

Cut apricots into small pieces with scissors (about 4 cups).
Rinse apricots and drain well.
Put apricots into pot and add the pineapple juice.
Add the sugar and lemon slices.
Add enough water or fruit juice so the apricots are covered.
Slowly cook uncovered over medium high heat until it simmers.
Reduce heat to low and cook about 30 minutes.
Stir from the bottom of the pan until apricots are tender and syrup is thickened.
DO NOT OVERCOOK.
Remove lemon before filling 6 sterilized half pint jars.

Seal the jars.

Flora with Carrie Major, 2002
1305 Bay Street, front porch

Bread & Butter Pickles

6-7 pints

The secret to crisp pickles is not to over cook -- just scald.

16 cups small cucumbers, sliced thin
6 small white onions, sliced thin
3 quarts ice cubes
2 tsp. celery seed
2-3 T. mustard seed
1 ½ tsp. turmeric
2 green bell peppers, in strips
¼ cup salt
5 cups sugar
5 cups vinegar
½ tsp. cloves

Place vegetables in large roaster pan.
Sprinkle with salt.
Bury pieces of ice in mixture then cover with ice cubes.
Cover with wax paper and newspaper.
Let stand for 3 hours.
Drain in large colander thoroughly.
Do not squeeze cucumbers.
Put sugar, vinegar, cloves, celery seed and mustard seed in 6 quart pot.
Bring to a boil fast and boil about 5 minutes until sugar melts.
Reduce heat to medium and let simmer for 15 – 20 minutes.
Add vegetables all at once
Increase heat a minute or two and then put on medium heat.
Never let it come to a boil after adding vegetables.
Place over low heat and paddle occasionally, use wooden spoon.
They are done when they become slightly limp and change color.
Add the turmeric just before they are done.
Pour into hot jars and seal.

Cranberry Relish

1 lb. fresh cranberries
1½ cups sugar
1 large navel orange
3 T. bourbon or Grand Marnier

Wash and drain cranberries and quarter orange (leaving peel on).
Add half the cranberries and oranges into food processor.
Continue to chop until reaches desired texture.
Repeat with remaining cranberries and oranges.
Put in a bowl and add sugar and bourbon or Grand Marnier.
Mix well.
Store in an airtight container in the refrigerator.

Fig Preserves

5 quarts figs
3 quarts boiling water
5 cups water
½ box stick cinnamon
4 dozen whole cloves
1 T. baking soda
10 lbs. sugar
3 lemons, sliced
1 box whole ginger

Put figs in pot.
Sprinkle baking soda over figs.
Add boiling water and let stand 5 minutes.
Drain in colander.
Rinse figs well.
Let sugar and water come to a boil.
Place lemons and spices in bag.
Put in water and cook for 10 to 15 minutes.
Add figs.
Boil slowly until figs are tender and clear (about one hour).
Lift fruit carefully into sterilized jars and cover with juice.
Seal while hot.
Do not pack too full as the figs plump up.

Granny Graham's Whole Jellied Cranberries

Edith Bolles Graham

1 cup fresh cranberries
2 cups water
2 cups sugar

In a medium saucepan, put enough hot water to cover the berries.
Cook on high heat.
When they begin to boil, stir with a wooden spoon up from the bottom.
Keep knocking the berries down into the liquid.
As they boil, skim off the scum from time to time.
Boil until all the berries have popped (5 to 10 minutes).
Skim the scum off really well.
Add sugar, stirring well and carefully so as not to crush the berries.
Boil rapidly on high heat to reach jellying point (218 degrees).
Remove jelly from heat.
Quickly skim to remove foam.
Do not cook too long as it will be candied.
Pour into 2 pint jars and seal.

Edith Bolles Graham and her daughter, Flora Trask
'Flora is Granny's head cut off!' [Mary Graham Shigley]
c. 1965

Hot Pepper Jelly

1 ½ lbs. green peppers
7 cups sugar
green or red food coloring
2 T. crushed hot red peppers
1 ½ cups distilled white vinegar
24 oz. liquid pectin

Seed and cut the green peppers into sixths.
Place peppers, sugar and vinegar in a large pot.
Bring to a full, rolling boil over high heat.
Reduce to medium low heat and let mixture simmer for 10 minutes.
Strain.
Return strained liquid to pot and add food coloring as desired.
Add liquid pectin.
Bring to a full rolling boil over high heat.
Reduce heat slightly and boil one minute.
Remove from heat and ladle into hot sterilized jars.
Process 5 minutes in boiling water bath.

Serve this jelly over cream cheese with crackers.

Marinated Cucumbers

Virginia Askew Greene

2 Quarts

2 cups vinegar
1 T. salt
7 cups sliced cucumbers, unpeeled
¾ tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. mustard seed
2 cups sugar
1 tsp. celery seed
1 cup sliced onions
1 cup green pepper

Combine all the ingredients except cucumbers in a jar.
Shake well to dissolve sugar.
Pour over cucumbers.
Marinate 24 hours before using.
Will keep a couple of weeks in covered jar in refrigerator.

Watermelon Rind Pickle

FGT, Isabel James Lehto, Caroline Clark Trask

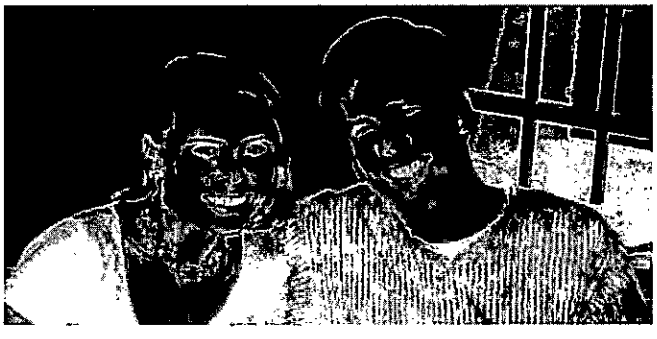
4 quarts prepared watermelon rind (Stony Mountain watermelon)
1 small bottle Lilly's lime
5 lbs. sugar
1 qt. white vinegar
2 T. whole cloves
½ box stick cinnamon (5 pieces)
2 pieces ginger root
1 lemon, thinly sliced

Use Stony Mountain watermelon as only this rind is thick enough to pickle.
Prepare watermelon rind by trimming dark skin and pink flesh from rind.
Cut in one inch pieces or to size desired.
Dissolve lime in 1 gallon cold water and agitate.
Mix thoroughly and pour over rind to cover and soak overnight.
If needed, add more water to cover rind.
Turn rind several times while soaking.
Lift rind out of pot and rinse thoroughly in cold water.
Drain in colander.
Put rind in uncovered pot, cover with cold water.
Add ginger and let come to a boil.
Boil until thoroughly tender (20-30 minutes).
Drain well, using hands, if necessary, to gently release water.
Tie cinnamon and cloves in a cheesecloth bag.
Combine spice mixture with sugar, vinegar, and lemon.
Simmer for 10 minutes or until sugar is dissolved thoroughly.
Add rind to above mixture and simmer until rind is clear.
If syrup becomes too thick before rind is clear, cook ½ pint vinegar, ½ pint water, and 1 pound sugar and add to pickles.
Remove spice bag when pickles are done.
Pack in hot, sterilized jars and seal.
Yields about 7 pints.

Afterword

It was seventy years ago that Flora Murphy Graham Trask began acquiring the recipes collected in this book. Some she found in magazines like *Progressive Farmer* and *Southern Living*, others she happened upon through experimentation over a hot stove, but the majority she derived from collaborations with friends and relatives, most of whom, like Flora, have family roots that stretch back to the highlands of Scotland.

Flora Murphy Graham Trask
with her great-grandson, Patrick Graham Trask, Jr.
named for Patrick Murphy,
Scottish immigrant.
2002



Cathleen Lillian Quinn Trask and Patrick Graham Trask
Parents of Patrick Graham Trask, Jr.
2002

Twenty three decades and the Atlantic Ocean lie between Flora and the hostile political climate that drove Patrick Murphy and his wife, Elizabeth Kelso, out of Scotland, but Flora knows that were it not for those two brave souls, she wouldn't be here today, and neither would any her descendants.

Patrick Murphy and Elizabeth Kelso emigrated from Killmore, Isle of Arran, to the American colonies in 1774. Patrick Murphy served as a sergeant in the Revolutionary Army against the British from 1779 to 1783, receiving a thousand acres of land for his service. He died in 1785 and was buried at Black River Church, near Ivanhoe, Pender County, North Carolina.

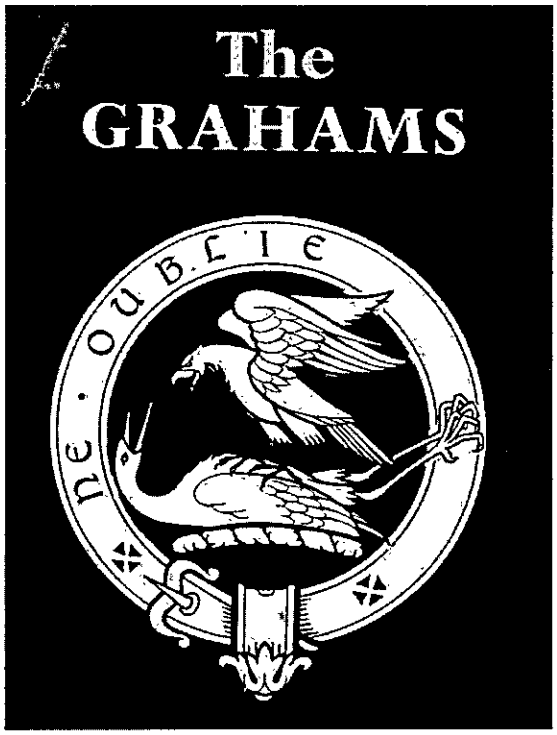
According to the Williams and Murphy Records:

> **Patrick Murphy was listed in 1771 as a Tacksman on the Isle of Arran. Tacksmen, also called Goodmen and Chiefmen, were acknowledged relatives of the Laird (landholder) and held lands suitable to their rank. They had a circle of relatives who were under their authority in peace and who followed their command in war. They were tenant farmers, magistrates, officers in the army, and private counselors. Land laws made in 1748 reduced the Tacksmen to ordinary tenant farmers and thus deprived them of their social position. The result was that many of them emigrated to America 'for high rent and better encouragement.' After Gaelic was suppressed in Scotland, the old names were registered in English: MacMhurachie became Murphy in Arran, MacMurchie in Kintyre, Murchison in the North, and MacMurcie in Ayrshire.**
>
> **In the list of emigrants from Scotland, found in the Library of Congress, the following names appear on the manifest of the ship 'Diana': Patrick McMurchie (a.k.a. Murphy), 54, his wife, Elizabeth Kelso, 50, their children, Hugh, 22, Archibald, 21, Mary 12, Elizabeth, 14, Robert, 9, and Margaret, born on board ship.**
>
> **Elizabeth Kelso's family was among those that represented the old Barons of Arran in the days of Robert the Bruce. Elizabeth Kelso was described as 'of milk white complexion and silky reddish hair -- of a winsome, high spirit, and her husband (Patrick Murphy) as of a spiritual energy and courageous spirit.'**
>
> **Patrick Murphy settled on Black River near the Black River Church where he and his wife are buried. On emigrating from Scotland, he brought with him a Kirk Sessions certificate dated 1774, which reads as follows: 'These words do certify that the bearer, Patrick Murphy, his spouse, and family, natives of the parish underwritten who resided here [on Arran, Scotland] most of their lives, behaved themselves, loyal subjects to the British Crown, free of public or church censure, and may be admitted into any Christian Society wherever Providence may determine their lot.'**

Despite the fact that you will not find a single recipe for haggis in this book, Flora Murphy Graham Trask is the great-great-great-great grand daughter of Patrick Murphy, the Scottish immigrant.

Like him, she is a 'native of the parish underwritten,' has 'resided here most of her life', has 'behaved' herself, been 'a loyal subject', and lived 'free of public or church censure.' It is a foregone conclusion, therefore, that she 'may be admitted into any Christian Society wherever Providence may determine her lot.'

In other words, Flora is highly regarded, not only by Providence and Society, but by the several generations of her family now walking upon this earth. And no doubt she will be honored by generations yet to come, when they are reminded that it was their ancestor, Flora Murphy Graham Trask, a southern lady of Scottish descent, who left them her prescriptions for how to prepare a fine and scrumptious 'dunner'.



'Never forget'